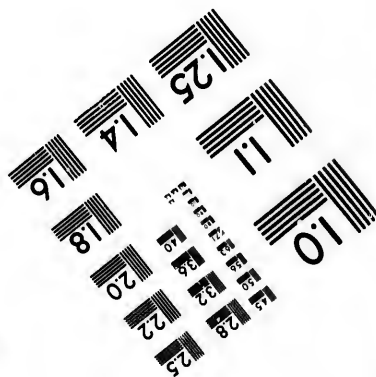
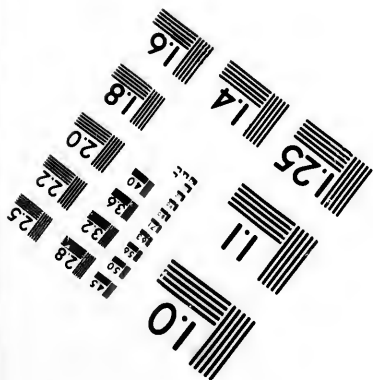
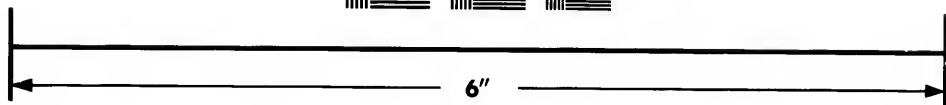
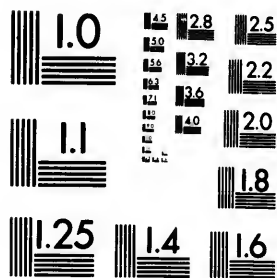


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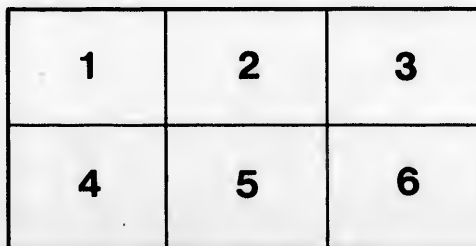
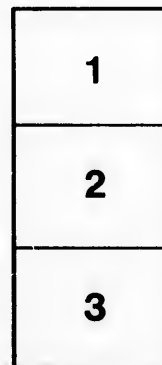
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SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

MODERN INSTANCES;

OR,

WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira voluptas
Gaudia" JUV.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1853.

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HALIBURTON, T.C.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

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TO
ALEXANDER HALIBURTON, ESQ.,

THE
FOLLOWING SKETCHES

ARE
DEDICATED
BY HIS FRIEND AND KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, MAY 9, 1853.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

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Slickville, April, 1852.

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MY DEAR SQUIRE,

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SINCE I parted with you I have led a sort of wanderin', ramblin' life, browsin' here to-day, and there to-morrow, amusin' myself arter my old way, studyin' human natur', gettin' a wrinkle on the horn myself for some that I give others, and doin' a little bit of business by the way to pay charges, and cover the ribs of my bank book; not to say that I need it much either, for habit has more to do with business now with me than necessity. *The bread of idleness in a ginerall way is apt to be stale, and sometimes I consait it is a little grain sour.*

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Latterly I have been pretty much to Slickville, having bought the old humstead from father's

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heirs, and added to it considerable in buildin's and land, and begin to think sometimes of marryin'. The fact is, it aint easy to settle down arter itine-ratin' all over the world so many years as I have done without a petticoat critter of one's own for company; but before I ventur' on that partnership consarn I must make another tour in the provinces, for atween you and me, I reckon they raise handsomer and stronger ladies than we do in Connecticut, although we do crack for everlastin' about beatin' all the world in our "geese, galls, and onions."

Oh dear, when I think of them are trips I had with you, Squire, it makes me feel kind of good all over; but there will be amusement enough left for another tour, you may depend. Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face; there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ. New combinations produce new varieties. Humour puts me in mind of the kaleidoscope, or pattern-makers' box; give it a shake up, and there is a new figure every time—that is, if the box aint empty. If it is, you can neither shake anything in or out of it, as many a school-master knows to his cost. But a man who has an eye for fun sees it in everythin'—verily, even the demure Quaker catches and enjoys it.

The worst of it is, it is hard to remember it long; for the mind is like a slate—one thing gets rub'd out for another. The only way is to enter it down at the foot of the day's work; so I guess I'll keep a journal, and send it to you. It would make a new book for you, such as "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," or "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife," or some such name.

There is a work called "The Horse," and another called "The Cow," and "The Dog," and so on; why shouldn't there be one on "The Galls?" They are about the most difficult to choose and to manage of any created critter, and yet there aint any dependable directions about pickin' and choosin' of them. Is it any wonder then so many fellows get taken in when they go for to swap hearts with them? Besides, any one can find a gentleman that keeps a livery-stable to get him a horse to order; but who can say, "This is the gall for your money?"

No, Sir, it is a business that must be done by yourself, and no one else. I guess this will be the last of my rambles, and I hope to see you while I am spyin' into the wigwams in your diggins. I must say I feel kinder lonely here sometimes, tho' I aint an idle man nother, and can

turn my hand to anythin' amost; but still there is days when there is nothin' that just suits to go at to fill up the gap, and them's the times we want a friend and companion. I have spent some wet spells and everlastin' long winter evenins lately in overhaulin' my papers completin' of them, and finishin' up the reckonin' of many a pleasant, and some considerable boisterous days passed in different locations since we last parted. I have an idee you would like to see them, and have packed them all up; and if I don't meet with you, I guess I'll give them to a careful hand who will deliver them safe along with my sayin's and doin's on this trip.

I haven't methodized them yet; they are promiscuous, like my trunk. When I put my hand in for a stock, in a general way, I am as like to pull out a pair of stockins as not, and when I fish for stockins, I am pretty sure to haul up a pocket-handkercher. Still they are all there, and they are just as well that way as any other, for there aint what you call a connected thread to them. Some of them that's wrote out fair was notched down at the time, and others are related from memory. I am most afeard sometime, tho' I hadn't ought to be, that you'll think there is a bit of brag here and there, and now

and then a bit of bunkum, and that some things are made out of whole cloth altogether. It's nateral for others to think so, Squire; and who cares what the plague they *do* think? But you ought to know and be better sartified, I reckon, than to get into a wrong pew that way. I shouldn't wonder a morsel, if you publish them, that folks will say my talk and correspondence with great statesmen to England and sich big bugs, was the onlikeliest thing in the world.

Well, so it is, but it is a nateral truth for all that. Facts are stranger than fiction, for things happen sometimes that never entered into the mind of man to imagine or invent. You know what my position was as *attaché* to our embassy at the court of St. James Victoria, and that I was *chargé* when ambassador went to Oxford and made that splendiferous speech to the old dons, to advise them to turn Unitarians, and made a tour of the country and spoke like a ten-horse steam-engine on agriculture, at the protection dinners; and it was ginnerally allowed that his was the best orations on the subject ever heard, tho' it's well known to home he couldn't tell a field of oats from a field of peas, nor mangels from turnips, if he was to be stoned to death with the old Greek books at the college, and buried

under the entire heap of rubbish. And you know that I was head of the Legation also, when he was absent in France a-sowin' some republican seed, which don't seem to suit that climate.

I told him afore he went, that our great nation was the only place in the world where it would ripen and bear fruit. Republics, Squire, like some apples, thrive only in certain places. Now, you can't eat a Newtown pippin that's raised in England, and blue-noses have winter fruit to Nova Scotia that keeps all the year round, that we can't make nothin' of at Rhode Island. Theory and practice is two different things. But he was a collegian, and they know more about the dead than the livin', a plaguy sight; but that is neither here nor there.

Well, rank is no obstacle in our way, tho' it would be in yourn (for we claim to be equal with the proudest peer in the realm), and then the book you published under my name did the rest for me. It is no wonder then I was on those terms of intimacy with the uppercrust people to London (and bashfulness rubs off in America long before the beard comes; in short, we aint much troubled with it at no time, that's a fact). Now, that will explain

matters to you. As for other people, if they get on a wrong track, they will find it out when they reach the end of it, and a night spent in the woods will cool their consait.

No, I wouldn't sort the articles, only select them. Where the story is too long, clip a bit off; where it wants point, pass it over; but whatever you do, don't add to them, for I am responsible and not you; and if I have got some praise in my time, I have got my share of abuse too, I can tell you. *Somehow or another, folks can't bear to hear the truth, when it just convenes to their own case; but when it hits their neighbours, oh! then there is no end to their cheerin', pattin' you on the back and stuboyin' you on.*

Father was very fond of doggin' other folks' cattle out of his fields, but when neighbour Dearborn set his bull-tarrier on ourn, the old gentleman got quite huffy, and said it was very disrespectful. What old Colonel Crocket said to me was the rail motto for an author as well as a statesman: "First be sure you are right, Sam," said he, "and *then* go ahead like Statiee." Them that you don't select or approbate put carefully away. They will serve to recal old times to my mind, and I must say I like to

think of the past sometimes. Travellin' is always pleasant to me, because I take the world as I find it. A feller who goes through life with a cavesson in one hand and a plaguy long whalebone whip in the other, a halter, breakin' of every sinner he meets, gets more hoists than thanks in a gineral way, I can tell you. My rule is to let every one skin his own foxes. It aint worth while to be ryled if you can help it, especially at things you can't alter or cure. Grumblin' and groulin' along the road, findin' fault with this and scoldin' at that, is a poor way to travel. It makes a toil of a pleasure.

Now, an Englishman goes through the journey of life like a bear with a sore head, as cross as Old Scratch himself. The roads are bad, the hosses bad, the inns bad, and the bill extortionate. He can't eat homemade bread, the eggs aint poached right, the ham is hard, and he hates pork as bad as a Jew. The veal is staggerin' bob, and the mutton rank or poor, the tea is nothin' but chopped hay and water; cotton sheets, tho' they be white and clean, are only fit for summer horse-cloths; he can't stand a taller candle—the smell pysins him. A wood-fire puts his eyes out, roasts one side of him while the

other is raw and cold. Even the galls aint pretty; if they blush when he stares at them, he sais it is a bad sign—they know too much; and if they don't, he sais they are forrard and impedent; but he goes right off into a fit at seein' me turn an egg out into a wine-glass. When I see him in one o' them are tantrums, a twitchin' of his face and a jerkin' about of his limbs arter that fashion, like one possessed by St. Vitus' dance, I call for my horse, and say to the gentleman that keeps the inn, "Friend," says I, "get some help and hold the poor misfortunate stranger's head, arms, and legs down so he can't hurt himself; clap a piece of wood across his mouth to keep him from a-bitin' of his tongue, give him a large dose of spirits of terpine, and put him to bed. That's all that can be done for, him for he is incurable. Good mornin'," and I makes tracks. Such a critter as that returns home commonly with no more knowledge and manners than when he set out. *The imagination has a shadow as well as the body, that keeps just a little ahead of you, or follows close behind your heels, it don't do to let it frighten you.* Blue-nose is nearly as bad and ugly in his ways as John Bull.

One of them said to me onct down to Nova Scotia:

“Oh, Mr. Slick, aint it dreadful journeyin’ here in the spring. There is nothin’ but veal, veal, veal for everlastinly to eat here.—I am actilly starved to death.”

Sais I, “Friend, so was I at first; I eat of so many calves one spring, I was actilly ashamed to look a cow in the face for six months; but at last I found there was more ways of dressin’ veal than one, and more things to be had to eat if you know’d what to ask for. Folks always give me the best they have, and when that’s the case I always say, them that ain’t content with the best that can be got had better go without, for there is no compulsion in it. *Grumblin’ spiles the relish and hurts the digestion.* Tell you what, friend. *The bee, though he finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why shouldn’t other tourists do the same?* That’s the way to shorten the road, lessen the toil, and make travellin’ pleasant.”

“Cheap talkin’, Mr. Slick,” said he, “but I aint used to it; and if I onct reach my comfortable home, catch me leavin’ it again for such an outlandish place as this. I am half-frozen to death with the cold.”

“Well,” says I, (for I knew more of him than he dreamed of,) “it is cold, that’s a fact; and

it's lucky for you, you have a comfortable home— tho' I have known many a man's house made too hot for him sometimes afore now. For my part, I'de as leaf travel as stay home with a scoldin' wife, cryin' children, and a smoky chimney."

If you'd a seed the puzeled look he gave to my innocent face, 'twould have done you good. It was as much as to say: "Confound them random shots. I vow you hit me that time tho' you didn't take aim." Them's the sort of fellows that make the greatest fuss at hotels always. *If travellers have to put up with a goodeal sometimes, so have innkeepers too, that's a fact.*

A nigger now is a pattern man. He sings bits of songs, or plays on the Jew's-harp, or whistles all the way, throws stones at the birds, mocks the squirrel's chirrupin' out of fright at his black face; and when the little dogs rush out o' the houses and bark at him as he passes along, he stops, bow-wows at them, and chases them home again, and then roars out a larfin' till the woods fairly ring with his merry yagh, yagh, yagh.

At night, the way he tucks in his supper is a caution to a boa-constrictor, for it would give him the dispepsy.

Free quarters are pleasant things for them who

hante got nothin' to pay with, so next day he oversleeps himself on purpose, and instead of findin' fault with his accommodation, finds fault with his own feet, and pretends for to limp, and the children won't let him go. Afore dinner, says he: "Missis lend me the axe, please, till I chop you up a lovely lot of fire-wood, and split enough kindlin' stuff to heat the oven for a week;" and the way he makes chips fly aint no matter.

Then he turns to and piles it up in the porch snug, and fetches in a great big back log the chimney-place will hardly hold—large enough amost for an ox to pull.

"Missis, let me draw you a bucket of water. Dem are beautiful little hands o' yourn is too soft for de well-pole. Come, young masters, sposen you comes along wid me 'and see Juba carry a full bucket on his head and nebber spill a drop, tho' poor Juba's feet berry tender now from travellin' on dem are prepostilous hard roads."

I guess he aint asked to stay another day and aint told he is welcome! Oh! of course not! Then he has been a great traveller, havin' onct made a trip to Jamaica, and has wonderful stories to tell that beat British officers' tiger hunts all

to rags. The cocoa-nuts were so big there, he was obliged to wear an iron skillit on his pate for fear they might fall from the trees and split it open; and one day the monkeys caught him asleep, slipt off the pot, and stole it to cook their victuals in. True as rates, masters, and not a word of regraggeration in it, I do assure you.

That was the boy to find a welcome. The youngsters actilly cried when he went away, gave him a handful of cents, and walked two miles on the road with him to hear his stories of sharks and whales.

There is another advantage of this temper, that even niggers don't know; you can larn as you travel. I larned more from talk in London than ever I did in books in my life, and noted it better. For example—as they say in cypherin' books—I sit alongside of a larned man at some grand dinner; now larned men in a ginerall way are all as stupid as owls, they keep a devil of a thinkin', but they don't talk. So I stirs up old Heroglyphic with a long pole; for it's after dark lights is lit, and it's time for owls to wake up and gaze.

“I have been tryin' to read that are book on Ninevah,” said I.

“Oh!” sais he, “what do you think of it?”

"It wants the pickaxe and crowbar," sais I.

"Pickaxe and crowbar!" sais he, for that made him turn half round, and open his eyes and stare.

Only surprise a man, Squire, and he can't help listenin'.

"I call it a hard case," said I. "The author has spent amost a mortal long time in diggin' up these curiosities that have been onder ground Lord knows how many centuries, and now he has gone right off, and buried them all again in a book, as hard to get into as the old vaults."

"Exactly," said he; "you have just hit it—very well expressed, and very graphically—that is the principal defect in the book."

"P'raps, Sir," said I, "you would be kind enough to sumtotalise for me the amount of his discoveries in a few words too, for I won't bore you," said I.

Well in ten minutes you have the whole; and if you want an explanation, he is just the boy to give it. It's just the same now in a log-hut. The settler, poor lonely, honest, simple critter haint no book larnin', but he is acquainted with some things you aint, that's a fact. I never met a man yet that couldn't give me a wrinkle, from a captain of one of our men-of-war in the

Mediterranean, that I heard tell Lady B—— the way to peel onions without tinglin' her eyes, was to hold a pin between her teeth, down to Sinful Joy the nigger at the three mile plains, who gave me the wonderful cure for jaundice I boast so much of.

At every turn there is somethin' to observe and remember, which, old tho' it be, is new to you — some impliment, some machine, some strange culture of curious plants, and things put to uses you never dreamed of, is turnin' up all the time. It was in Persia I larned the art of stupifyin' fish, and makin' them float on the surface, without hurtin' them, for food; and the first chance I get, I will try it in the mackerel fishary. It was at a Quaker's in Genesee I first met with the little windmill for sawing my fire-wood I have to Slickville, and in South America I larned to pysen an arrow that killed deer instantly without affectin' the venison, and in France the way to hatch fish-spawn, and on the Rhone the wonderful but simple and cheap plan of the Romans of buildin' houses of loam superior to bricks. It was by travellin' I picked up that valuable collection of receipts I showed you onct.

But the greatest advantage of all of this itine-

ration is, you can look back with pleasure on travel. You forget the little ups and downs, and crosses and losses, and bumps and thumps, and brambles and scrambles by the way ; but memory has it all sketched out in landscapes like, rail handsome for you, that imagination has helped to put in gilt frames. And tho' the forrest in them paintins contains rocks, underbrush, and boggy spots, where you slumped about, broke down, or lost your way, you see nothin' in the background but a mass of wavin' wood, or in the foreground but green fields, windin' roads, and smooth rivers. Time has mellowed the pictur'.

Yes, I can and do often stop short, turn round, shade the sun off my eyes with my hands, and look back at my travels over this unevarsel world with pleasure. But if it was all barren, all dark, all hardship, and all privation, as some grumblin' fools find it, what in natur' would life be ? Why, it wouldn't be endurable ; it 'ed give pain, and not pleasure. You'd be afraid to look back because it would awaken onpleasant recollections, and you'd be skeered to look forred ; for if the world don't please you when young, it can't, in the natur' of things, when you are old, that's a fact. That's my philosophy, at least, and so it is Black Juba's also.

My plan is this. *I seek the sunny side of life always, unless the weather is too hot, and then I go to the shade. The changes in the temperature make me enjoy both.*

And now havin' written you this epistle, I shall turn round to the fire, light my cigar, put my feet up on the mantel-piece, and enjoy a smoke, and think of old times. Hoping to hear soon from you,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

SAM SLICK.

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SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

MODERN INSTANCES.

CHAPTER I.

CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT.

BEFORE leaving the States for the lower provinces, I went up to Washington, to meet some old friends assembled there, that I had known to England, as well as to see the President, who wanted me to accept the office of a commissioner, and to report privately to him on the fisheries on the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. I dined quietly with him one day, a discussing the latter subject, and its importance to our coasting and interior trade, when he pressed the office on me in rael aernest.

“We don’t work for nothin’ you know, Mr. Slick,” sais he, “things aint fixed up right, when you only find paper, quills, and tape, there must be somethin’ to keep the pen agoin, besides fingers and ink. You will be paid liberally, as it becomes our great nation, for your services; and what do you say to my placin’ a naval schooner at your disposal to make your tour in, and to protect our fishermen? Wouldn’t that more comport with dignity, and be goin’ the whole figure, and doin’ the thing genteel?”

“Thank you, Sir,” sais I, “a national vessel would spile all, it would make folks scary about talkin’ to me; and as our citizens are breakin’ the treaty all the time, we mustn’t sanction it like, openly and officially, but just wink at it, and pass on, as if we didn’t see it or know it. None are so blind as those that won’t see, and nothin’ is so easy as to hood-wink them that’s too inquisitive. Oh, dear! how often, President, I have larfed ready to die, at the way I made a custom-house officer at Bangor wink. I smuggled —no, I won’t say that, for I’d scorn to smuggle, it’s a low thing; but I imported several times British goods to that city from Nova Scotia, but forgot to enter them regular, and when Bigelow Pineo, the officer, came to search (a very pious,

consciencious man he was too, an elder among the elect, and an awful large seven-foot down-easter; they used to call him Big Pineo), 'Brother Pineo,' sais I, 'verily I'm glad to see you; how is the good lady to hum, and the little Bigs, eh? None of 'em, I guess, will ever make the man their father is, as Widow Atwater said to me, when she first sot eyes on you: Laws me, Mr. Slick, who is that noble-lookin' man? he is the handsomest I ever saw in all my born days. My!! what a fine man!'"

"'Friend Slick,' he would say, with an inward chuckle, like a half-grunt, and a half-cough (Christian men never larf), 'thee aint improved, I see, by being among the heathen colonists, that live away down where the sun riseth. What in natur' hast thee got in all these trunks?"

"'Smuggled goods,' sais I, 'of course.'

"'Oh yes!' sais he; 'and if they were, thee wouldst fetch them here to be seized, of course! How soft thee is!'"

"And then he gave another chuckle at that bright idea of hisn, that made his chest heave again. 'But,' sais I, 'look for yourself, 'brother, and sarch well. Here's my spectacles,' and I took

out a pair of tortoise-shell ones, that had the glasses slipt out, and two gold eagles slipt in.'

" 'What in the world are these?' sais he.

" 'Magnifiers,' sais I. 'Put them on, and nothin' will escape you ; and if you can't see through them at first, practice will soon make you perfect. Accept 'em for my sake, for they are curiosities, that's a fact. The benighted colonists wear them, when the sun shines, to keep it from hurtin' their eyes. But come, that's a good man, put the chalk mark on my traps right off, for I want to be a movin'.'

" Well, he put the spectacles in his pocket ; and as he stooped down to chalk the trunks, sais he : 'Verily thee is different from other men, in all thee doeth ; seein' I can take no fees, thee hast adopted this mode to obviate a hard law. If these trunks contained smuggled goods, of a sartainty thee wouldst not fetch them here, so I will mark them.'

" No, President, we must wink, or put on solid gold spectacles, like Bigelow Pineo, and look without seein'. I would prefer going down in one of our coastin' vessels, careless-like, slippin' into this harbour, and dodgin' into that, and while

the captain is tradin' here and tradin' there pick up all the information I want. If we had them fisheries, they would be worth more to us than California."

"I think so too," sais he. "I had no idea of their immense extent until lately. I actilly saw a barrel of Nova Scotia mackerel the other day, with the Halifax brand on it, away up to the Rocky Mountain. Fact, I assure you. However, consider yourself on pay from this time, six dollars per day for wages, and six dollars more for travellin' expenses; and if you have to charter a vessel, draw for the amount."

"President," sais I, "that's what I call handsome now. But as I shall be gone for a considerable spell, for I want a trip of pleasure as well as business, I will take care there is no extra charge."

"Well, Uncle Sam, Sir," sais he, "is able and willin' to pay for all; and your report will carry great weight with it, for it is well known you have spent a great deal of time in the provinces, and know the people better than any of our citizens do. To-morrow you will receive your commission, and letters accreditin' you to our consuls, and to the governors of the different colonies."

When this affair was settled, sais he, "Mr. Slick, did you know Lord Horton, him that's Lord Aylsford now, when you was to England?"

"Knowed him well," sais I.

"Is he as smart a man as folks say?"

"Guess he is all that, and more too," sais I, "he is a whole team and a horse to spare—that man. He was among the last persons I visited when I was leavin' the embassy; the last man I heard speak in the Commons, and the last I supped with to London. A night or two afore I left town, I went down to the House of Commons. I don't often go there. It's stupid work, and more than half the time routine business, while the other half of it is a re-hash of old speeches. Twice laid dishes I can stand, salt fish and corn beef twice laid I sometimes consait is as good as when first cooked; but old speeches served over and over again go again the appetite. However, having nothin' above common to do, and hearin' there was to be a bit of a flare-up, down I goes, and who should be speakin' but Horton, him they now call Aylsford. What the plague they change the name for that way, I don't know. If they want to promote a man to a higher degree, such as baron (and Lord knows some of their heads are barren enough) to be an earl, and an earl to

be a marquis, and so on, well and good—but the name ought to be kept, for the change only bothers folks.

“Who in the world would suppose now that Lord Dundonald was the same man as the great Lord Cochran—the greatest naval hero, next to Nelson, England ever had. It’s an actual fact, I knew him a whole year afore I found it out, and only then by accident; for, like all brave men, he never talks of his everlastin’ battles. But this is neither here nor there; the English have a way of their own, and it is no use talkin’ to them, obstinate they are, and obstinate they will be to the eend of the chapter.”

“Exactly,” said the President, “that’s my idea to a T, when Lord Amphlitt was out here some years ago, I knowed him. General Ichabod Shegog came to me one day, and sais he, ‘There’s an English lord to the *Treemont*; would you like to go and have a look at him?’

“‘Well, I would,’ sais I, ‘that is a fact, for I never see one in my life; but how shall we rig up?’

“‘Why,’ sais he, ‘I guess I’ll go in a general’s uniform, and you had better go full fig as a grand master mason, for the dress is splendid.’

“And we did so; the lord was gracious and

affable, and a considerable smart man, I tell you. He seemed a good deal struck with our appearance, and I thought he felt a little mean, seein' that he warnt dressed for company, for he had nothin' on but a common frock coat, plaid trowsers, and buff waistcoat, coloured neckcloth, and great thick-soled shoes, and short gaiters. I guess he had to sail pretty close to the wind, for they do tell me the nobility are all over head and ears in debt to England. Heavens and airth how the General raved when he came out.

“ ‘What,’ sais he, ‘that little fellow a lord? have they no better timber to Britain to make one out of than that undersized half-starved lookin’ critter? Well I vow I never want to see another lord, ’til I see the Lord Jehovah.’

“But Shegog warnt much of a man of the world, and, what’s wuss, he is so choek full of conceit, he never will be. The lord was short, there’s no doubt of that, but he could not help it, for he would have growed more, I do suppose, if he could. Lord Amhlitt was not a bad name for the poor critter—was it? a small book is called a pamphlet, and he was one-eighth smaller than that; but a *small house, after all, well filled is better than an empty palace.*

“Now who the plague would have guessed that

that Lord Amhlitt is the same as Lord Scilly? If it warnt for the Scilly Light on the chart, I should never recollect his name, 'til the end of time ran out. But go on."

"Well, as I was sayin', Horton had the floor, and if he didn't talk it into em, it's a pity. He's a pretty speaker, the best I've heard in England by a long chalk, and the best proof that what he said hit hard, was you might have heard a pin fall. It's a different kind of speakin' from what our great guns use, and I aint quite sure I don't like it better. There is less oration and more business in it, it's all to the point, or good guards and blows well planted. He was at a rival lord, and he sartainly did make the little man look small enough, you may depend.

"Well, the next day, we had a grand dinner at the ambassador's. Diplomats, statesmen, and the gracious knows who all were there. Well, among them was Lord Horton; but I couldn't get a chat with him then, for dinner was served as soon as he arrived, but I managed it in the evenin'.

"Lord Dunk Peterborough, or some such name, sat alongside of me, and took to praisin' our great nation at a great pace. It fairly took me in at first, I didn't see his drift; it was to draw me out,

and set me a boastin' and a braggin' I do suppose. And I fell into the trap before I knowed it.

"Arter trottin' me round a bit, sais he, 'Your minister is a worthy representative of your glorious country. He is a scholar and a gentleman. One of his predecessors did nothing but compare. If you showed him a pack of hounds, they were nothing to what hundreds had in Virginia and the southern States. If a fine tree, it was a mere walking stick to an American one. If a winning race-horse, he had half a dozen that would, as he expressed it, walk away from him like nothing; and so on. Well, there was another who could talk of nothing but satinettes, coarse cotton, the slave trade, and what he used to call New England domestics. It is refreshing to find your nation so well represented.'

"All this was said as civil as you please, you could not fault his manner a bit; still I can't say I quite liked it. I knew there was some truth in it; but how little or how much I couldn't tell, not bein' much of a scholar. Thinks I to myself, I'm a man more used to givin' than takin' pokes, and never could keep 'em long without returnin' them with interest. So go on, I'll see what you are about, and then I rather guess I can take my part with you.

“Sais he, ‘I’m told his Latin is very pure.’

“‘It’s generally allowed there can’t be no better,’ sais I, ‘there is nobody to Cambridge—our Cambridge I mean—that can hold a candle to him.’

“‘It’s fully equal,’ sais he, ‘to the generality of the monastic Latin of the middle ages.’

“I was adrift here: I didn’t like the expression of his eye—it looked quizzical; and I must say, when larned subjects come on the carpet, I do feel a little grain streaked, for fear I shall have to confess ignorance, or have to talk and make a fool of myself. Thinks I to myself, if his Latin is good, why didn’t he say it was as good as what the Latins spoke or wrote, and not stop half-way at what Minister used, I am sure, to call the dark ages? However, I’ll look quizzical too, and put my best foot out.

“‘As good as that of the middle ages?’ sais I; ‘why, that’s not sayin’ much for it either. Aint he a middle-aged man himself? and hasn’t he been at it all his life?’

“‘Well, Slick,’ sais he, ‘that’s uncommon good; that’s one of the best things I have heard for a long time, and said so innocently too, as if you really meant it. Capital, by Jove! Come, I like that amazingly.’

“Thinks I to myself, it’s more than I do then;

for I didn't understand you, and I don't know the meanin' of what I said myself. But I'll pay you off bimeby, Master Dunk—see if I don't.

“Sais he, lowerin' his voice, confidential-like, 'What a pity it is that he is a Unitarian!'”

“Now, thinks I, my boy, I've got you off *dead* languages in upon *livin'* subjects, I'll play with you as a cat does with a mouse.

“‘He wouldn't be an honest man, if he warn't,’ sais I; ‘he'd be beneath contempt.’”

“‘Well,’ sais he, ‘I never argue about religion, and will therefore not pursue the subject farther; but it creates a great prejudice here.’”

“‘Religion,’ sais I, ‘my good friend,’ lookin' all amazed, ‘why, what in natur' has religion to do with it? It has neither art nor part in it.’”

“‘Exactly,’ said he, ‘that's the very point. People here think a Unitarian little better than an infidel.’”

“‘Then you might,’ sais I, ‘just as well say a Tory was an infidel, or a Whig, or a Protectionist, or a Free Trader, or anybody else; there would be just as much sense in it. I believe in my heart the English will never understand us.’”

“‘Pray, may I ask,’ said he, ‘what you call a Unitarian?’”

“ ‘Sartainly,’ says I ; ‘ for when folks go to argue, they ought first to know what they are talkin’ about ; to define their terms, and see they understand each other. I’ll tell you in a few words what a Unitarian is.’

“ Just then, Minister speaks up, (and it’s a curious thing, talk of the devil, and he is sure to heave in sight directly), ‘ Pass the wine, Mr. Slick I’ll help myself.’ ‘ And push it on, your Excellency,’ sais I ; ‘ but I never pass wine—it aint considered lucky in Slickville.’ This made a laugh and a devarsion, and I continues : ‘ You see, my Lord, our general Government is a federal one, exercisin’ sartain powers delegated to it by the separate States, which, with this exception, are independent sovereignties. Every State is a unit, and those units form a whole ; but the rights of the separate States are as sacred as the rights of the Government to Washington ; and good patriots everywhere stand by their own units, and are called Unitarians ; while some are for strengthenin’ the general Government, at the expense of the individual sovereignty, and these are called Federalists ; and that’s the long and the short of the matter. And what on airth religion has to do with these nicknames, I don’t know.’

“Sais he, ‘I never knew that before; I thought Unitarians were a religious sect, being another name for Socinians, and I am very glad to hear this explanation.’

“Thinks I, I hope it will do you good; it is as good as middle-age Latin, at any rate.

“After some further talk, sais he, ‘Your Minister is not a very easy man to get acquainted with. Is he a fair specimen of the New Englanders? for he is very cold.’

“Here’s at you again, Master Lord Dunk, sais I; you ain’t quite sold yet, though you are bespoke—that’s a fact. ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘he is cold, but that’s his misfortune, and not his fault: it’s a wonder to me he aint dead long ago. He will never be quite thawed out. The chill went into his marrow.’

“‘What chill?’ sais he; ‘is not that his natural manner?’

“‘How can you ask such a question as that, my Lord?’ sais I. ‘When he left College as a young man, he entered into the ice trade to supply New Orleans with ice, and a grand spec he made of it; but it near upon cost him his life. He was a great hand to drive business, and if you want to drive business with us, you must work yourself. He was at the ice lake day and night amost, a

handlin' of it; and the last vessel he loaded that year he went in her himself. His berth was near the companion-ladder, the best berth in the ship, but it jines on to the hold, and the chill of that ice cargo, especially when he got into the hot climate of New Orleans, so penetrated his jints, and limbs, and marrow, he has never been warm since, and never will; he tells me it's extendin' upwards, and he is afeard of his heart.'

"Well, he roared right out; he haw-hawed as loud as a man cleverly and politely can at a gentleman's table, and says he: 'That's the best contrived story to excuse a cold manner I ever heard in my life. It's capital, upon my word!'"

"So it was Slick," said the President; "it was well done. That was a first-rate bam! But I must say, some of the New England straight-laced folks are mortal cold—that's a fact, and the worst of it is, it ain't intermittent; they are iced down e'en amost to the freezin'-point, and the glass always stands there. The ague is nothin' to it, for that has its warm fits; but some of them folks have the cold fit always, like Ambassador. No wonder the Puritans tolerated wine, rum, gin, brandy, and all that, and forbade kissin'; it was, I suppose, to

“‘Compound for sins they were inclined to,
By damning those they had no mind to.’

My niece to Charlestown told me, that when her father's brother came from New Bedford, and kissed her, he was so cold it actilly gave her the toothache for a week—fact, I do assure you, Slick; folks may say what they like, *a cold manner never covered a warm heart; hot water imparts a glow even to a silver teapot*; but go on, I beg pardon for interrupting of you.”

“‘There are stranger things, Lord Dunk,’ sais I, ‘in rael life than in fiction; but an Englishman won't believe in anythin' that aint backed by a bet. Now I'll tell you a story will astonish your weak nerves, of a much stronger case than the Ambassador's chill, and I'll stake a hundred dollars on its truth with you. You've heard of General Montgomery,’ sais I, ‘haven't you, and his attack on Quebec?’

“‘I cannot say I have,’ he said. ‘I think there was a Frenchman of the name of Montcalm, who distinguished himself at Quebec; but Montgomery — Montgomery, no, I never heard of him.’

“‘The fact is, the English got such a tarnel lickin' in the revolutionary war, they try to get rid of the subject by sayin' it was a little pro-

vincial affair, and pretend to know nothin' about it. Well, Montgomery attacked it in winter, and pretty nearly carried it under cover of a snow-storm; but the garrison was prepared for him, and though it was awful cold weather, gave him such a warm reception, that he was about to retire, when he and his two aidecamps were killed at one shot. He left a good many poor fellows behind him killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among them that was nearly froze to death, in fact he never was the same man afterwards, was General Peep—he was then Colonel Peep, and served as a volunteer. He was nearly stiff when they hauled him in, and then they thrust him into a cold stone-room, without a fire, and arterwards sent him to England, where he remained till the peace. That winter campaign nearly fixed his flint for him. Talk of Ambassador's chill, bad as it is, it is nothin' to his. One of his legs never had any more feelin' in it arterwards. He used to keep a tavern down to Slickville.'

“ ‘What! a General keep a tavern,’ said he, and he opened his eyes wide, and wrinkled the hair of his head with astonishment.

“ ‘To be sure,’ said I, ‘why not as well as any other citizen? That’s the reason our taverns are so good, because they are kept by men of honour.

You can't say as much as that of every tavern in London, I know. Well, I've often seen the old General sittin' out on his stoop smokin', but the cigars and liquor of his house never cost him anything; he made them all out of his leg that had no feelin' in it. He used to bet folks he could run a pin further into his leg than they could into theirs, and in course he always won the day—and didn't they jump, and screech, and scream with the pain, when they tried to outdo him!" Once I saw him win a hogshead of brandy from the Captain of a Cape Codder that had just arrived from France, by bettin' him he would run a pin in clear up to the head, and walk across the room with it; and he did it, although I must say he made a plaguey wry face too, as if he had a little overdone it.

" 'Well, that beats all natur', ' said the Captain; 'but Ginerol, that ere calamity fell on you in your country's cause; take the brandy, it will make your leg feel again like a Christian's leg, and your toes tingle too if you take enough of it; and when that is done send me word, and we Cape Cod skippers will club and send you another one.'

" 'You doubted,' sais I, 'my lord, about his Excellency's chill; what do you think of this case? Aint it a whopper?'

“‘I don’t for a moment doubt your word, Mr. Slick; and therefore pray don’t misunderstand me,’ said he; ‘but there is some m’stake in it. It is incredible; for if the leg had been so devoid of all feeling it would have mortified. There must have been some slight of hand in this, o’therwise it does appear impossible.’

“‘Well,’ sais I, ‘if I have made a mistake it’s my fault. I’ll bet you a hundred dollars that Minister corroborates it.’

“‘Done!’ sais he.

“‘And done!’ sais I; and we shook hands.

“Just before the room was vacated, Lord Horton and Lord Dunk Peterborough bein’ the only two left, I saw it was my time. Horton had been talkin’ to Minister, and had just made his scrape, and was for quittin’. When he reached the door he turned and paused.

“‘Mr. Slick,’ sais he, ‘one word with you, if you please.’

“That was grand; it was just what I wanted; a diversion like in my favour.

“‘In one minute, my lord,’ sais I: ‘only one minute.’

“‘Minister,’ sais I, ‘did you know General Peep?’

“‘Very well,’ he said, ‘for he was a man of few words.’

“‘Do you recollect the remarkable power he had,’ said I, ‘of bein’ able to thrust a pin into his leg without flinchin’?’

“‘I have seen him do it a hundred times.’

“‘You are sure it penetrated?’ said I.

“‘Certain,’ said he; ‘quite positive.’

“And then he kind of inclined his body forward; as much as to say, ‘I guess you may go now,’ and we took the hint, bowed, and made off.

“‘Are you satisfied, my lord?’ sais I.

“‘I must be,’ he answered; ‘the terms have been complied with, but I cannot understand it yet. It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I’ll send you a cheque in the morning for the amount of the bet. Good-night.’

“‘Beg pardon, Lord Horton,’ sais I, ‘for keepin’ of you waitin’, but I was just referrin’ to Minister to decide a bet between Lord Dunk and me.’

“‘What day can you come and dine quietly with me?’ said he. ‘I want to talk to you very much on colonial subjects, which no one understands half as well as yourself.’

“‘Sorry, my lord,’ sais I, ‘but I am engaged every day until my departure, which is by the next steamer.’

“‘Ah!’ said he, ‘that’s unfortunate. Could

you manage to come and take supper with me to-morrow, for I always eat lightly before going to bed? I dine out, but will return early—say half-past ten?

“‘With great pleasure,’ sais I. ‘I am goin’ to-morrow where I must go, but where I needn’t stay;’ and we shook hands and parted.

“‘There is some satisfaction in talkin’ to a man like that, he can talk up to you, or talk down, as the case may be; the other fellow thinks he knows everything, but he don’t know this: *It requires a good stock of wit to set up for a wag; and that though quizzin’ is very pleasant, it’s a game that two can play at.*

“‘In the mornin’ up comes a draft for one hundred dollars, which I sent back in a note.

“‘Dear Lord Dunk,

“‘I return you the cheque, which I cannot think of retainin’ under the circumstances. The leg which was the subject of the bet was as good as the monastic Latin of the middle ages, and like it, was a tolerably good imitation, for it was a cork one.

“‘Yours always,

“‘SAMUEL SLICK.’

"Now that's what I call sending as good as you get."

"Exactly," said the President; "it don't do to let benighted foreigners take airs before our citizens, relative to any of our departmental officers. My ambassadors may not dance as elegantly as European courtiers, but they can walk round them in a treaty, that's a fact. I think, we may fairly boast, Mr. Slick, and it's a fact we have a right to be proud of, and a sign of great intellectual superiority, that we have the best of the bargain in every treaty we have made with every nation in the world, from the English down to the Indians. It's a great feather in our cap of Liberty, Mr. Slick, for it is the feather that forms at once the warrior's plume and the diplomatist's pen. You must help me to a hint how to get these fisheries. Now they are going to build railroads through the provinces, I propose to grant, as an equivalent for the fisheries, leave to use our lines for the mails, if they prefer it to their own. We must offer something like an *omelette soufflé*, that looks large, though it is only a mouthful of moonshine. You take, Slick, don't you?"

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," sais I.

"Oh no," he continued; "our Latin aint

good, and our English aint good—at least so they say ; but there is one admission at least they must make, they have felt that our swords are good. But go on," said the President, " I want to hear about Lord Horton. I count it a great privilege to hear you talk, for you are a man who travels with your eyes open always."

" I tell you what, President," says I, " seein' is believin' ; but it aint them that stare the most who see the best always."

CHAPTER II.

STEALING A SPEECH.

“WELL,” sais I, continuin’ my confab with the President the next mornin’, “the day after the bet, I was up to my eyes in business, gettin’ the papers in my charge in order for quittin’ the embassy. We all met at lunch; it was our great meal, for it was the hour, you know, we was used to feed at home, and arter all it seems most proper, for natur’s dinner bell rings at one. Dinner, therefore, was only a matter of form arter that, and used for show and hospitality. Champain was our liquor, for that’s what we use to our hotels, where it is the best and cheapest wine; there it is the dearest, but who cares? Uncle Sam pays for all. I suppose you don’t know that gentleman,” sais I,

“President ;” and I gave him a wink. “Well, I’ll tell you who he is.

“You have heard of John Bull, it is the general name of the English, as ‘Frog’ is of the French ; and a capital name it is, for he has all the properties of that brute. Breachy as Old Scratch, breakin’ down neighbours’ fences, runnin’ off with other bulls’ wives, bellowin’ at nothin’, ready to fight everybody and everything, and so stupid, if he sees red cloth he makes right at it, full chizel, cross-grained, onsartain, and dangerous, you can neither lead him, nor coax him, nor drive him. The only way to manage him is to hopple him, and fortunately he is pretty well hopped with the national debt. It’s a weight to his heels that spiles his runnin’, and keeps him to home to paw up the dust and roar for his own amusement. Well, Uncle Sam is us. Uncle is a nice word, aint it, Sir ? It’s a word of kindness and affection. He is a brother of your father or your mother ; and if he has no chicks of his own, pets all his nephews and nieces, makes them presents, sends them to school, pays for their visits, and when he dies leaves all his ready rhino to them. There is nothin’ like an uncle, but ‘Uncle Sam’ is the president of all uncles. He adopts the whole nation, and pays all the household of the

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State. He is pretty well imposed upon too sometimes. They take it out of him whenever they can, but pretend all the time that what they do is for his good and benefit, and swear they haint one mite or morsel of selfishness in 'em. It's all for 'Uncle Sam.' They'd die by him if it was necessary, but they had a plaguy sight sooner live by him, that's a fact. Our first uncle was Sam Washington, and arter that we called them all Sam. Sister Sall's children—the little cunnin' ones—call me 'Uncle Sam,' cause I pays for them all. Some of these days I hope I shall be Father Sam, and then I shall see if the tune of these critters is altered and new set with variations.

“ But I was speakin' of the lunch. Sais Preserved Fish to me, the other *attaché*—awful name that, aint it? The fact is the old Fishes of New Hampshire were Puritans of the strictest school, makin' Sunday a day and a half long, by beginnin' at twelve o'clock on Saturday; though Preserved has got bravely over that, he drinks, as he says, 'like a fish,' swears all the newest invented slang oaths, and plays cards every night, and the devil all the time. Well, some hundred and fifty years ago, a baby or spawn Fish like to have died of the croup or the colic, or some ailment or another, but got through it, and his mother called him that

was so marvellously saved 'Presarved;' so there has been a Presarved Fish in the family ever since. Well, his father, 'Old Presarved,' has great interest in Vermont, and Maine, and New Hampshire, where he makes cooking stoves with the barrel-oven top, at his celebrated factory at Maple Sugar Grove, and sets them up himself, which fetches him into every man's house. The women all swear by his stoves (and they are a first chop article, that's a fact), and in course by him, and the men ditto their wives. He can influence all the elections there up and down, and got his son on the embassy, as one of the paid *attachés*. If he would take care of himself that critter would get on, but he won't, he can't change his natur'. A herrin' remains a herrin', and a dolphin a dolphin, and a skate a skate, and this 'odd Fish' will be the same, till a shark or porpoise sucks him in, head, gills, and tail.

"'Well,' sais Presarved to me, 'if your friend Lord Dunk was here to-day, he wouldn't say 'Uncle Sam' was cold, I know. See how he smiles, and smirks, and rubs his hands; depend on it he feels good all over. And that reminds me of your bet; you don't intend for to go for to send that feller's cheque for the hundred dollars back, like a nateral born fool, do you?'

“‘Sartainly, I do,’ sais I. ‘He was bit, and it don’t convene to the character of our embassy to do the thing that’s mean.’

“‘The character of the embassy be damned,’ said he. ‘I raily thought you knowed too much of the world for that. Why you are the only Connecticut man I ever met with that even ever heard of a conscience, except on a Sunday.’

“‘Well, if you stay here much longer,’ said I, ‘I guess the character of our embassy will be what you’d wish it. But if you had such a hook in your gills, Master Fish, you’d be glad enough to open your mouth, and have it taken out, and then be thrown back in the water I know.’

“‘Slick,’ said he, ‘if ever you dare to make fun of my name I’ll—’

“‘Take a glass of wine with you, say, that’s the way to finish the sentence, for I shall only have two or three days more at the fustest, and that’s too short to quarrel in.’

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I believe you are half right. Scipio, some champain.’

“‘But what makes Uncle Sam so good-natured to-day?’ said I.

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘some college don called here, a sort of crack man, a double first, I think they called him; and he and Uncle Sam had a discus-

sion about some Greek passage. Since he went away the old coon has been up to his eyes in Greek; and I rather guess, from his manner, that he has found out that he is right.'

"Sais I, amovin' up to his eend of the table, 'What does your Excellency think of the Latin of the middle ages?'

"Sais he, 'Sam, don't call me, when we are located and domestacated together, 'your Excellency' it's all bunkum, you know.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'we are in a land of titles, Sir, a place where folks thinks a great deal of 'em; and if we don't do it when alone, perhaps we will be too free and easy in public.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'and it's no use talking. People do like handles to their names, perhaps there is some truth in that.'

"'Besides,' sais I, 'we approbate it all over our great nation. Do you recollect the horseferry above Katskill on the Hudson?'

"'Perfectly,' said he.

"'And old Rip Van Hawser the ferryman, and his two splendid galls Gretchen and Lottchen. Oh, my sakes! weren't they whole teams of themselves, and a horse to spare? That wicked little devil Gretchen was as quick as a foxtrap, and as strong as a man. If she clinched you, it

warn't easy to break her hold, I tell you. I recollect a romp I onct had with her.'

" 'Well never mind that, at present,' sais he, good-naturedly ; ' but I recollect old Rip Van Hawser perfectly.'

" 'But don't you mind his darters?' sais I ; ' for it caused more than half the people to cross the ferry just to git a squint at them beauties.'

" 'We won't mind them just now,' said he ; ' but what of old Rip?'

" 'Well,' sais I, 'just to show you how universal titles are even in our almighty everlastin' country, and how amazin' fond fellers are of 'em, I'll tell you what Rip Van Hawser said.

" 'The first time I ever crossed over that ferry,' sais old Rip to me : 'Gineral,' sais he, 'just stand near your horse, for it's more rougher as common to-day ; for you see and onderstand and know that when the wind blows so like the teyvil den it is rough, and when de wind go down den de wave go right down too more faster than it got up. So, gineral, just stand near him.'

" 'I ain't no gineral,' sais I.

" 'Well den, colonel,' sais he.

" 'I ain't a colonel, nor an officer at all.'

" 'Well den judge,' sais he, 'just hold on to de rein.'

“ ‘I ain’t a judge or a lawyer either,’ said I.

“ ‘Well den bishop,’ said he.

“ ‘I am no bishop nor minister either.’

“ ‘Oh den, squire.’

“ ‘Out agin,’ I said, laughing, ‘I am no squire.’

“ ‘Den what de teyvil are you?’ said old Rip, lookin’ up and restin’ on his oars.

“ ‘Nothin’,’ sais I.

“ ‘Den,’ said he, ‘I charge you notin’ for ferriage. I carry you free gratis, for you are de furt man that has crossed for a week that had no title.’

“ ‘And not a penny would he take, but insisted upon my goin’ into his house. Dear me, I am amazed you don’t remember those galls! There wasn’t too much of the old Dutch build about them. They were—’

“ ‘Here Ambassador put in his oar with a quiet larf. ‘I didn’t say I didn’t remember the young ladies. But what question was that you asked about the Latin language?’

“ ‘Why, your Excellency,’ said I, ‘what sort of Latin was that, that was written in the middle ages?’

“ ‘In general barbarous and poor; but there was some good, and that is but little known; perhaps Dr. Johnson knew more of their literature than any man of his day.’

“‘Then it is no great compliment to say of a man’s Latin, that it is about as good as that of the monastic Latin of the middle ages?’

“‘Decidedly not,’ sais he; ‘quite the other way. But that reminds me of a curious story. You know the little square-built nobleman, that always sits and looks the peer? (How singular it is, Sam, the Whigs are the haughtiest in private, and most tyrannical in public life, of any folks here?) He goes by the nickname of the ‘military critic,’ on account of his finding fault with everything the Duke did in Spain, and always predicting his defeat and ruin. Well, when the Reform Bill was before Parliament, everybody made flash speeches, and among the rest, the ‘great military critic.’ He made a Latin quotation, of which the reporter could only catch the sense, as he had never met with the lines before; so when he came to the newspaper office, he told them its purport—that which is agitated is durable, but that which is unmoved decays. Well, the editors couldn’t recollect it; they ran over ever so many indexes, time was pressing, and they had to try their hands at making that meaning into Latin verse. The next year the puzzle was found out; the noble peer was about as much of a scholar as a military

critic; he fobbed it from Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' who quoted them out of the fulness of his store of learning. 'These are the lines,' said he, and he repeated them so fast they sounded like one long everlastin' word.

" 'Give them to me in pencil, please, Sir,' said I, 'for I couldn't repeat them an hour hence. *It aint that Latin's so heavy to carry, but you have such a slippery hold of it.*' "*

Here the President broke in agin with one of his confounded interruptions. "Slick," sais he, "it's a pity your father hadn't sent you to College, as mine did me; you would have been a great man, if he had, and perhaps filled my shoes." And he looked good all over, and twisted his whiskers with his fingers with as much pleasure as a feller does when he thinks he looks rather

* I have looked out the passage referred to. It occurs in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (Vol. III. p. 271, 3rd edition). It is given as a quotation from Janus Vitalis, and is as follows :

"Immota labescunt
Et quæ perpetuo sunt, agitata manent."

The only difference between the ambassador's copy and the extract, appears to be an emendation of his own, for he has written it Labascunt.

killin'. Thinks I to myself, a man may be a president, and no great shakes either, for after all he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die. I didn't say it tho', for it don't do in a general way to blart out all you think. But I observed, "President," sais I, "that's a question I have often thought of, and on the whole, I think it is more better as it is. If I had been a scholar, like Ambassador, I should have consorted with scholars—for like loves like in this world—and been above the level. Bein' under it, as all the masses are, I've mixed with them, and have a wider rim to my wheel. If I don't make so deep a mark on the road, I move easier, and do less mischief. While others stick in the mud, I move on. Poor dear old Minister, Mr. Hopewell, was always at father to send me to College; but father used to say tho' ministers knew the way to heaven, it was the only one they did; but they knew no more about the cross-roads of this world than children. So what does he do but go to Boston, under

pretence of selling a horse, and walk into the office of old lawyer Leonard Pie. 'Lawyer,' sais he, 'I want your advice.'

"Well, old Pie, who was a pretty crusty fellow, and a knowin' old coon too, put his big grey eyes on him, and held out his hand, without speakin' a word, as much as to say, if you want me to talk, drop a fee in, if you please. *Lawyers aint like coachmen, they take their tip before they start, t'others wait till the journey is over.* But father warnt born yesterday, he'd cut his eye-teeth as well as Pie, so what does he do, but take hold of it with his own hand. 'It ainte law, Squire, I want,' said he.

"'What the plague *do* you want then?' said Pie, tryin' to get his hand back; but the old gentleman held on like grim death to a dead nigger.

"'I want to know,' sais father, 'the advantage of goin' to Cambridge.'

"'I'll tell you,' sais Pie. '*A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know.*'

"'Zactly,' sais father; 'that's just my opinion; thank you, Sir.' And he give his hand such a squeeze, he forced the ring into the bone of the other finger, and nearly started the blood

under his nails. It set the old lawyer a jumpin' and a squeelin', like anything.

“‘Confound you,’ sais he, ‘what do you mean by that?’

“‘Nothin’,’ sais father, ‘but a mark of my friendship.’ And while lawyer was a-lookin’ at his hand, father made his scrape and walked off.

“‘Found it out,’ said the old man, when he returned.

“‘What, father?’ sais I.

“‘College education,’ sais he. ‘The only good it is, is to show—how develish little other folks know.’

“I believe he was right, President, after all; for you see our best scholars’ Latin is no better than the ‘monastic Latin of the middle ages.’”

“Slick,” said the President, “the advice of a lawyer without a fee, all the world knows, is no good. If the old man had dropped a dubloon in Pie’s hand, he would have said: ‘The advantage of a college education, is to show you how much more you know than other people.’”

“Perhaps so,” sais I. “But now you have been to Cambridge, and I haven’t, can you tell me the Latin or Greek word for india-rubber shoes? Why, in course you can’t. If you could, and advertised them that way, who the plague

would know what you ment? Better as it is, Sir. It warn't your Greek made you a president, or what little Latin I picked up at night-school, that made me an attaché. But I'll proceed, if you please, with the story. Where was I? Oh! I have it. It was that part where I said it warnt that Latin was so heavy to carry, but that you have such a slippery hold of it.

“‘Now,’ sais I, ‘your Excellency, that reminds me of a trick I played a feller onet to Truro, in Nova Scotia. There was to be a great temperance meetin’ and a lectar, and resolutions moved, and what not. Well, there was a most consaited goney in the same house with me (tho’ that’s nothin’ very strange neither, seein’ Blue-nose is naterally a consaited critter), and as he was to second the first resolution, had spent evenin’ arter evenin’ in writin’ of his speech, and mornin’ arter mornin’ in gettin’ it by heart. Well, the day the great meetin’ was to be, off he starts down to the lower village, with a two-horse waggon, to bring some of the young ladies to hear his eloquence. Well, as soon as I seed him off, I goes to his desk, takes his speech, locks the door, and walks up and down the room, a readin’ of it over and over, like a school-lesson, and in about two or three hours had it all by

heart; and that, that I couldn't repeat verbatim, havin' a pretty loose tongue of my own, I could give the sense and meanin' of. But I had it in a manner all pretty slick. Then I puts the speech back in its place, takes a walk out into the fields, to recite it aloud, where none could hear, and I succeeded most beautiful. He returned, as I intended he should, before I went back to the house; and when I went into the room, he was walkin' up and down, a mutterin' over his speech; and when he stuck, lookin' at the writin'.

“ ‘Hullo,’ sais I, ‘are you back already? How's the ladies, and where are they?’

“ ‘Hush!’ said he. ‘Don't talk to me, that's a good feller; it puts me out, and then I have to cypher it over again. The ladies are below.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I'll go down and see them;’ and, to make a long story short, the meetin' was organised, the lecture was read, and the first resolution was moved. I mind that it was a very sensible one, and passed unanimously. I don't exactly recollect the words, but its substance was—‘Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that those who drink nothin' but water, will have no liquor to buy.’ I rose to second it; and there was great cheerin',

and clappin' of hands, and stampin' of feet; for I was considerable popular among the folks in them diggins. At last, silence was obtained; and I commenced with Horatio Mulgrave's speech, and delivered it word for word. Well, it warn't a bad speech for the time and place. Considerable flowery—mixed with poetry to please the galls, and solemncolly and tearful for the old folk; sometimes they cheered, and then they cried. Arter I had got on a piece, Mulgrave sprang up, half distracted with rage and surprise; and takin' hold of me by the coat, 'Why, confound it, Slick,' sais he, 'that's my speech. I wrote it myself.'

" 'Pooh!' sais I, 'don't be foolish.'

" 'Well, I never,' said he, 'in all my born days! This beats the devil! What a Yankee trick!'

" He said this quite loud. So I stopped short, and paused, and looked round.

" 'Gentlemen and ladies,' sais I, 'Mr. Mulgrave sais I am speakin' his mind, and not my own; and that it is his oration, and not mine. It's strange our minds should be so much alike; for if it is actilly the case, I must be makin' a very poor speech, I can tell you. So, with your leave, I'll sit down.'

“ ‘No, no,’ sais they; ‘go on, go on.’

“ Well, I went on, and finished; and when I had done, I turned round, and said out loud to him, ‘Now, Sir, you say I have spoke your mind?’

“ ‘So you have,’ sais he. ‘It’s a trick—a cussed Yankee trick!’

“ I come pretty near increasin’ the size of the critter’s head for that, but I bit in. Sais I, ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, is that fair to a stranger like me, that could positively chaw him up, only he don’t like the taste of the coon?’

“ ‘No, no,’ sais they, ‘it aint fair.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I’ll tell you what is fair, and that is turn and turn about. You say I spoke your mind, Sir; now do you speak mine, when you move the next resolution; and see if it won’t be the best speech you ever made since you was born.’ Creation, how folks larfed! ‘Now,’ sais I, amovin’ off, and settin’ down, ‘take the floor.’

“ Well, he got up, and scratched his head— ‘Ladies and Gentlemen,’ sais he, ‘ahem! that speech is my speech; I made it; and this is a trick;’ and down he sot.

“ Well, I jumped up, and sais I, ‘If his mouth has been picked of his speech, a thing I never

heard tell on before, it aint been picked of his tongue, for that's safe and sound ; but I'll move the resolution for him, so as to keep things astirrin' ;' and then I give them one of my ramblin', funny sort of speeches, with capital stories, that illustrated everything but the resolution ; and it was received with immense applause. Mulgrave was only on a visit to Truro, so next day he returned to Halifax ; and to this time, nobody understands a word about the story.' ”

“ Well, I never heard that anecdote before,” said Uncle Sam, risin'. “ Take another glass of wine. I have heard of plagiarisms on all sorts of scales, from purloining a quotation, as the 'great military critic' did, and borrowing ideas, down to using printed sermons, as many clergymen do ; but this is the first time I ever heard of '*stealing a speech !*' ”

CHAPTER III.

EVERYTHING IN GENERAL, AND NOTHING IN
PARTICULAR.

“PRESIDENT,” sais I, “I am afraid I am takin’ up too much of your valuable time, and really I don’t want to bore you.”

“Bore me! pray don’t say that,” said he, “I like to hear you amazingly; it’s better than a printed book, for I can ask questions as you go along, and join in the chat with observations of my own, which can’t be done t’other way.”

Thinks I to myself, that’s just the disagreeable part of it, for interruptions spile all; but when a feller has just given me a snug travellin’ job onasked, and done the handsome thing, it aint any great return to make arter all, to let him put

his oar in sometimes, even if he does catch crabs now and then, as the sailors say, and half cover you with spray.

"Exactly," said I. "I count it a great profit to have the benefit of your remarks; for a man don't rise to the tip-top of the truck-head of the mast of the ship of state as you have, President, without onderstandin' the ropes, that's a fact. For the statesman's ship is different from the merchant's ship in this; you can't jump in at the cabin-window in one, as you can if you are the owner's son in the other, but must begin before the mast in a regular way, for then you know what every hand's work and duty is, and how to keep 'em at it."

"There is a great deal of truth in that, Mr. Slick," said he. "I sarved my time to larn politics first, to town meetins, which I call the statesman's nursery, then at corporations and mass meetins; arterwards in state legislatures and conventions, and wound up for the finishin' touch in Congress, besides larnin' the word of command in volunteer companies, and sarvin' a campaign agin the Florida Indgians. Heroes are at a premium, and sages at a discount with us. Throwin' others in the shade makes one stand out the prominent figure himself, as Artimus

Wheelock, the great American painter, used to say. I think you understand that beautiful figure of speech, Mr. Slick, for if I don't misremember, you are a dab at paintin' in iles yourself, aint you?"

"Rather a daub," sais I, with some pretended diffidence, for that is a subject I rather pride myself on.

"You are too modest, Mr. Slick," said he, quite patronizin' like: "you hide your light."

Modest, sais I to myself; come that aint bad. If I aint hanged till that charge is proved, I guess my neck is safe from a rope, at any rate. Modest! Oh, Lord! and I thought I should have haw-hawed right out.

"Well, President," sais I, "I ought to be a modest man, that's a fact; for I've had some highsts in my day, when goin' too confident on slippery ground, that was enough to shake the consait out of any man, I can tell you. Oh, what a rise the great Daniel Webster took out of me onet. He sold me, that's a fact, and almost sent me down south like a nigger. I felt streaked enough, you may depend. It is a caution to sinners, I do assure you, and may be a warnin' to others."

"Slick," sais President, "Danel was a man

that could beat us both down in market, so he could buy us at his own price, and then puff us off, so that he could sell us at our own valuation, and make a handsome speculation of it. And yet great as he was, somehow or another he never could mount the box of the state-coach and get hold of the ribbons, as I have: nohow he could fix it;" and he streightened himself up, while he swallowed down the juice of that bit of brag. "But let's hear about Lord Horton and the great Danel."

"Well," sais I, "I kept my appointment with Horton, and as luck would have it, we arrived at the street-door just at the same time.

" 'Why, Mr. Slick,' sais he, 'what a punctual man you be.'

" 'Punctuality,' sais I, 'my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now take care of the minutes,' sais I, 'and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes. Attention to one airns money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well to do in this world, as times go.'

“English folks, President, aint like ourn, they rather like to see you not forget what you be, or what you have been. Peel used to mind them now and then in his speeches of the spinnin'-jenney, and it always took well. I consait myself it was a little bit of brag, but it answered his purpose any way, and was popular.

“‘I am a clockmaker,’ sais I, ‘my lord, and I ought to know the valey of time. If I hadn’t the right beat myself it would soon be all day with me. The half hours that’s lost a whitlin’ a smokin’, and a lollin’ about with your chair tilted back on its hind legs, and your feet over the back of another, lookin’ out of the winder at nothin’, and a twirlin’ your thumbs while your awaitin’ for breakfast or dinner, or what not, would larn a man a language, or a trade. But what in natur’s the use of my talkin’ this way to you? You mind an appointment, because it aint perlite to keep folks awaitin’; but what is time to you? You was born with a silver spoon in one hand, and a silver fork in the other, and can jist spend your time as you like. You must excuse me a talkin’ such nonsense, but the fact is, I have acquired a habit, as I travelled thro’ Nova Scotia, of tryin’ to preach a little go-ahead into those everlastin’ sleepy Blue-noses, that I forget some-

times, and treat other folks, that don't want 'em, to some of my old saws.'

“‘ *Wise saws* call them, Mr. Slick,’ said he; ‘ I like to hear them amazin’ly; I like plain, practical truths, uttered in a plain familiar way; they appeal to men’s common sense.’

“And he went on and praised my books in a way that aint no matter; I kinder felt it was a little overdone, and for a man of my consait to think so, is sayin’ a good deal. So I won’t put it down, or folks might think I was makin’ out my my own appraisalment. ‘ Well, well,’ sais I to myself, ‘ there’s all sorts of ways of soft sawderin’, too, aint there? He is a politician, and if he don’t know how to lay it on, it’s a pity. He intends his whitewash shall stick, too, for he has mixed a little refined sugar and glue with it.’

“‘ But you are mistaken,’ sais he, ‘ about my having my time at my command. *High stations have high duties. Much is required of them, to whom much is given. Lordly castles are besieged or betrayed, while the wooden latch of poverty secures the lowly cottage. The sleepless, anxious pillow is stuffed with down, while the straw pallet is blessed with sound sleep. My hours of toil are more, and my labours harder,*

than those of my hinds. It is the price we pay for wealth, and the tax levied on rank.' ”

“Slick,” says the President, “thems noble sentiments ; I approbate and concur them with all my heart. Was they all bunkum, or genuine, do you suppose?”

“The real genuine article,” says I ; “if they hadn't a been, I wouldn't a taken the trouble to listen to him.”

“Well,” says he, “they are elevated sentiments them, but they are just also. I feel myself Providence has reposed in me a high and responsible trust, in guidin', governin', advancin', restrainin', and happyfyin' this great nation.”

Pooh ! says I to myself, don't be silly, for he was agoin' to make me blush for him, and a blush is a thing that hasn't improved my looks for years.

“Yes,” says I, “it makes one tremble to think of it,” and I went right on.

“‘Yes,’ said Lord Horton, ‘the public have a claim upon me for my services.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘I heard you settle one of the claims on you last night to the House, and I rather guess,’ says I, ‘that somebody that you was a dressin’ of, that shall be nameless, feels like a

boy that's histed on another lad's back, and that's a gittin' the cow-hide hot and heavy. It was a capital speech that, a real fust chop article.' Thinks I, you patted me on the back jist now about my books, and I'll rub you down with the grain a little about your speech. But he didn't seem to mind it; either he was used to praise, and kinder tired of it, or else he knew it was all true as well as me, or wanted to talk of something not so parsonal. I saw it was no go, for I can read a man as plain as a book. Tradin' about as I have been all my life, has made me study faces, the eye, the smile, the corner of the mouth, the little swelling out of the nostril, and the expressions that pass over the countenance, like lights and shades, when scatterin' clouds are flyin' over in a bright sunny sky. It's a fine study, and I must say I delight in it.

"He merely said, careless like, 'I am glad you liked it; when I am excited I can speak well enough, I suppose; but when not, I can acquit myself as poorly as anybody.'

"'Exactly,' sais I, 'that's what the great Danel Webster once said to me. Squire, sais I, once arter he had made one of his almighty speeches to the Supreme Court to Washington, Squire, sais I, 'that was splendid! I felt

prouder of New England,' said I, 'this blessed day, than ever I felt afore since I was raised.'

“ ‘ Well, I reckon it warn't bad,' said he, ' that's a fact. Truth is, as you arn't a lawyer, I'll tell you the secret of my success at the bar. I require a good swinging fee, and won't work without it. I won't look at a client's face till I see his hand. When that affair is settled to my satisfaction, then I'll hear his story. *A good horse that works hard, requires a large measure of corn.* When I have got my feed, I make myself master of the subject in all its bearings, *pro* and *con*, and then go at in rale right down airnest. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. But, Sam, it aint no easy matter arguin' law before them are old judges. It must be all to the point, clear, logical, connected, and ably supported by well-selected cases. You mustn't wander away, and you mustn't declaim ; if you do, their attention is off, the public see it, and you are up a tree. Now that's not the case in Congress ; the less you speak to the point there, the better, and the less you are trammelled and hampered in life arterwards. A few forcible passages throwed in for people to get by heart, and admire as scraps of eloquence, a strong patriotic flourish now and then about keepin' all the nations of the airth in

order, and so on, a flash or two to light up the dulness, and a peal of thunder to end with, is all that's wanted. But extempore preaching is the easiest kind of all speakin'. Preachers have so many sermons in their head, upon all sorts of subjects, that if they lose the thread of their discourse, they can catch that of another old sarmon on some other text, tie it on to it, and go on, and nobody is any the wiser, for they have it all their own way, and there is no one to follow them and tell them of it, as in Court and Congress. They have got the close, as we say in law, all to themselves. But, Sam,' said he, and he looked all round to see no one heard him, 'I am agoin' to win that case.'

" 'How are you sartified of that?' sais I, 'seein' that the judges never said a word.'

" 'Well,' sais he, 'come in here to the hotel and let's liquor, for I am nation dry. I have let so much steam off, the biler wants replenishin'.'

" Well, arter he had swallowed the matter of a pint of champaine, sais he, 'I'll tell you. I believe,' sais he, 'there is a road to every created critter, if you could only find it out.'

" 'I am sartin of it,' sais I, 'for I have studied human natur' all my life.' And I was actilly fool

enough to take the lead in the conversation myself, for which he paid me off arterwards rail handsome. 'There is the sugar-plumb,' sais I, 'and whistle for the child, the feather to tickle the vanity of a woman, and the soft-sawder brush for the men, and arter all they are the vainest of the two. *There is a private spring to everyone's affection ; if you can find that, and touch it, the door will fly open, tho' it was a miser's heart.* It requires great skill, great sleight of hand, and long experience. Now, one thing I have observed about soft-sawder for men. Never flatter a man for what he excels in, for he knows that as well as you ; but flatter him for something he wishes to be thought expert in, that he can't do well.'

" 'How very true!' said Lord Horton, a interruptin' of me. 'Old Cupid is more ambitious to be thought irresistable by women—which he is not—than a great statesman and diplomatist—which he certainly is. You have a wonderful knowledge of human natur, Mr. Slick.'

" 'I couldn't do without it, my Lord. To handle a ship, you must know all the ropes.'

" Well, where was I? Oh! in the little back private room of the great hotel to Washington, a drinkin' and a talkin' with Danel Webster. 'Now,' sais I, 'Squire Danel, there are two

kinds of soft-sawder; one is active, and one is passive.'

" 'How?' sais he.

" 'Why,' sais I, 'here is a case in pint of the active. We had to our house a female help; she was an Irish gall, and ugly enough to frighten children from crying, and turn the milk of a whole dairy. Well, she warnt very tidy, and mother spoke to her several times about it; but it did no good, she was as slatternly as ever next day, and mother was goin' to give her a walkin' ticket. So, thinks I to myself, I wonder if there is a created critter so ugly as not to think herself decent-looking at any rate. Well, sais I, Nora, I am surprised at you.'

" 'What for, your honour, Master Sam?' said she.

" 'Why,' sais I, 'I am surprised that such a nice, fresh, healthy, good-lookin' girl as you be, don't take better care of your appearance.' I saw her eyes twinkle agin with pleasure. 'Not,' sais I, 'that your good looks wants settin' off, but they ought to have justice done to them. I hate to see so handsome a gall looking so ontidy.'

" 'I own it's wrong,' said she, 'and it shan't happen agin,' and from that day forth, she was the tidiest and smartest gal we ever had.

“ ‘That is active soft-sawder, and now what I call passive soft-sawder is this — deference. For instance; if you want to gain a man, don’t know more than him: it humiliates a feller to be made inferior to the one he is a talkin’ to. If he want’s advice, that’s another thing, give it to him; but don’t put him right in his stories when he is adrift, that’s mortifyin’; and don’t make any display before him at all. Get him to teach you, for everybody knows something you don’t. If he is a fisherman, set him a talkin’ about nets and bait, and salt and duties, and so on. If he lives in the woods, ask him how maple-sugar is made; what is the best season of the year to cut timber, so as to presarve it; and if he don’t know nothin’ of these things, then set him to tell huntin’ stories and legends of the woods. You will win that man’s heart; for instead of oppressin’ him with your superiority, you have made him feel that he is able to give a wrinkle to one that he is willing enough to acknowledge to be his superior. You will win that man for ever, for you have given him the upper seat instead of the second, and made him feel good all over.

“ ‘The fact is, when I went to travel in Europe and larnt manners, I found politeness had a great deal of soft-sawder in it; but among the folks

you and I have to deal with, you might take off your hat afore, and scrape your leg behind to all etarnity, before you'd carry your pint. But I am only stoppin' your story.'

"'No you don't,' said he; 'I like to hear you; your experience jumps with mine. As a lawyer and a politician, I have had to mix much among my fellow-men, and in course have studied a good deal of human natur' too—for lawyers are like priests; people come to them and disburden themselves of their troubles, and get consolation, *if they pay well for it*; but there is one point in which they don't treat them like priests; they don't confess all their sins; they suppress them, and often get themselves and their counsel into a scrape by it, that's a fact. Now I'll tell you how I am sure I am agoin' to gain my cause. But first help yourself, and then pass the wine.'

"Well, first I took one bottle, and turned it up on eend, and deuce a drop was in it.

"'Try the other,' sais he.

"And I turned that upside down, and it was empty too. Our eyes met, and he smiled. Sais he, 'I was illustratin' your passive soft-sawder; I didn't remind you that you was wrong, when you didn't drink. As you advised, I didn't oppress you with my superiority; but I set you

off talking about human natur', of which I guess I know perhaps as much as you do. I know I have won you for ever by that delicate attention. I think I am sartin of the Slickville vote, for I gave you the uppermost seat, and took the second myself.'

"Well, I couldn't help larfin, I swear. 'Squire Danel,' sais I, 'I owe you one for that; I call that a rail complete rise. I am sold.'"

"A very good story," said Horton. "I like that, there is so much dry humour in it; it's a very characteristic story that."

"A feller," sais I, "my Lord, that has wrestled through life as I have, must naturally have got a good many falls, and some pretty heavy ones too, afore he larnt the right grips and the proper throws, that's a fact."

"Well,' says Danel, 'ring the bell, please; and,' sais he, 'waiter, more wine. I'll tell you how I know I am going to win that cause. I told you, Sam, there was a road to every man, if you could only find it. Now, the road to a judge is the most difficult one on earth to discover. It aint a road, nor a bridle-way, nor a path hardly. It's a trail, and scarcely that. They are trained to impartiality, to the cold discharge of duty, and when on the bench, leave their hearts

to home, except in a criminal case. They are all head in Court; they are intrenched in a sort of thick jungle, so that it is almost impossible to get at them. Still, judges are only men, and there never was but one perfect man in the world.

“Did you mind that little judge that sat there to-day, lookin’ as sour as if he had breakfasted off crab-apples, sauced with red pepper and vinegar? Well, he aint a bad lawyer, and he aint a bad man. But he is a most disagreeable judge, and a most cantankerous chap altogether. I have bagged him to-day; but it was very difficult play, I assure you. You can’t soft-sawder a judge, he is too experienced a man for that, the least spatter even of it would set him against you; and you can’t bully him, for he is independent of you, and if he submitted to such treatment, he ought to be impeached. Now, old sour crout has decided two cases on the branch of law that was under consideration to-day, pretty analegous to my case, but not exactly. Well, my object is to get him to view them as governin’ mine, for he is not always quite uniform in his views, but how to do that without leanin’ too strong on his decisions, was my difficulty. So I took a case that he had decided on a collateral branch

of the subject, and that I examined, criticised, and condemned pretty severely. He defended his ground strongly, at last I gave in; I only touched it, for it warn't pertinent to take off the appearance of throwin' the lavender to him. Then I relied on his two other decisions, showed their ability, soundness, and research off to great advantage, without folks knowin' it. The first slap I gave him sounded so loud, while people was sayin' I was ruenin' my cause, and had lost my tact, I was quietly strokin' down the fur on his back, and ticklin' his funny-rib. Ring the bell, please. Waiter, the bill.'

"Well, hearin' that, I took out my purse to pay my half the shot.

"'Don't violate your own rule, Slick,' sais he, 'of passive soft-sawder; when I am wrong don't set me right, don't oppress me by your (I won't say superiority), but your equality. Let me be fool enough to occupy the first seat, and do you take the second, you will win me for life.'

"'Squire Danel,' sais I, 'I am sold agin; I believe in my soul you would sell the devil.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'I would, if I could find a purchaser, that's a fact; but I'me thinkin' Napoleon and Kossuth would be the only two bidders. The first, I am afeard, would con-

fiscate the debt due me, and the other would pay for it only in speeches, take it out only in talk. Now, not having bought the devil yet, I won't speculate on him.'

"Well, the bill came in, and he paid it; and when the waiter made himself scarce, sais he, 'Mr. Slick, now and then I admit a friend (not in public life) to a talk, and the interchange of a glass; but,' said he, 'soft-sawder here or there, I never admit him to the privilege of paying half the bill.' Just as he put his hat on, and was going out of the door, he turned, and sais he, 'Is that active or passive soft-sawder, Sam?'

"'Neuter,' sais I.

"'Give me your hand,' sais he. 'That's not bad; I like it, and I like your talk; but recollect, there are folks in this country besides yourself that *wern't born yesterday.*'

"Well, I was alone: I lit a cigar, and threw myself back in the chair, and put my feet upon the table, and considered. 'Sam,' sais I, 'you are sold; and you didn't fetch much either. You were a fool to go to talk wise afore the wisest man we have. You are like minister's rooster: your comb is cut, and your spurs chopped off. When they grow agin, try to *practise* with your equals only. It was a great lesson: it

taught me the truth of the old sayin' of mother's, *Sam, don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes.*'

" 'Well,' said his Lordship, 'that is a curious story, Mr. Slick, and an instructive one too. The quiet drollery in American humour delights me beyond measure.'

" 'There is a part of that lesson, my Lord,' sais I, 'with all due deference, you ought to learn.' He kind of shook his head, and looked puzzled what to say. Sais I, 'I know what you mean—that it's popularity huntin', and beneath your station.'

" 'Not exactly,' said he, smiling; but looking as if a civil answer was sent for, that wouldn't come.

" 'Well,' sais I, 'my Lord, it's a proof of knowledge and skill. Man is man, and you must study the critter you have to govern. You talk to a child like a child, to a boy like a boy, and to a man like a man. You don't talk to all men alike: you don't talk to Lord John and your footman the same, do you?'

" 'Certainly not,' sais he.

" 'Well, then, you must know the world you have to govern, and talk to folks so that they can onderstand you. The House of Commons aint

the people of England. That was the grand mistake Peel made: he thought it was, and studied it accordingly. What was the consequence? In my opinion, he knew more about the feelings, temper, tone and trim of the representatives, and less of the represented, than any person in the kingdom. That man did more to lower the political character of the country than any statesman since Walpole's time. He was a great man, I admit; but unfortunately, a great man's blunders are like accidents in powder-magazines—send everything to the devil amost. There is a sliding scale in men's reputations now: he not only invented it, but he taught them how to regulate it according to the market. But let bygones be bygones. What can't be cured, must be endured. To return to where I was, I say agin, the House of Commons aint the people of England.'

“ ‘Very true,’ said his Lordship.

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘since the Reform Bill, that House don't do you much credit. You talk to the educated part of it, the agitators there don't talk to you in reply; they talk to the people outside, and have a great advantage over you. A good Latin quotation will be cheered by Lord

John Manners and Sir Robert Inglis, and even Lord John Russell himself; but Hume talks about cheap bread, unevarsal suffrage, vote by ballot, no sodgers, no men-o'-war, no colonies, no taxes, and no nothin'. Well, while you are cheered by half-a-dozen scholars in the House, he is cheered by millions outside.'

" 'There is a great deal of truth in that observation, Mr. Slick,' said he; 'it never struck me in that light before—I see it now;' and he rose and walked up and down the room. 'That accounts for O'Connell's success.'

" 'Exactly,' sais I. 'He didn't ask you for justice to Ireland, expecting to convince you; for he knew he had more than justice to Ireland, while England got no justice there; nor did he applaud the Irish for your admiration, but that they might admire him and themselves. His speeches were made *in* the House, but not addressed *to* it; they were delivered for the edification of his countrymen. Now, though you won't condescend to what I call wisdom, but what you call 'popularity huntin' and soft sawder,' there's your equals in that House that do.'

" 'Who?' sais he.

" 'Dear me,' sais I, 'my lord, it is two o'clock.

Uncle Sam is a Salem man, where the curfew bell rings for bed at nine o'clock. I shall be locked out, I must bid you good night.'

"'Oh!' sais he, 'I am very sorry, pray come again on Friday evening, if you can; we have lost sight of the subject I wanted to consult you about, and instead of that we have talked of everything in general and nothing in particular. If you can't come—('I am afraid it's onpossible,' sais I, 'my lord')—will you be so good as to let me hear from you occasionally. There are some transatlantic subjects I should like amazingly to hear your opinion upon, write unreservedly, and write as you talk, your letters shall be strictly confidential.'

"'I shall be very proud of the honour, my lord,' said I.

"He seemed absent a moment, and then said, as if thinking aloud,

"'I wish I had some little keepsake to present you with, as a token of my regard; as long as I have your books I have wherewithal to place you before me as a living animated being, and not an abstraction.' And then his face lit up as if he had found what he wanted, and taking the ring you see on my left hand off his little finger, he presented it to me in a way somehow that only those thoroughbred folks know how to do.

"But President," sais I, "our time is out too; and I must say I am kinder sort of skeered I have been talking too much about myself."

"Not a bit," said he, "I actilly think you are fishin' for compliments, you apologise so. No, no, I am sorry it is so late. He is a fine fellow that Horton. But, Sam, they dont onderstand the people do they?"

"They don't" sais I, "that's a fact. Do the people onderstand them? Not always," sais I.

"'Zactly," said he, "when you have born senators, you must have born fools sometimes."

"And when you elect," said I, "you sometimes elect a raven distracted goney of a feller too."

"Next door to it," said President, larfin', "and if they aint quite fools, they are entire rogues, that's a fact; eh, Slick! Well, I suppose each way has its merits, six of one and half a dozen of the other.

"But the President," and he adjusted his collar and cravat, "*he* ought to be the chosen of the people; and Sam (it was the first time he'd called me that, but I see he was warmin') it's a proud, a high and a lofty station too, aint it? To be the elect of twenty-five millions of free, independent, and enlightened white citizens, that have three millions of black niggers to work and swet for

'em, while they smoke and talk, takes the rag off of European monarchs; dont it?"

"Very," sais I, risin' to take leave. "And President," sais I, for as he seemed detarmined to stand in the market, I thought I might just as well make short meter of it, and sell him at once. "President," sais I, "I congratulate the nation on havin' chosen a man whose first, last, and sole object is to serve his country, and yourself on the honour of filling a chair far above all the thrones, kingdoms, queendoms, and empires in the un-evarsal world." And we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK HAWK ; OR, LIFE IN A FORE AND
AFTER.

THE next morning I called on the President, and received my patent as Commissioner of the Fisheries on the shores of the British Provinces ; with instructions to report on the same, and to afford all such protection to the seamen and vessels of the United States as occasion might require. I was also furnished with letters mandatory to all our own officers, and introductory to the governors of the several colonies.

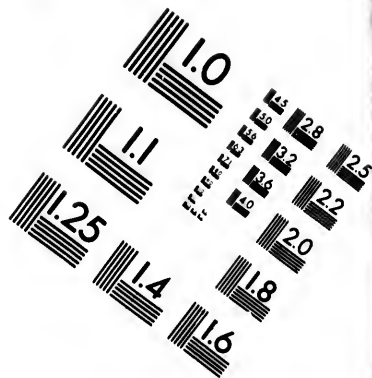
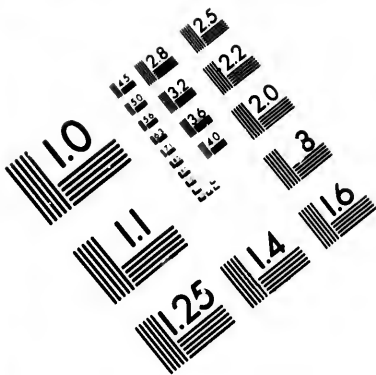
Things had taken an onexpected turn with me. I didn't look for this appointment, although I had resolved on the trip, as one of recreation and pleasure. I had not been well, and consaited I

did not feel very smart. I guess I was moped, living so much alone since I returned to Slickville, and was more in dumps than in danger. So I thought I'd take a short trip to sea, but this change rendered the tour no longer optional, and it became necessary to lose no time, so I took a formal leave of the President, and returned home to make preparations for the voyage; but before finally accepting the office, I explained to him I must take my own time and mix pleasure with business, for with the exception of statistical returns, I was well acquainted with the fisheries and every harbour on the coast, and already knew much that any one else would have to learn afresh.

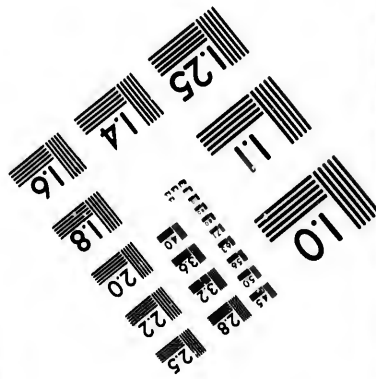
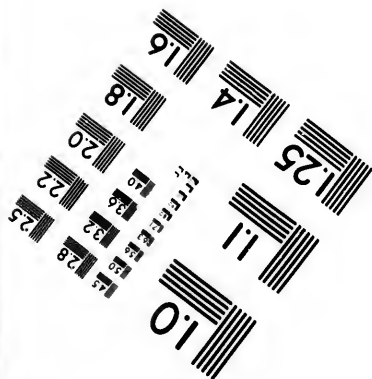
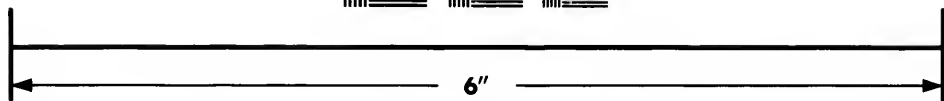
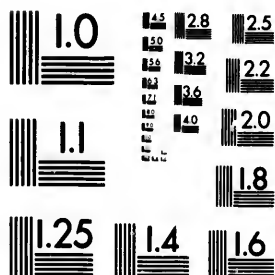
He said the commission was a roving one; that I might do as I pleased, and go where and when I liked, so long as the report was made, and was full, accurate, and suggestive.

Leaving my property in charge of my brother-in-law, I inquired for a trading vessel rather than a fishing one; first, because I should have the opportunity of visiting all the outports successively; and secondly, in order to avoid the nuisance of having the process of catching, cleanin', curin', and packin' the fish, continually goin' on on board. Where the business is conducted by a





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mercantile firm on a large scale, an outward bound vessel is sometimes loaded with an assorted cargo of notions, which are exchanged on the coast for fish, or sold at exorbitant profits to the 'longshore folks, when she returns with the proceeds of her own barter and the surplus fish of other vessels belonging to the same parties that are employed, or rendezvous at Cape Breton.

Just at that time there was a most beautiful rakish little clipper of a fore-and-after, fitting out at the Sound for the mackarel fishery on the coast of Nova Scotia, the prettiest craft I almost ever set eyes on. Having been a packet, she had excellent accommodation, and was fitted up with two cabins, one small one for the captain, and another for the mate and the crew, who were all farmers' sons, amounting to twelve in number, and messed together. They sailed on shares, the vessel was entitled to half; the captain had four, the mate three, and the second mate two shares, and the rest was divided equally among the crew. In fact, every one, according to this arrangement, worked for himself, and was naturally anxious to make all he could and to rival his neighbours, so as to see and show who was the smartest man. It is the best plan a fishery ever was carried on under. Human nature was consulted, and gave two prin-

principles for them to work on—*self-interest* and *ambition*. Wages would have ruined all, for the crew would have put in their time then instead of their fish, and their desire would have been, like provincials, to see who could do the least, while they would have spent half the season in harbours and not on the coast. But this is neither here nor there.

When I first went on board to examine the vessel, I was greatly struck with the appearance of the captin. He was a tall, thin, sallow-lookin' man, having a very melancholy expression of countenance. He seemed to avoid conversation, or, I should rather say, to take no interest in it. Although he went through the details of his duty, like a man who understood his business, his mind appeared pre-occupied with other matters.

He was the last person I should have selected as a companion; but as I didn't want to go a fishin'—for it aint nice work for them that don't like it—and the parfume aint very enticin' to any but regular old skippers, I asked him to give me a cast coastwise, as far as the G't of Canso, where I would go ashore for change of air, and amuse myself arter my own fashion.

“Have you had experience, Sir?” sais he, and

his face lit up with a sickly smile, like the sun on a tombstone.

“No,” sais I, “I never was on board a fishin’ vessel afore.”

He eyed me all over attentively for a minute or two, without sayin’ a word, or movin’ a muscle. When he had finished his examination, he turned up the whites of his eyes, and muttered, “ignorant, or impudent, perhaps both.”

“I guess you can go,” sais he ; “but mind, Sir, we start to-night.”

Well, this warnt very encouragin’, was it? I’d half a mind to give him up, and go to Maine, and sarch for another vessel, for the pleasure of your cruise depends entirely on your companions. It aint like bein’ on land, there the world is big enough for us all, and if you don’t like the cut of a fellow’s jib, you can sheer off, and give him a wide berth ; but in a vessel there is only the cabin and the deck, and the skipper actilly seems as if he was in both places at once. And what’s wuss, he’s master and you aint ; he fixes the hours for meals, the time for lights, chooses his own subjects for chat, and so on.

You hear a fellow sayin’ sometimes—I’m only a passenger. How little the critter knows of what he is talking, when he uses that cant phrase.

Why, everythin' is sum-totalized in that word. Skipper is employed, and you aint. It's his vocation, and not yourn. It's his cabin, and no one else's. He is to hum, and you aint. He don't want you, but you want him. You aint in his way, if you don't run like a dog atween his legs, and throw him down; but he is in your way, and so is everybody else.

He likes salt pork, clear sheer as he calls it, and smacks his lips over it, and enjoys his soup, that has fat and grease enough swimmin' on it to light a wick, if it was stuck in it; and cracks hard biscuits atween his teeth, till they go off like pistols; makes a long face when he says a long grace, and swears at the steward in the midst of it; gets shaved like a poodle-dog, leaving one part of the hair on, and takin' the other half off, lookin' all the time half-tiger, half-lurcher, and resarves this fancy job to kill time of a Sunday. Arter which he hums a hymn through his nose, to the tune the "Old Cow died of," while he straps his razor, pulls a hair out of his head, and mows it off, to see if the blade is in trim for next Sabbath. You can't get fun out of him, for it aint there, for you can't get blood out of a stump, you know; but he has some old sea-saws to poke at you.

If you are squeamish, he offers you raw fat bacon, advises you to keep your eyes on the mast-head, to cure you of dizziness, and so on. If the wind is fair, and you are in good spirits, and say, "We're getting on well, captain," he looks thunder and lightning and says, "If you think so, don't say so, Broadcloth, it aint lucky." And if it blows like great guns, and is ahead, and you say, "It's unfortunate, aint it?" he turns short round on you and says, in a riprorious voice, "Do you think I'm clerk of the weather, Sir? If you do, you are most particularly, essentially, and confoundedly mistaken, that's all." If you voted for him, perhaps you have interest with him; if so, tell him "The storm staysail is split to ribbons, and you'll trouble him for another;" and then he takes off his norwester, strikes it agin the binnacle to knock the rain off, and gig-goggles like a great big turkey-cock.

If you are writin' in the cabin, he says, "By your leave," and without your leave, whops down a great yaller chart on the table, all over your papers, unrolls it, and sticks the corners down with forks, gets out his compasses, and works his mouth accordin' to its legs. If he stretches out its prongs, out go the corners of his mouth proportionally; if he half closes them, he contracts

his ugly mug to the same size ; and if he shuts them up, he pushes up his lips, and closes his clam-shell too. They have a sympathy, them two, and work together, and they look alike, too, for one is brown with tobacco, and the other with rust.

The way he writes up the log then is cautionary. The cabin aint big enough for the operation, out go both legs, one to each side of the vessel ; the right arm is brought up scientific like, in a semi-circular sweep, and the pen fixed on the paper solid, like a gate-post ; the face and mouth is then all drawn over to the left side to be out of the way, and look knowing, the head thrown a one side, one eye half closed, and the other wide open, to get the right angles of the letters, and see they don't foul their cables, or run athwart each other.

It is the most difficult piece of business a skipper has to do on board, and he always thinks when it's done it deserves a glass of rum, and such rum too—phew !—you can smell it clear away to the fore-castle amost. Then comes a long-drawn breath, that has been pent in all the time. This is going on till the dangerous pen-navigation was over ; and then a pious sort o' look comes over his face, as much as to say, "Thank fortin' that job is over for to-day ! It's hard work that."

So he takes a chair, puts one leg of it on the toe of his boot, claps his other foot agin its heel, and hauls his boot off; and so with the other, and then turns in and snores like an old buffalo. When a feller like that banks up, it's generally for all day, that's a fact.

Oh yes, there's no fun in sailing with a stupid skipper like that; the pair of you look like a sheep and a pig in a pasture, one is clean, and the other is dirty; one eats dainty, and the other is a coarse feeder, swallows anything; one likes dry places, the other enjoys soft mud and dirty water. They keep out of each other's way, and never make no acquaintance, and yet one is a sociable creature, and likes to keep company with the cow or the horse, or anything that is decent; while the other skipper like does nothin' but feed, sleep and grunt. Man was made for talk, and can't live alone that way.

Skippers though aint all cast in the same mould; some of 'em are chock full of information, and have sailed everywhere a'most, and can spin you a yarn by the hour; but this fellow was as dumb as a clock that's run down, or if wound up has the main spring broke. However I thought he would serve my turn as far as Shelburne, where I could make an exchange and shift into some other craft;

or visit the harbours as I used to do in old times in a waggon instead of a vessel. So I hurried home, packed up my duds, and got on board.

The more I saw of the skipper the less I liked him. Whether he was really pious or his nervous system had been shaken by ranters I could not tell. Some folks fancy they are ill, and some that they are religious, and as both put on a colicky face it aint always easy to say which is which. It was evident he was a gloomy enthusiast who would rather die than laugh, and the unfittest messmate in the world 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 residenters along shore, and all the room not occupied by salt was filled with churns, buckets, hay-rakes, farming forks, factory cotton, sailor's 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 amazingly.

The first day or two the men were busy stowing away their things, arranging their berths, watches and duties, and shaking themselves fairly into their places for a long cruise; for the vessel was to be supplied by another at Cansean, 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 nature is human nature, 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 practice, 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 gaff-topsail; and said he, "Enoch, I guess you may go up and keep it free."

"I guess I may," said he; and continued pacing up and down the deck.

"Do you hear what I say, Sir?"

"Oh, yes, I hear you."

"Then why don't you obey, Sir?"

"Because."

"Because! what sort of an answer is that, Sir?"

"It's all the answer you'll get, for want of a better. I'm not going to do all the work of the vessel. My father didn't send me here to be your nigger."

"I'll teach you better than that, young man," said the Captain. "While I'm here as skipper, all my lawful orders shall be obeyed, or I'll punish the offender, be he who he may. I order you again to go up aloft."

"Well, I won't; so there now, and do your prettiest."

The Captain paused a moment, grew deadly pale, as if about to faint; and then it seemed as if all the blood in his body had rushed into his face, when he jumped up and down on the deck, with outstretched arms and clenched fists, which he shook at the offender, and cried out,

"Aloft, aloft,
Go up aloft,
You sinner."

The other came aft, and mockin' him, said, in a drawlin', whinin' voice, that was very provokin',

“ I won't, that's flat,
So just take that,
You sinner.”

The Captain, whose eyes were flashing fire, and who was actually foammin' at the mouth, retorted,

“ May I never see bliss,
If I put with this,
You sinner.”

It was evident he was so excited as to be quite deranged.

“ Sad business this, Mr. Slick,” observed the mate. Here, Mr. Bent,” said he, addressing the second officer, “ I can depend upon you ; assist me to take the captain below, we must place a hand in charge of him, to see he does no mischief to himself or anybody else, and then let's go forward, and see what's to be done.”

“ Mr. Slick,” sais he, as he returned with the second mate, “ this is a bad business. I'm afeerd our voyage is at an eend. What had I best do ?”

“ Go forward,” sais I, “ and make that villain

do his duty. If he obeys, the knowledge of it may cool the captain, and calm him."

He shook his head, incredulously. "Never!" said he, "never! That man is past all human aid; he never should have been taken away from the Asylum. But suppose Eells refuses to obey me also?"

"Make him."

"How can I make him?"

"Tie him up, and lick him."

"Why his father owns half the 'Hooker.'"

"Lick him all the harder for that; he ought to set a better example on board of his father's vessel."

"Yes, and get myself sued from one court to another, till I'm ruined. That cat won't jump."

"Send him to Shelburn jail, for mutiny."

"What! and be sued for that?"

"Well, well," sais I, in disgust, "I'm only a passenger; but I wish I was as I used to be, able to do what I pleased, whether it convened with other folks' notions of dignity or not. My position in society won't let me handle him, though my fingers tingle to be at him; but I don't like lettin' myself down arter that fashion, fightin' with a fellar like that, in another man's quarrel. It goes agin the grain, I tell you; but

old times is stronger than new fashions, and I must say that crittur deserves a tannin' most richly."

"If you've no objection, Sir, I'll handle him," said the second mate.

He was a small-sized, but athletic looking man; not near so strong apparently as Eells, but far more active. His complexion was rather yellow than sallow, in consequence of his recently having had the fever in Jamaica; but his eye was the most remarkable I ever saw.

"Yes," said the mate, "you may whip him as long as you like, if you aint afeared of bein' sued."

Well, we went over to where our hero was walking up and down the deck, looking as big as if he had done something very wonderful.

"Eells," said the mate, "come like a good fellow, go up aloft, and do as the capten ordered you; obeyin' him might restore him, for he is beside himself."

"I won't; so spare yourself further talk."

"Then I order you."

"You order," said he, putting his fist in the officer's face. "A pretty fellow you, to order your owner. Now, I order you aft, to go and attend to your work."

"Friend Eells," said the second mate, "your

father is a most uncommon particular lucky man."

He turned and looked at him hard for a space, dubersome whether to condescend to answer or not; but had no more idea what was in store for him than a child. At last said he, sulkily: "How so?"

"Why," sais Bent, "he has got a vessel, the captain of which is mad, a mate that hasn't the moral courage of a lamb, and a lazy idle vagabond of a son, that's a disgrace to his name, place, and nation. I wish I was first mate here, by the roarin' Bulls of Bason, I'd make you obey my orders, I know, or I'd spend every rope's-end and every hand's-pike in the ship first; and if that didn't do, I'd string you up to the yard-arm, or my name aint Jim Bent, you good-for-nothin', worthless rascal."

"Mr. Bent," said he, "say those words again if you dare, and I'll whip you within an inch of your life."

"Oh, yes!" replied the other, "of course you will, and great credit you'd get by it, a great big ongainly ugly brute like you, thrashin' a man of my size, that's taking his first voyage after the yellow fever. Why, I see you are a coward too; but if you be, I beant, so I repeat the words,

that you are a good-for-nothin', worthless rascal, those were the words, and I'll throw in coward, to make it weigh heavier. Now, come on, and lick an invalide man, and then go home and get a commission in the horse marines."

He appeared to take all this trouble to make him strike first, so as to keep within the law. A fight is a fight, Squire, all the world over, where fightin' is the fashion, and not stabbin'. It aint very pretty to look at, and it aint very pretty to describe, and it don't read very pretty. It's the animal passion of man roused to madness. There aint much difference to my mind between a reproarious man, and a reproarious bull; and neither on 'em create much interest. I wouldn't describe this bout, only a genuine Yankee fight is different from other folks's. Though they throw off their coats, they don't lay aside their jokes and jeers, but poke hard as well as hit hard.

While Eells was stripping for the combat, Bent bammed him, sais he, "I believe I won't take off my jacket, Enoch, it might save my hide, for I don't want to have that tanned till I'm dead."

The men all larfed at that, and it don't take much to make a crowd laugh; but what would

it have been among Englishmen? Why it would have been a serious affair; and to show their love of justice, every fellow would have taken a side, and knocked his neighbour down to see fair play. But they have got this to larn, "*to bung up a man's eyes aint the way to enlighten him.*"

While Bent was securing his belt, sais he, "Enoch, whatever you do spare my face; you would ruin me among the ladies, if you hurt that."

They fairly cheered again at that remark.

"Depend on it," sais one of them, "Bent knows what he's about. See how cool he is. He's agoin to quilt that fellow, and make pretty patchwork of him, see if he aint."

When Bent saw him squarin' off, he put up his guards awkward like, straight up in front, "Come on, Jack-the-giant-killer," sais he, "but spare my dogertype. I beseech you have mercy on that."

With that Eells rushed forward, and let go a powerful blow, which the other had just time to catch and ward off; but as Eells threw his whole weight to it, he almost went past Bent, when he tripped his heels as quick as wink, and down he went amazin' heavy, and nearly knocked the wind out of him.

"Well done, Bent," said the men. "Hurrah for Yellow Jack!"

When he got up he blowed a little.

"Are you ready," says Bent, "for I scorn to take an advantage, especially of a coward; if so be that you're ready, come on."

Eells fought more cautiously, and exchanged a few passes with his antagonist, but we soon perceived he had about as much chance with him as a great big crow has with a little king-bird. Presently, Bent gave him a smart short blow right atwixt his eyes, not enough to knock him down, but to blind and bewilder him for a minute, and then when he threw his arms wide, gave him a smart right and lefter, and had time to lay in a second round, beginning with the left hand, that did smashing work. It cut him awfully, while he fell heavily on his head upon a spar, that caused him to faint.

"Friends an' countrymen," said Bent to the crew, "if this man thrashes me to death, as he threatened, put a seal on my things and send them home to Cuttyhunk, that's good fellers."

Oh! how the men laughed at that. One of them that spoke up before, said, "I'm as glad as if somebody had given me fifty dollars to see that bully get his deserts."

It seemed as if Bent wanted to tantalize him, to take a little more out of him. "De little dear heart," says he, "is mother's own darlin' ittle boy hurt? Did that great big giant, Jim Bent, thrash mudder's on dear little beauty?" Creation! how the men cheered.

Eells sat up and looked round, while the other crowed like a cock, and pretended to flap his wings.

"Mate," said Bent, "the owner orders you to bring him a glass of water; and he says you may put a glass of rum in it, and charge it to our mess."

Eells jumped up short and quick at that; sais he, "I'll pay you for this, see if I dont."

To coax him on, the other observed, "I shall go down this time. I'm beat out, I am only a sick man. Do give me a drink."

While he was speaking, the mutineer rushed on him unawares, and put in a blow that just grazed the back of his head. If he hadn't just then half turned by accident, I do believe it would have taken his head off; as it was, it kind of whirled him the other way in front of Eells, whose face was unguarded, and down he went in an instant.

To make a long story short, every time he raised up, Bent floored him. At last he gave in,

hollered, and was carried forward, and a tarpaulin thrown over him. The other warnt hurt a bit, in fact the exercise seemed to do him good; and I never saw a man punished with so much pleasure in my life. *A brave man is sometimes a desperado. A bully is always a coward.*

“Mate,” says I, as we returned aft, “how is the captain?”

“More composed sir, but still talking in short rhymes.”

“Will he be fit to go the voyage?”

“No, Sir.”

“Then he and Eells must be sent home.”

“What the captain?”

“Yes, to be sure; what in natur’ is the good of a mad captain?”

“Well, that’s true,” said he; “but would I be sued?”

“Pooph!” said I, “act and talk like a man.”

“But Eells is the owner’s son, how can I send him? I’ll be sued to a dead sartainty.”

“I’ll settle that; give me pen and ink:—‘We the crew of the ‘Black Hawk,’ request that Mr. Eells be sent home or discharged, as he may choose, for mutinous conduct; otherwise we refuse to proceed on the voyage.’ Call the men aft here.”

The people

They all appeared and signed it.

"Now," said I, "that's settled."

"But won't we all be sued," said he.

"To be sure you will all be sued," said I, "and *parsued* to the cends of the airth, by a constable with a summons from a magistrate, for one cent damage and six cents costs. Dream of that constable, his name is Fear, he'll be at your heels till you die. Do you see them fore and afters under M'Nutt's Island?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are Yankee fishermen, some loaded and some empty, some goin' to Prince Edward's Island, and some returnin' home. Run alongside the outer ones, and then I'll arrange for the passage of these people."

"But how," said he, "shall I make the voyage, without a captin and one hand less?"

"A mad captain and a mutinous sailor," said I, "are only in the way. I'll ship a skipper here, off the island, for you, who is a first rate pilot, and I'll hire a hand also. You must be the responsible captain, he will be the actual one, under the rose. He is a capital fellow, worth ten of the poor old rhymer. I only hope he is at home. I tell you I know every man, woman, and child here."

"But suppose any accident happened, Mr. Slick," said he, "mightn't I be sued, cast in damages, and ruined."

"You are afeard of law?" sais I, "aint you?"

"Well, I be, that's a fact."

"Well, I'll tell you how to escape it."

"Thank you," said he, "I shall be everlastingly obliged to you. What must I do?"

"Turn pirate."

"And be hanged," sais he, turning as white as a sheet.

"No," sais I, "no cruiser will ever be sent after *you*. Turn pirate on this coast, rob and plunder all the gulls, dippers, lapwings, and divers nests on the islands and highlands; shoot the crew if they bother you, make them walk the plank, and bag all the eggs, and then sail boldly into Halifax under a black flag at the top, and bloody one at the peak, wear a uniform, and a cocked hat, buckle on a sword, and call yourself Captain Kidd. I'm done with you, put me on shore, or send me on board of one of our vessels, and fish for yourselves. I wish I had never seen the 'Black Hawk,' the captain, Enoch Eells, or yourself. You're a disgrace to our great nation."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said he, "for goodness gra-

cious sake don't leave me in a strange port, with a crazy captain, a mutinous sailor—"

"And an everlastin' coward of a mate," sais I.

"Oh! don't desart me," said he, a-wringin' of his hands; "don't, it's a heavy responsibility, I aint used to it, and I might be—"

"Sued," sais I. "That's right, bite in that word *sued*. Never dare mention it afore me, or I'll put you ashore with them other chaps. I'll stand by you," says I, "for our great country's sake, if you will do exactly as I tell you. Will you promise?"

"Yes," sais he, "I will, and never talk about being sued. Never," said he.

"Well, then, I'll stand by you; and if you are sued, I'll pay all damage."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," sais he, "you must excuse me. I am a good seaman, and can obey orders. I never commanded, but I can do the work of a mate."

"No, you can't," sais I. "Why didn't you take a handspike, and knock that mutinous rascal over?"

"And be —" said he.

"Sued," sais I. "Yes, sued; and suppose you had been, wouldn't all the mariners of the Sound a stood by you, and called you a trump?"

I wish to goodness Bent had a licked you, instead of Enoch. It would have done *you* good—it will make *him* desperate. Go home and farm; and when a bull roars, jump over a fence, and get citated and sued for trespassin' on your neighbour's farm. Phew! I hate a coward."

"I aint a coward; I'm foolish, that's all—a little nervous about responsibilities I aint used to; but whatever you say, I'll do."

"I'll take you at your word," sais I. "Range up alongside of that outer craft, and send me aboard."

Well, I hailed the vessel, and found she was the 'Bald Eagle,' Captain Love, of Nantucket. "Captain Love!" sais I to myself: "just such a fellow, I suppose, as this mate; a sort of milksop, that goes to sea in fine weather; and when he is to home, is a sort of amphibious beau at all the husken, quilten, and thanksgivin' parties. It's half-past twelve o'clock with our fishermen, when a skipper's name is Love." Sweet love!—home, sweet home! I consaited I did not feel quite so well as when I left Slickville.

"Captain on board?" sais I.

"I guess he is," said one of the hands.

"Then let down the ladder," sais I; "please."

"Won't a rope do as well?" sais he.

“It would do on a pinch,” sais I: “I do suppose I could come up hand over hand by it, and lick you with the eend of it too, if I liked; but being a landsman, I don’t calculate to climb, when there are a pair of stairs; and, to my mind, it wouldn’t lower our great nation, if its citizens were a little grain more civil. If you don’t let it down, as Colonel Crocket said, ‘You may go to the devil, and I’ll go to Texas.’”

“Well,” sais he, “a pleasant voyage to you. They tell me it’s a fine country that.”

“Push off, my men,” sais I; and while they were backing water, “Give my compliments to the Captain,” I said; “and tell him, Mr. Slick called to see him, and pay his respects to him; but was drove off with impudence and insult.”

Just then, a man rushed down from the quarter-deck, and called out, “What in the world is all this? Who did that person say he was?”

“Mr. Slick,” said the spokesman.

“And how dare you, Sir, talk to a gentleman in that way? This way, Mr. Slick,” for it was getting dark; “this way, please. Very glad to see you, Sir. Down with the ship’s ladder there, and fasten the man-ropes; and here, one of you go down the first two steps, and hold the ropes steady, and back up before him. Welcome, Sir,”

sais he, "on board the 'Bald Eagle.' The Captain is below, and will be delighted to see you: I'm his first mate. But you must stay here to-night, Sir." Then, taking me a little on one side, he said: "I presume you don't know our skipper? Excuse me for hinting you will have to humour him a little at first, for he is a regular character—rough as a Polar bear; but his heart is in the right place. Did you never hear of 'Old Blowhard?'"

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CHAPTER V.

O L D B L O W H A R D .

“THIS way, Mr. Slick, please,” said the mate. “Before we go below, I want to prepare you for seein’ our captain. It is not easy to find his counterpart. He is singularly eccentric, and stands out in bold relief from the rest of his race. He may be said to be *sui generis*.”

“Hullo!” sais I to myself, “where the plague did you pick up that expression? It strikes me his mate is *sui generis* too.”

“The only thing that I know to compare him to,” he continued, “is a large cocoa-nut. First, he is covered with a rough husk that a hatchet would hardly cut thro’, and then inside of that is a hard shell, that would require a saw amost

to penetrate, but arter that the core is soft and sweet, and it's filled with the very milk of human kindness. You must understand this, and make allowances for it, or you won't get on well together at all; and when you do come to know him, you will like him. He has been to me more than a friend. If he had been my own father, he couldn't have been kinder to me. The name he goes by among the fishermen, is 'Old Blowhard;' he is a stern but just man, and is the Commodore of the fleet, and applied to in all cases of difficulty. Now follow me, but when you descend half way, remain there till I announce you, that you may hear his strange way of talking."

"Captin," said he, as he opened the door of the little after-cabin, "there is a stranger here wishes to see you."

"What the devil have I got to do with a stranger?" he replied, in a voice as loud as if he was speakin' in a gale of wind. "He don't want to see me at all, and if he has got anythin' to say, just hear what it is, Matey, and then send him about his business. No, he don't want me; but I'll tell you what the lazy spongin' vagabond wants, he is fishin' for a supper to eat; for these great hungry, gaunt, gander-bellied blue-noses take

as much bait as a shark. Tell the cook to boil him a five-pound piece of pork and a peck of potatoes, and then to stand over him with the rollin'-pin, and make him eat up every mite and morsel of it clean, for we aint used to other folks leavin's here. Some fun in that, Matey, aint there?" And he larfed heartily at his own joke. "Matey," said he, "I have almost finished my invention for this patent jigger; start that critter forrard, and then come and look at it, Sonney."

The mate then returned to me, and extendin' to me his hand, with which he gave me a friendly squeeze, we descended to the door. Captain Love was sittin' at a table with a lamp before him, and was wholly absorbed in contemplatin' of an instrument he was at work at, that resembled a gass-burner with four long arms, each of which was covered on the outside with fish-hooks. From the manner in which he worked it by a cord up and down, it appeared to be so contrived as to be let easily into the water, like a single bolt of iron, so as not to disturb the mackerel, and then by pullin' the line to stretch out the arms, and in that manner be drawn up thro' the shoal of fish. It was this he had just called his "patent jigger."

He was a tall, wiry, sunburnt, weather-beaten man. His hair was long and straight, and as black as an Indian's, and fell wildly over his back and shoulders. In short, he might easily have been mistaken for a savage. His face exhibited a singular compound of violent passion and good-nature. He was rigged in an old green pea-jacket, made of a sort of serge, (that is now so commonly worn as to be almost a fisherman's uniform), a pair of yellow waterproof cotton duck-trowsers, surmounted by a pair of boots, made of leather such as patent-trunks are composed of, being apparently an inch thick, and of great weight as well as size. Beside him there lay on the table an old black, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, shapeless nor'wester hat. He wore spectacles, and was examin' very closely the mechanism of the extended prongs of the "jigger." He was mumblin' to himself, a sort of thinkin' aloud.

"The jints work nicely," said he; "but I can't make them catch and hold on to the shoulder. I can't work that pesky snap."

"I'll shew you how to fix it," sais I.

He turned his head round to where the voice came from, and looked at me nearly speechless

with surprize and rage; at least he jumped up, and almost putting his fist in my face, roared out:

“Who the devil are you? Where do you come from? And what do you want, that you dare poke your ugly nose in here unasked arter this fashion?” And before I could answer he went on: “Why don’t you speak, you holler-cheeked, lantern-jawed villain? You have slack enough to home, I know, for you and your countrymen do nothin’ but jaw and smoke all winter. What do you want?” said he. “Out with it, and be quick, or I’ll make you mount that ladder a plaguey sight faster than you come down it, I know!”

“Well,” sais I, “as far as I know, sittin’ is about as cheap as standin’ ’specially when you don’t pay for it, so by your leave I’ll take a seat.”

“Do you hear that, Matey?” said he; “don’t that take the rag off the bush? Haint these Bluenoses got good broughtens up, eh? Confound his impedence!” and he rung the bell. “Come here, you curly-headed, onsarcumsised little imp of midnight!” said he, addressin’ of a black boy. “Bring that little piece of rope-yarn here!”

The boy trembled; he saw his master was furious, and he didn't know whether the storm was to burst on his head, or mine. He returned in a minute with one of the most formidable instruments of punishment I ever beheld; and keeping the table between himself and his master, pushed it towards him, and disappeared in an instant. It was made of rope, and had a handle worked in one end of it, like the ring of a door-key. This appeared to be designed for the insertion of the wrist; below this the rope was single for about four or five inches, or the depth of a hand, which had the effect of rendering it both pliable and manageable, from which point it had another piece woulded on to it.

"Now, Sir," said he "out with it; what do you want?"

"Nothin'," said I, quite cool.

"Oh no, of course not; you couldn't eat a bit of supper, could you, if you got it for nothin'? for you look as lank, holler, and slinkey, as a salmon, jist from the lakes after spawnin' time, a goin' to take a cruise in salt water."

"Well," said I, "since you are so pressin', I don't care if I do."

"Will a five pound piece of pork and a peck of

potatoes do you?" said he, a rubbin' of his hands as if the idea pleased him.

"No it won't," sais I, "do at all."

"Didn't I tell you so, Matey," said he; "these long-legged, long-necked, hungry cranes, along the coast here are jist like the Indgians, they can take enough at one meal to last 'em for a week. He turns up his nose at a piece of pork, and wants to go the whole hog, hay? How much will do," said he, "just to stay your appetite till next time?"

"A biscuit and a glass of water," sais I.

"A biscuit and a glass of water," said he, lookin' at me with utter amazement; "how modest we are, aint we? Butter wouldn't melt in our mouth, if we had got any to put there, would it? A glass of water! Oh! to be sure, you're so cussed proud, lazy, and poor, you can't buy rum, so you jine temperance society, make a merit of necessity, and gulp down the fish spawn, till you have spoilt the fisheries. Come to lectur' on it, I suppose, and then pass the hat round and take up a collection. Is there anything else you want?"

"Yes," said I, "there is; but I might as well go to a goat's house to look for wool, as to search for it here, and that's civil usage."

“ Oh, that’s the ticket, is it ?” said he. “ You first of all force yourself into my cabin, won’t take no for an answer, and then complain of uncivility. Well, mister, if I received you cold, you’ll find this place too hot to hold you long, I know. I’ll warm your jacket for you before I start you out, that’s a fact ;” and seizin’ hold of the little bit of rope-yarn—as he called the punisher—he fitted it on the wrist of his right hand, and stood up in front of me, with the look of a tiger. “ No more time for parley now,” said he. “ Who the devil are you, and what brought you here? Out with it, or out of this like wink.”

“ I am Sam Slick,” sais I.

“ Sam Slick ! Sam Slick !” said he, a pronouncin’ of the words slowly arter me.

“ Yes,” sais I ; “ at least, what’s left of me.”

“ Matey, Matey,” said he, “ only think of this ! How near I was a quiltin’ of him too ! Sam Slick ! Well, who in the world would have expected to see you a visitin’ a mackerel schooner away down in these regions arter dark this way ? Well, I am right glad to see you. Give me your fin, old boy. We got something better than fish spawn on board here,” he said, with a laugh, between a grunt and a chuckle, that

sounded like a gurglin' in the throat. "We must drink to our better acquaintance;" and he produced a bottle of old Jamaiky rum, and called for tumblers, and some sugar and water. "You must excuse our plain fare here, Mr. Slick," said he: "we are a rough people, work hard, fare coarsely, and sleep soundly. Tell you what though, Matey, and, by Jove! I had een almost forgot all about 'em," and he snapped his fingers in great glee; "we have got a lot of special fine eysters on board, raked up only three days ago on Prince Edward Island flats. Pass the word for old Satan." When the black cook, who answered to this agreeable name, made his appearance at the door, the Captin said, "Satan, do you see that gentleman?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Well, he is goin' to sup with us this evenin'. Now, off with you like iled lightnin', and pass on the eysters as quick as wink, both hot and cold."

"Yes, Massa," said the black, with a grin that showed a row of beautiful white teeth, that a London dandy or a Cuba shark might envy; and then I heerd him say, in a low voice, "Ky! what de meanin' ob all dis? When de sun

shines so bright, in a ginerall way, it's a wedder breader. We is to ab a storm soon, as sure as de world."

"Come, no grumblin' there," said the Captin. "Do as I order you, or I'll—"

"I warn't a grumblin', Massa," said he; "I despise such oudagious conduct; I was only sayin' how lubly de oleriferous smell of dat are rum was. It's too beautiful to drink; it ought to be kept for smellin', dat are a nateral fact."

"There, take a glass, and be off with you," said the mate. "Come, bear a hand now."

"Tankee, Massa, Oh, golly! dat are sublime bebberidge!" and he retired with affected haste.

"Dear me! Sam Slick!" said Blowhard, "eh! well, if that don't beat all! And yet somehow you hadn't ought to have taken such a rise as that out of an old man like me; and it aint safe either to tantalize and play with an old bear that hante got his claws cut. I might a walked into you afore you knowed it; and if I had once a begun at you, I shouldn't a heard a word you said, till I had dressed you off rail complete. I dare say, you will make a capital story out of it, about *Old Blowhard*; but I think I may say, I'm the best-naturd man in the world, when I aint ryled; but when I am put up,

I suppose I have temper as well as other folks. Come, here are the oysters."

Arter a while, Blowhard paused from eatin', and said he, "Mr. Slick, there is one question I want to ask you, I always thought, if I should fall in with you, I would enquire, jist for curiosity. I have read all your stories; and where in the world you picked them all up, I don't know; but that one about 'Polly Coffin's sand-hole,' (bein' an old pilot myself on this everlastin' American coast), tickled my fancy, till I almost cryed a larfin. Now, hadn't you old 'Uncle Kelly' in your eye at that time? Warn't it meant for him?"

"Well, it was," sais I; "that's a nateral fact."

"Didn't I always tell you so, Matey?" said he. "I knowed it. It stood to reason, Old Uncle Kelly and Old Blowhard are the only skippers of our nation that could tell where they were, arter that fashion, without a gettin' out of bed, jist lookin' at the lead that way. It's a great gift. Some men excel in one line, and some in another. Now, here is Matey—I don't think he is equal to me as a pilot; he aint old enough for that. Nothin' but experience, usin' the lead freely, soundin' a harbour,

when you are kept in it by a head-wind or a calm, dottin' down on the map the shoals, and keepin' them well in mind, will make you way wise. He can't do that like me, and I don't know as he has a genius that way; nor is he equal to me as a fisherman. The fact is, I won't turn my back on any man—Southerner, Yankee, or Provincial—from the Cape of Varginy to Labradore, as a fisherman; and though I say it who shouldn't say it, there aint a critter among them all, (and it is generally allowed on all sides as a fact), that can catch, clean, split and salt as many mackerel or cod in a day as I can. That too is a sort of nateral gift; but it takes a life amost to ripen it, and bring it to perfection. But as a seaman, I'll back Matey agin any officer in our navy, or any captin of a marchantman that hists the goose and gridiron as a flag. It would do you good to see him handle a vessel in a gale, blowin' half hurricane half tornado, on a lee-shore."

"Well, never mind that now," said the mate, for he appeared uncomfortable at listenin' to the soft sawder; "it's nothin' but your kindness to think so—nothin' else."

The captain proceeded:

"Where was you last Sunday?"

“A comin’ down the Sound,” sais I.

“With a clear sky, and a smart southerly breeze?”

“Exactly,” sais I; “and it fell short off the harbour here.”

“Just so, I knowed it; there aint two gales ever at the same time so close in opposite directions; one kinder takes the wind out of the other’s sails. Well, Sunday last we was a comin’ round Scatterry Island, east side of Cape Briton, when we were cotched. Creation, how it blew! ‘Captin!’ sais Matey, and we shook hands, ‘captin,’ sais he, ‘I’m most afeard we can’t come it; one half hour at most, and we shall be all right, or in dead man’s land; but there is no time for talk now. God bless you! and I thank you with all my heart for all your kindness to me.’ The critter was thinkin’ of his mother, I suppose, when he talked that nonsense about kindness.

“‘Now take charge, and station me where you like.’

“‘No,’ sais I, ‘your voice is clearer than mine; your head is cool, and you talk less, so stay where you be.’

“‘I’ll con her then,’ sais he, ‘and you must steer. Another hand now to the helm with the captin. That’s right,’ sais he; ‘stick her well up; gain

all you can, and keep what you get. That's it. Will the masts hold ?

“ ‘I guess they will,’ sais I.

“ ‘Then we must trust to 'em ; if they go we go with 'em. Keep her nearer yet. Well done, old Eagle,’ said he ; ‘you aint afeard of it, I see. She is goin’ to do it if she holds together, captin’. Tight squeeze tho,’ there aint an inch to spare ; aint she a doll ? don’t she behave well ? Nearer yet or we are gone—steady.’

“ Oh ! what a bump she gave ! it jist made all stagger agin.

“ ‘There goes twenty feet of her false keel,’ sais I, a jumpin’ up, and a snappin’ of my fingers ; that’s all Scattery wrackers will make out of the ‘Bald Eagle’ this trip, and they want that to keep them warm next winter. We have cleared the outer ledge ; we are all safe now ; another hand to the wheel here in my place. And, Matey,’ sais I, ‘let’s shorten sail—alter our course—and get under the lee on the other side.’

“ It was an awful storm that, I tell you ; and it would have been a cryin’ sin to lose such a seaman as that in a common fore and after. No, this is our last trip—the South Sea for me—the mackerel is only fit for boys to catch—the whale is the sport for a man, aint it, Matey ? I am

goin' to buy a whaler when I return home; he shall be my captin, and command the ship. I'll take charge of the boats, and the harpoon will suit me better than a patent jigger.

"Yes," said he, "all the damage we suffered was the loss of about twenty feet of false keel. We ought to be thankful to Providence for that merciful escape, and I hope we are. And so ought you to be also, Mr. Slick, for you come plaguey near having yourn stripped off too just now, I tell you. But stay on board to-night. Satan, make a bed up for Mr. Slick."

"There's just one plate more, Massa Sam," said Satan, whose countenance suddenly lit up on hearing my name. "Do try and eat; I is sure you isn't well, Massa Sam."

"Massa Sam!" said the captain in a voice that might be heard on the island, "who the devil do you call Massa Sam? Matey, that is your fault; it don't do to talk too free niggers; it makes them sarcy. Clear away these things, and clap a stopper on your tongue."

"Yes, Massa," said the negro, who edged round, and got the table between himself and his master, and then muttered: "I taught dere would be a storm soon; I said intestinally to myself, dis was a wedder breeder." Thinkin' himself safe, he

said again: "Massa Sam, how did you leave Miss Sally? Many a time dis here nigga hab carried her to school in his arms when she was a little pickaninie. Oh! she was de most lubly little lady dat the sun eber behold, often as he had travelled round de circumference ob de world."

"Why who the plague are you?" sais I, "Satan, Satan? I never heard that name afore. Who are you?"

"Juno's son, Sir! You mind, massa, she was always fond of fine names, and called me *Oilyander*."

"Why, Oleander," says I, "my boy, is that you?" and I held out my hand to him, and shook it heartily. I heard Old Blowhard inwardly groan at this violation of all decency; but he said nothin' till the man withdrew.

"Mr. Slick," sais he, "I am astonished at you shakin' hands with that critter, that is as black as the devil's hind foot. If he was a slave you might make free with him, but you can't with these northern free niggers; it turns their head, and makes them as forred and as sarcy as old Scratch himself. They are an idle, lazy, good-for-nothin' race, and I wish in my soul they were all shipped off out of the country to England, to ladies of quality and high degree

there, that make such an everlastin touss about them, that they might see and know the critters they talk such nonsense about. The devil was painted black long before the slave trade was ever thought of. All the abolition women in New, and all the sympathisin' ladies in Old England put together, can't make an Ethiopian change his skin. A nigger is—a nigger, that's a fact."

"Captin'," sais I, "*rank folly is a weed that is often found in the tall rank grass of fashion; but it's too late to-night to talk about emancipation, slavery, and all that. It would take a smart man to go over that ground from daylight to dark, I know.*"

"And now, Mr. Slick," said he, "you must excuse me; I'm agoin' to turn-in. Here are pipes and cigars, and old Jamaiky, and if you like to sit up, there is a lad (pointing to the mate) that will just suit. You have seen a great deal, and he has read a great deal, and you are jist the boys to hitch your hosses together, I know. Here is to your good health, Mr. Slick, and our better acquaintance," said he, as he replenished and emptied the glass; "and now amuse yourselves. Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

As soon as the Capting went into his little state-room, the mate and I lighted our cigars, drew up together near the table, so as not to disturb him, and then had a regular dish of chat to digest the eysters.

"I owe everything, Mr. Slick," said he, "to Blowhard. If it hadn't been for him, I don't know what on earth would have become of my poor mother, and her little helpless family."

"Well," sais I, "friend, you have the advantage of me."

"How so?" said he.

"Why," sais I, "you have got my name, and you know who I be, now I have been waitin' to

hear yourn drop from the Capting, so as to pick it up, and get on without asking questions, for I don't like them when they can be avoided; pray what might it be?"

"Timothy Cutler," said he. "Our folks was originally Puritans of the old school. Well, I dare say you have heard of Timothy Cutler, President of Yale College?"

"The man they turned out," sais I, "because he became an Episcopalian?"

"The same," said he. "Well, he was my great grandfather. Arter he quit the college, he sarved an English Church society as a missionary, and so did his son after him, till the close of the revolution; and my father was a church clergyman, too, to a place called Barnstable. There has always been a Timothy Cutler in the family. Well, father was a zealous, pious man, and mother was an excellent manager; and although they were poor—for his flock was small, most o' the inhabitants being congregationalists there—still they made out to make two ends meet, and to keep us all decent and tidy. Still it required all possible economy to do it. Father took great pains with me, every leisure hour he had, for he couldn't afford to send us to school, and was preparing me for college; and, for a boy of fourteen,

I was perhaps as good a scholar as there was in Connecticut. It was arranged, I was to open a school next year, under his care and sanction, to aim money for the college course. Poor, dear mother had it all planned out ; she had a beautiful vision of her own in her mind, and believed in it as strong as her Bible. I was to go thro' Cambridge with honours, become a great lawyer, go to Congress, be Secretary of State, and end by being elected President of the nation ; that was a fixed fact with her.

“ Women, Mr. Slick, especially all those whose mothers live to see them thro' their childhood, are religiously inclined. They have great faith, as they ought to have, in the goodness and bounty of God, and, not knowing much of life, have perhaps more reliance than is just altogether safe on the world, and what it is able or willing to do for them. But this entire hopefulness, however, this strong conviction that all will be right in the end, this disposition to look on the sunny side of life, supports them in all their trials, carries them thro' all their troubles, and imparts strength equal to the weight of the burden. If it wasn't for this, many would faint in the struggle, and, way-worn and weary, sink under the despondin' influence of the sad heart-rending realities of life. It was this

made mother happy in her poverty, and cheerful in her labours and privations. But man proposes, and God disposes."

"Hullo!" sais I to myself, as I squared round to take a better look at him, "here's another instance of what I have often observed in life, there are stranger things in reality than can be found in romances. Who on a'irth would have expected to have seen a man like this, a mate of a fore and aft mackerel hooker, and a companion of Old Blowhard. He was about two or three and twenty, and one of the handsomest young men I ever saw, modest, but resolute-looking, strong, active, well-built, and what might be called the model of a young seaman."

"My father," he continued, "caught a violent cold, inflammation set in, and he died suddenly. What an awful dispensation of Providence was this! But in giving you my name, Sir, I have no right to inflict my history on you. Excuse me, Mr. Slick, but these feelins have been pent up so long, that they found vent in your presence, unawares to myself."

"By no means, Mr. Cutler," sais I, "go on, it interests me greatly. You have nothin' to tell me you need be ashamed of, I know."

“I trust not,” he said; “but my object was rather to talk of Captain Love than myself, and to shew you how we first became acquainted, and what he has done for me. We were paupers, literally paupers. The house we lived in belonged to the congregation. Our furniture was of the simplest and plainest kind. A small library, two cows, a few sheep, and a pig or two, constituted all our worldly effects. My poor mother had not only lost her husband and friend, protector and supporter, but all her bright visions of promotion and prosperity vanished into thin air. I pass over the scene of distress, desolation, and sorrow, in that house. I can't think of it even now without a shudder. My mother's grief was so great, I thought she would have speedily followed her husband. The neighbours were all very kind. One day the old churchwarden, who had always been attached to my father, dropt in and tried to console her; but the more he said, the faster her tears flowed.

“At last he remarked: ‘Madam, do you recollect the words of our late dear pastor? *‘He who taketh away a parent, is able and willing to send friends.’* Now I have wrote to an old acquaintance of mine, Captain Love, who sails in two

or three days, and he will take Timothy to sea with him.'

"'As what?' said mother, lifting up her head and wiping her eyes. 'As what? To bring him up as what?'

"'As kind as if he was a child of his own.'

"'Do you mean as a 'prentice boy?'

"'No, Marm; if the boy, after a trip or two, don't like it, he will return.'

"'And where is the vessel goin' ?'

"'To the mackerel fishery,' said he.

"'Oh! what an expression came over her face of unutterable anguish. 'What! to catch and salt fish? Has it come to this? Oh, my son! my son! it must not be!'

"'But it must be,' said he kindly, but firmly. 'He must do his duty in that line of life, in which it shall please Providence to place him.'

"'A cabin-boy on board a mackerel-schooner,' and she covered her face, and sobbed aloud.

"'Tim,' said he addressing me, 'you must be ready to start in the morning, so get your things packed up ready, and I will drive you to the Cape myself in my gig. You are to go on shares, and your share will support the family at home a'most, if they use their old economy.'

“The necessary exertion to equip me, amid tears, lamentations, and apprehensions of sea and shipwreck, did her good. I pass over the parting scene. The old warden drove me to the Cape, and put up his horse at an inn; and then, taking me with him to the wharf, pointed out to me the vessel, and showed me the person I was to address as captain, and then said he had some business to attend to. So taking my bundle in my hand, and getting out the letter of introduction he had furnished me with, I proceeded on board, and went to the afterpart of the deck, where the skipper was. He was raving like a madman, something had gone wrong on board, and he was stamping with rage, and swearing awfully. I think I may safely say, that was almost the first, last, and only time in my life I was terrified. I trembled all over. Nursed, trained, and educated in a clergyman's house, where passion was never seen, nor oath heard, you may well imagine my horror. Presently his eye caught me, and he gave me the same salutation nearly he did you.

“‘Hullo! where the devil did you come from, little Broadcloth? and what do you want here?’

“‘Look at this,’ said I, ‘please,’ handing him the note.

“‘What, another bill! I thought they were all in and paid. This is from that old cantin’ scoundrel, “Praise-the-Lord,” the cheatin’, swindlin’ old rascal. He’ll never give over his tricks, till I use up his yard-stick over him. Oh!’ said he, ‘so you are young Cutler, are you?’ and all his manner and tone of voice became altered in a minute. ‘A very nice smart little boy; and Old Hundredth, as I call the worthy warden, tells me you are a very good boy, and that’s better, for pretty is as pretty does. Is that all your traps that you have in that bundle?’

“‘They aint traps, Sir,’ said I, ‘they are clothes. The mink-traps and otter-traps, I left at home, with brother Jim.’

“Well, he fairly roared out at that; he put his hands on his sides, and laughed again and again. It made me colour up all over, for I didn’t know what I had said out of the way.

‘Well,’ said he, a patting me on the shoulder kindly, “we calls clothes and other fixins ‘traps’ here, and sometimes ‘duds,’ for shortness. I don’t know,’ said he, half to himself, ‘whether it aint better jist so. Cuteness comes fast enough, and when cuteness comes, then comes

cunning, and cunning brings deceit, and that leads to suspicion and selfishness, and hardens the heart, and when the heart is hardened, we are only fit to be cut up for bait. Mink and otter's traps. Well that's good. Now son Timothy,' said he, 'come below, and I'll show you the old bear's den, and then the young cub's den.'

" 'I should like to see a bear,' said I, 'for I never saw one in my life; father used to say there hadn't been one near Barnstable, within the memory of man. Are they very savage?'

" 'The old one is,' he replied, laughing 'as savage as the devil; he is growlin' and snarlin', and shewin' his teeth all the time; the young one's claws haint growed yet. This way, my lad, follow me,' and he led me down to this very cabin. 'Here's where we grub,' said he.

" 'Grub what, Sir?' said I, a-lookin' round puzzled, for I saw no weeds and no tools.

" 'Hard biscuit, hard junk, and hard salt-pork, that's grub, my boy; and the great secret of life is to learn to earn one's grub. Now here is where the old bear sleeps,' opening the door of that little state-room, 'and that's me; and there's where the young cub sleeps,' pointing to another, 'and that's you. Now go in there and stow away your traps, while I give some orders on business.'

“ He then rang the bell, and ‘ Old Satan,’ as he called him, came.

“ ‘ Come here,’ said he, trying to moderate his voice, but only making it more clear, and more audible, so that I could not help hearing what he had to say. ‘ Did you see that boy?’ said he. ‘ Well, do you understand that’s *my* son? There’s no occasion to tell him or any one else that. He is under your charge; look after him, and see he don’t get into scrapes, and that no one imposes on him. If anything goes wrong, report it to me. Send the mate. Mr. Pike, when shall we be ready for sea?’

“ ‘ First wind, Sir, after twelve to-morrow.’

“ ‘ That’s right, carry on with all your force, for we are agoing to have a fine run of it, by all appearance.’

“ ‘ I rather guess so, too,’ said he.

After a little while he called me, ‘ Timothy,’ said he, ‘ come here.’

“ ‘ Yes, Sir.’

“ ‘ Get your hat and go ashore with me to ‘ Old Praise-the-Lord.’

“ He set my teeth a-jar by that expression; it was irreverent. I had never heard such language, and such is the advantage and force of early training, that to this day, those expressions, though my ear

is hardened, and my delicacy blunted much, are, thank God, still offensive to me. He took me to a shop filled with fish, cheese, honey, candles, soap, tobacco, slop-cloathing, liquors of all kinds, and every thing that is requisite to fit out sailors or vessels. It smelt very offensively, and looked dirty; the air was so foul that it was manifest all the ventilation the apartment had ever received was by the door, when open.

“As we entered, a small, thin man emerged from behind enormous coils of tarred rope, piled one on top of the other. It was Elder Jedediah Figg. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, and wore a dirty white neckcloth tied behind, while his oily hair was brushed down straight on his head and neck; he had a very sly, but prim, sanctimonious appearance.

“‘Well, brother Jed,’ said the skipper, ‘how are you and hou’s times with you?’

“‘Not well, not well, capting, I am troubled with the rheumatis dreadful lately, and the times is poor, very poor—praise the Lord.’

“‘Well, you have reason to praise him, you old, yaller sadducee,’ said he, ‘for *when grasshoppers are so plenty as to make the pastures poor, gobblers grow fat. Hard times is what you thrive in; when the ponds dry up, the pokes get the polly-*

wogs'. Here, fit out this boy with a complete suit of oiled cotton waterproof, a pair of thick boots, and a nor'-wester, besides these, he'll want a pea-jacket, four flannel shirts, and four check ones. Put these into a small sea-chest, and stow away in it, a mate's blank-book, a slate, and some paper and quills. Send it aboard to-night by six o'clock.'

" 'Who is a-goin' to pay for 'em?'

" 'I am,' said the captain.

" 'Praise the Lord,' said Jededia.

" 'Don't forge ahead that way, old boy, or you may get aground afore you know where you be. I'll advance the money for his mother, and she is as poor as a hen partridge that's a hatchin' eggs.'

" 'Praise the Lord,' said Jedediah.

" 'Now let me see the bill is all done at lowest possible cash price, or I'll keep the goods and let you fish for the pay.'

" 'I'll put them below first cost,' said he, 'I'll lose by them all I can afford. Praise the Lord.'

" 'What an everlasting lie,' said the skipper, 'what a hypocrite you be, Jed,' returning to the counter, 'if ever you care to talk to me that way agin, I'll flay you alive. I shouldn't mind your ripping out an oath or two now and then, for thunder will burst, and it clears the air—tho' swearin' is as well let alone, when you can help it

—but cantin', whynin', textin', and psalmin' when a man means trickery—oh, it's the devil!

“I didn't sleep much that night; I was homesick and heart-sick. Two things troubled me greatly, upon which I wanted explanation. The first was, he claimed to be my father. Why was the secret kept from me? Secondly, he bought all this outfit at my mother's expense, and spoke very disrespectfully of her, sayin' she was as poor as an old hen partridge. What mystery is this? I resolved when I saw the warden to open my heart to him. So as soon as I got up I asked leave to go and see him.

“‘Yes,’ said he, ‘go and welcome, but be back by ten o'clock, for we shall sail at one, and you must learn how a vessel is got under way. Have you any money in your pocket?’

“‘No, Sir.’

“‘Do you want any?’

“‘No, Sir; I never had any, and have no use for it.’

“‘That's right, be prudent, and never be under an obligation to anybody; and above all things, always speak the truth, your word must be your bond through life. Well,’ sais he, ‘we always advance to the hands for outfit, if they want it. Here are two dollars, on account of your share of

the airings, and if you don't want nothin', buy some little things that your mother likes, and let Old Hundredth take them to her. Always remember her after her every cruise; you must support that family at present. Now, make tracks.'

"Well, his words sunk deep into my heart, especially what he said about truth. 'Then this man is my father,' said I; and I went sorrowing on my way.

"The warden was alone at breakfast when I entered.

"'Mr. Chase,' said I, 'who is Captain Love, is he any relation of mine?'

"'Not that I know,' said he, 'I never heard of it. But why do you ask?'

"Well, I repeated to him all the conversation I had heard between him and the cook, and told him how distressed I was at it.

"'Oh,' said he, 'that was an expression of kindness, that's all; you know it is figurative language.'

"I then told him the story of the outfit, and the way he spoke of my mother.

"'He has no discretion in his talk sometimes,' said the warden, 'but he was joking only. Figg understood that, it's a present to you, only he

didn't want to be bothered with thanks. Behave well, Timothy. That man is able and willing to serve you, he has taken a fancy to you. I think your father rendered him, many years ago, an important service, without inconveniencing himself. He referred to somethin' of the kind in his letter to me, when I applied to him to take you, but I don't know what it was.'

" 'Well, here's the two dollars, Sir,' said I, 'will you give them to my mother, with my love?'

" 'No,' said he, 'anybody can send money; but you must not only do that, but take trouble beside, it's very grateful, such little attentions. Buy something for her—tea, coffee, and sugar, how would that do?'

" 'There aint a spoonful in the house.'

" 'Then we'll get them; give me the money, and I'll go to an old parishioner of your father's that will be glad to make the two dollars do four dollars work. Now good-bye, my boy, take care of your conduct, and depend upon it Providence will take of you.'

"The second day after we sailed. As we sat to dinner, 'Tim,' sais he, 'do you know what a log is, and how many kinds there be.'

“‘Two, Sir,’ sais I; ‘there’s the back log and the back stick.’

“‘Creation!’ said he, ‘I wonder if ever I² was so soft as that, I don’t believe it as far as I can remember; sartainly not since I was knee high, at any rate. A log is a ship’s journal, my son, the mate keeps it, and you must copy it, there is a book in your chest for the purpose, it will show you that part of his duty. Now, do you know what throwing a log is?’

“I suppose it means when you have no further use of it, throwing it overboard.

“‘Well, you were not so far out that time. It is a small piece of *wood** attached to a line, which is thrown overboard, when the vessel is going, and this line has knots, each of which denotes a mile, and that is throwin’ the log, and settin’ down these distances is called keepin’ the log. Now,’ sais he, ‘make yourself master of the names of the ropes, and spars, and riggin’ and all sea tarms; but never ask a man that’s busy, and never talk to the man at the helm.’

“I mention these little things, not that there is any intrinsic interest in them, but to show you

* First called a *log* in Ireland.

how minute his kindness has been. We were five weeks gone. On my return, he sent me to see my mother, and sent her a cheque for fifty dollars, for what he called my share.

“‘Fetch your books when you come back,’ sais he, ‘with you, all kinds, Latin and Greek that you did larn, and travels and voyages that you hante larned, and improve your mind. You can’t learn too much, if you don’t larn tricks.’

“In this way I have gone on ever since, always receiving far more than my share for my services ; and now I am to be advanced to the command of a whaler. I have neglected no opportunity, according to his advice, of acquiring information, and continuing my study of languages. I put James thro’ Cambridge, and he has removed to Boston, where he is just about commencing law. Mother has had her schemes of ambition all revived in him. He took a degree with honours ; he promises to make a figure at the bar ; and she thinks those other prizes in the lottery of life—a seat in Congress, a secretaryship, and the presidential chair, are held in store yet by Providence for the—*Widow’s Son.*”

CHAPTER VII.

THE LANGUAGE OF MACKEREL.

THE next mornin', just at the 'early dawn of day, I heard the Captin jump out of bed, and as I don't like to be caught nappin,' I outs too, puts my clothes on as quick as wink, and gets into the cabin before he and the mate made their appearance. I sat down to the table, took up his "patent jigger," to see if I could contrive the "snaps" for it; and was a-workin' it upwards and downwards to see what it wanted, when he came in.

"What, up already?" said the Captain. "Well, you are a rael New Englander, for 'Yankees and weasels aint often caught nappin.'"

"*'It's the early bird that gets the worm,'* Captin," sais I.

"Exactly," sais he, "and so it is with the macarel catch too; it's first come first served in the fisheries. But, Matey, let's go on deck and see what chance there is of a wind."

"It's a dead calm," said he, when he returned, "and there will be no breeze until twelve o'clock; and then, if it does come, it will be, as fair as it can blow, east south-east half-east; it's like the crew, late a gettin' up to-day; but it will be along here byme bye."

"Captin'," sais I, "I have got it. You know I am a clockmaker, and know a little about machinery?"

"What the plague don't you know something about, Mr. Slick?" said he.

"Well," sais I, "I don't know much about anything, that's a fact, for I'm a sort of Jack of all trades, and master of none; but I have some wrinkles on my horn for all that, for I warn't born yesterday."

"I guess not," said he, "nor the first flood tide before that neither."

"Looke here, Captin'," sais I, and I pulled the cord and drew up the arms of the jigger; "now," sais I, "put a spring on the shank, on the back of the centre bar, exactly like the springs of an umbrella, with the same sort of groove for

it to play in, as the handle of that has, and the jigger is complete."

"I see it," sais he, jumpin' up and snappin' his fingers. "I see it, it's complete ; it's rael jam up that. That's a great invention, Mr. Slick, is that jigger, that and my bait-cutter, and the dodge I discovered of makin' the macarel rise to the surface, and follow me like a pack of dogs, will cause old Blowhard's name to be remembered as long as the fisheries are carried on. I'll explain that dodge to you. You know we can't fish lawfully within three leagues of the shore. Well, the macarel are chiefly inside of that, and there they be as safe as a thief in a mill. The Bluenoses are too everlastin' lazy to catch 'em, and we can't get at 'em without the risk of being nabbed and losin' vessel and all. So I set my wits a-thinkin', and I invented a bait-cutter ; see, here is one," and he opened a locker and took out a box fitted with a handle like a coffee-mill, and having a cylinder stuck full of sharp blades, that cut the bait with rapidity and ease into minute particles. "Now," sais he, "I just sails along in shore like—for there is no harm in that, as long as you don't fish there—and throw the bait over, and the fish rise to the surface, and follow me to the right distance ; and then we at 'em, and in with 'em

like wink. I have sailed afore now right alongside of a great long seine, and taken the whole schoal away. Creation! how Bluenose used to stare when he seed me do that! One of 'em came on board the 'Old Eagle' onct, and said he, 'Oh! Captin', how on airth do you raise the fish from the bottom that way, when no human bein' could tell there was one there. I'll give you a hundred dollars for that are secret, cash down on the nail.'

"Well, you know it wouldn't do to sell secrets to benighted foreigners that way, it would make them grow kind of sarsy. So I always try to put 'em off, and at the same time take a rise out of 'em. So, sais I, 'friend, it would be a sin and a shame to take your property for nothin' that way; it would be as bad as your wreckers about your sow-sow-west shore. It's a simple thing, and I'll tell it to you for nothin.'

"'Captin,' sais the critter, lookin' wide awake for once, and so excited as actilly to take his hands out of his trousers' pockets, where he had kept 'em, since the week afore, except at meal-hours and bed-time, out of pure laziness, 'now that's what I call clever, and I don't mind if I go below and take a glass of grog with you on the strength of it.' And one thing I must say

for the critters, if they *are* lazy—and there's no denyin' that—they ain't bashful; that's a Yankee word they never heard on.

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I ought to have thought of that myself, that’s a fact. Come let’s go below, for I don’t want everyone to hear it, if it is so simple.’ Well, I takes him into the cabin, shuts to the door, places the liquor on the table, and draws up close, to be confidential. ‘Take a pull at that are particular old Bosting domestic rum,’ sais I. ‘It’s some I keep on purpose for treating them gentlemen to, Mr. Slick; it’s made of the lye of wood-ashes, sweetened with molasses, and has some vitriol in it, to give it spirit; it’s beautiful stuff for them that likes it. It’s manufactured by that pious old rascal, ‘Praise-the-Lord.’ The old villain got the other distillers at the Cape to jine the temperance society with him, so as to have things his own way, and then sot to a brewin’ this stuff; and when hauled over the coals for sellin’ liquor, sais he, ‘It’s neither rum, nor brandy, nor gin, nor whiskey,’ and so he ran on through the whole catalogue that’s in their oaths, ‘nor distilled, nor farmented liquors, nor anything tetotallized agin, but just an anti-cholic cordial, praise the Lord!’

“ ‘Captin,’ sais Bluenose, ‘that’s the rael

thing, that are a fact. It ain't reduced. What we buy along shore here is half water and half rum, and scarcely that; we are so cheated by them that gets our fish. It's peecowful, that's sartain.'

"'Pee-owful,' sais I, 'I guess it is; it wouldn't take much of that to give weak eyes and a sore throat, I can tell you. Fire will burn, unless you keep it down with water.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'ain't you agoin' to drink yourself?'

"'I guess not,' sais I; 'I don't calculate in a general way to drink except at meal-times.'

"'What,' said he, 'dout you take a mornin' facer?'

"'No.'

"'Nor an appetizer?'

"'No.'

"'Nor a better luck still?'

"'No.'

"'Well, well!' sais he, 'if that don't pass, and you all the time having it standin' so invitin' alongside of you in the locker! You tie the night-cap though sometimes, don't you?'

"'Sometimes I do,' sais I, 'when I think on it, but I forget it as often as not. Now,' sais I, 'I'll tell you the secret, for I got tired of this long

lockrum about nothin'; but,' sais I, 'before I give it to you, will you promise me you will try it?'

" 'Oh yes,' sais he, 'I will, and only be too glad to try it.'

" 'Will you try it at onct,' sais I, 'so that I can see you onderstand how to go about it?'

" 'I will,' sais he.'

" Well, that being settled, we shook hands on it, and, sais I:

" 'There is nothin' easier in natur'. Get into a diver's suit, be let down gently in among the mackerel, and larn their lingo; and then you can call them, and they'll follow you like dogs. I soon picked it up: it's very easy.'

" 'What! fish talk?' sais he. 'Come, I aint quite so green. Who ever heard the like o' that, as fish talkin'?'

" 'Aye, my man,' sais I, 'and larfin' too. Did you ever see a ripplin' on the water like air-bubbles, when a shoal of fish rises?'

" 'Often,' sais he. 'The water bubbles up like beer in a tumbler.'

" 'Well,' sais I 'that's the fish a larfin' at some odd old fellow's story. I never would have thought it possible they were such a merry set, if I hadn't

a seen it with my own eyes, and the fondest of a joke you ever see. They are a takin' a rise out of some young goney now, depend upon it, judgin' by the bubbles there is on the water. Onct when I was down among them, they sent a youngster off to invite a cod to come and sup with them. As soon as the old fellow saw him, out he goes to meet him, gallows polite, and swallows him down like wink. Creation! how the whole shoal larfed at the way the goney was sold.'

“ ‘Well, well!’ sais he, ‘that beats all, that’s a fact. Fish talkin’! Is it possible?’

“ ‘Don’t you know that crows talk?’ sais I.

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘I do. I’ve seen that myself. Many a long day I’ve laid down in our pasture, a-stretched out at full length, a watchin’ the vessels pass, and obsarvin’ the action of the crows.’

“ ‘Hardwork that, warn’t it?’ sais I.

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘if you was made to do it, I suppose it would be; but I liked it, and what you like aint hard. I’ll just help myself to a little more of that cordial, for I like it too. Well, I have heard the crows talk to each other, and seen them plant sentries out when they seed me a watchin’ of them, and once I actilly saw them hold a court-martial. The old veterans came from all

the ports about here, and from all the islands, and bluffs and shores, up and down; and the culprit hung his head down, and looked foolish enough, you may depend. What he had done, I don't know. Whether he had run off with another crow's wife, or stole a piece of meat, or went to sleep when he was on guard, or what, I don't know, but arter consultin' together, they turned to and fell on him, and killed him, and then adjourned the court and dispersed; that's a natural fact. And now we are on the subject,' said he, 'I'll tell you another thing I once seed. There were some seals used to come ashore last summer at my place, sometimes singly, and sometimes in pairs. Well, at that time I was out of powder; and I don't know how it is with you, Captin', but it seems to me when I get out of things, that's the very identical time I wants 'em most. Well, the store is a matter of two miles off, and I was waitin' for some of my neighbours to be a goin' that way to send for some, so I had an opportunity to watch them several days, and it's a nactual fact, I'm going to tell you. Them and the gulls kind of knocked up an acquaintance considerable intimate. Well, at last the powder came, and I loaded my gun and sneaked along on all-fours to get a shot at a fellow that was dozin' there; and

just as I got to about the correct distance, what do you think? a cussed gull that was a watchin' of me, guessed what I was about, and off to the seals like wink, and gave such a scream in the critters ear, as he sailed over him, that he jumped right up with fright, and goes kerwallop head over ears into the water in no time; that's a nateral fact.'

" 'Why, in course,' sais I, 'there's a voice in all natur'. Everythin' talks from a woman down to a crow, and from a crow to a mackerel. I believe your story of the crows.'

" 'I'll swear to it,' sais he.

" 'You needn't swear to it,' sais I; 'I believe it, and besides I never swear to any o' my stories; it makes swearin' too cheap.'

" 'Well,' sais he, 'seein' that crows talk, I believe that story of the fish too; it must be so, else how could they all keep together? but I must say it's the strangest story I ever heard since I was born, and opened my ears and heard. It does sound odd, but I believe it.'

" 'Well then take another drop of that cordial, for you might feel cold.'

" 'Oh, no!' said he, 'I don't feel cold a bit.'

“‘But you might by and bye,’ said I; but the critter didn’t see what I was at.

“‘Come let’s go on deck,’ sais I; ‘and John Brown,’ sais I, ‘bring up the diven’ dress. Jim Lynch, fetch the leads, and fasten them on to this gentleman’s feet; and do you hear there, Noah Coffin, reave an inch-rope through the eye of the studden sail-boom—be quick—bear a hand there; we are just on the right spot.’

“‘For what?’ said Blue-nose.

“‘For puttin’ you into the divin’ dress and throwen you overboard to larn your first lesson, in *mackerel language*.’

“‘Why, captin,’ sais he, a-edjin’ off slowly, and his eyes glazen, like a wild cat that’s a facin’ of the dogs; ‘why, captin, you aint agoin’ to force me whether I will or no.’

“‘That’s the bargain,’ sais I. ‘Bear a hand, boys, and see if you aint overboard in no time.’

“I took one step forward, as if about to catch him, when he put a hand on the taffrail, sprang into his boat, and pushed off in a minute, and rowed ashore like mad.

“What a pity it is, Mr. Slick, that such a fine race of men as these Nova Scotians should be so besotted by politics as they are. They expect

England to do everythin' for 'em, build railroads, and canals, and docks, and what not, and then coax them to travel by them, or use them, while they lay in the field, stretched out at full length, and watch crows like that chap, or bask in the sun day arter day, and talk about sponisible government, and rail agin every sponisible man in the colony. But that's their look out, and not ourn, only I wish they would improve the country better before we come and take it.

“ Now, I'll show you the use of that ere jigger. A man who goes a-fishin' should know the habits and natur' of the fish he is after, or he had better stay to home. All fish have different habits, and are as much onlike as the Yankees and Blac-noses be. Now there is the shad, I believe they have no ears, for they don't mind noises a bit; and when a feller is hard a-hearin', we say he is as deaf as a shad; but they see well, and you can't catch 'em easy enough with the hook to make it worth while. Now the mackerel don't see very plain. There's a kind of film comes on their eyes in winter that makes them half-blind, and then drops off as summer comes. Natur', to counteract it, has made their hearin' very cute, and their infirmity of sight makes them very shy and timid-like. I have actilly seen a shoal of them when

they have got into an inlet, kept there by two or three boats stationed at the entrance, with the crew in 'em a-splashin' in the water with their oars. The moment they heard that, down they went to the bottom, and stayed there until they were all scooped out with nets—fact, I assure you.

“Now the use of that jigger will be when the fish are brought up to the surface, it can be let into the water easy without frightenin' of them; and when it's drawn up, its arms will be full of fish. These are things that must be studied out. Every created critter has an instinct for self-preservation. If you would catch them, you must set your reason to work; and as that is stronger than instinct, if you go the right way about it, you will circumvent them in the eend.

“But come let's liquor, the sun is gettin' over the foreyard, as we sailors say. Slick, here's your good health. I say, that warn't a bad rise, was it? I took out of Blue-nose about '*the language of mackerel.*' ”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEST NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

FINDING the captain really good natured now, I took the opportunity of attending to the duties of the office I had accepted, produced and read to him my commission and instructions, and asked his advice as to the mode and manner of executing it.

“Silently, Mr. Slick,” he replied, as the Puritan minister said to the barber who asked him how he would be shaved; ‘silently, Sir,’ sais he. ‘Do it as quietly as you can.’ On business, men are on their guard: in conversation, confidential. Folks don’t like to be examined by a public officer, they don’t know the drift of it exactly, and aint quite sartified, they wont be overhauled for their doins,

and get themselves into a fix. Right without might don't avail much, and authority without power to force obedience, is like a boat without oars, it can't go ahead. I wouldn't, if I was you, let every one know what your main object was, if you do, you will get more plans than facts, and more advice than information."

He then entered minutely into the description of the fisheries, their extent, the manner in which they were carried on, and the improvements they were capable of, furnished me with a vast deal of useful information, and gave me the names of the persons on the coast I was to pump dry, as he called it. He also gave me some tables and calculations he had made on the subject, which he had privately prepared for Mr. Adams some time since.

"These figures and details wont interest you much, Squire, for you hante a turn that way, and beside it aint our custom, as it is in England, to publish everything in newspapers, that our public men or national departments are doin' for the country. Blartin' out a discovery afore you take a patent may help others, but it keeps you poor. But I must say this, neither your folks, nor ourn, know the vast importance of these fisheries, though we are a more wide awake people than provincials

be. *That which made Amstersdam ought to make Halifax.*"

I knew Blowhard had great experience, but I had no idea, what a clear head and enlarged views he had. It don't do to judge men by their appearance, and *conversation is more than half the time a refuge from thought or a blind to conceal it.*

Having fixed this matter up snug, sais I, "Captin, I have come here on a very disagreeable business, and I want your advice and assistance. That vessel a layin' outside there is the 'Black Hawk.'"

"I know it," he said, "I could tell her among a thousand; next to the 'Eagle' she is the most beautiful craft of the whole American mackerel fleet."

"Well," sais I, "the skipper has gone mad."

"Mad," said he, and the word seemed to annoy him, "not a bit of it—odd like a little, perhaps, but a good sailor I warrant, mad, hay! Why they say I am mad, just cause I go where others darsent follow me, and keep order and will have it on board; I am the best natured man living."

At that moment the cook made his appearance accompanied by the cabin boy, to whom he gave some instruction about the table. The instant Blowhard saw the former, he suddenly boiled over

with rage and looked the very picture of a madman.

“Come here you old Lucifer,” said he, “or I’ll make the whites of your two great goggle eyes the same colour as your face, black as midnight.”

“Tank you, massa,” said the negro, holding the door in his hand, “but you mad now, and I berry busy gettin’ dinner ready; you said half past eleven, and it is just gone eleven, and I see the breeze off Ragged Island.”

“Eleven you villain,” said the captain, “I wish I could get my paw upon you; it’s half past now.”

“Oh, massa Commodore, you mad now; just look at are ole crometer turnip of yourn.”

The captain pulled out a large silver watch, resembling that vegetable more than a modern time-piece, and instantly recovering his good humour said: “Well, cookey, you are right for oncet in your life, that are a fact, come here, here is a glass of monogohela for you cookey. Tip that off, and then stir your stumps.”

“Massa, your berry good health, same to you massa Sam, and massa mate.” Drinking it off he returned to the door, which he held as a screen in his hand, and then shewing two rows of ivory that extended almost from ear to ear, he turned

and said: "Now next time, massa, don't go get mad for noten," and vanished.

"Mad! You see they say I am mad," he said again; "but there never was so good-natured a man as I be. I never was mad in my life, except I was put out; and there is enough on board a vessel to drive a man distracted. I never saw a rail Yankee mad nother, except he made a bad speculation. No, we don't go crazy, we got too much sense for that, and Blue-nose has too little—the Dutch is too slow for it, and a nigger has no care; but a mad Frenchman is a sight to behold. I shall never forget a fellar once I drove ravin' distracted. I was bound for Prince Edward's Island fishery; and I never made such a run afore or since, as that from Cape Cod to Arichat. There the wind failed, and not feelin' well, I took the boat, and went ashore to the doctor.

"Sais he, 'you must take five powders of calomel and colycinth, one every other night,' and he did them up as neat as you please, in white slips of paper, quite workmanlike.

"'What's the damage?' sais I.

"'Eighteen-pence,' sais he.

"'Eighten what!' sais I, a raisin' of my voice, so as to be heard in airnest.

“ ‘Eighteen-pence,’ he said. ‘I can’t sell ’em no cheaper, that colycinth is expensive, and don’t keep well; and you must import it from London yourself.’

“ ‘I hope I may never see Cape Cod again if I do,’ sais I.

“ ‘I don’t mean you,’ he said, quite cool; ‘I mean me.’

“ ‘Then why the plague didn’t you say so?’ sais I.

“ ‘I can’t take no less,’ said he. ‘This is a poor country here. Sometimes I ride five or six miles to see a sick woman; well, half the time I don’t get paid at all, sometimes I get only a few dried fish, or a little butter, or may be a dozen of eggs, and often nothin’ but a dozen fleas. If it’s too dear take it for nothin’, for I won’t take less.’

“ ‘Why you old salts and sinna,’ said I, ‘do you think I am complainin’ of the price? I was complaining of you bein’ such a fool as to charge so little. Who the plague can live arter that fashion? There,’ sais I, ‘is a dollar, keep that,’ a throwin’ of it down on his counter, ‘and I will keep the medicine, for I’ll be hanged if I take it. The smell of your shop has half cured me already, and lots of molasses and water, I guess, will do the rest.’

“Well, I picked up the powders, and put them into my waistcoat-pocket, and thought no more about 'em. I pitied that are doctor, for I took a kind of likin' to him, seein' he was like me, had great command of himself, and kept cool. So when I was ready to leave, 'Dr. Pain,' sais I, 'I am the best-natured man in the world, I do believe; but I hope I may be most particularly d—d, if I could stand such patients as you have. Take my advice, cuss and quit.'

“‘Don't swear,' said he, 'it's apoplectic, and it's profane.'

“‘Swear,' sais I, 'who the devil made you a preacher? If it warnt for your fleas I'd flay you alive, you old—'

“‘Take care,' said he, 'you'll break that retort.'

“‘Retort!' sais I; 'to be sure I will retort, it's my fashion to give as good as I get.'

“‘The man is drunk,' said he, mumbling to himself; and he slipt into an inner room, and bolted the door.

“It appears to me people teaze me a purpose sometimes, just because I am good-natured.

“Well, as I was a sayin', as soon as I got on board the breeze sprung up agin, and we slipped through the Gut of Canso quite easy, but owin' to the eddies and flaws of wind, some-

times one end foremost and sometimes the other, and we passed Sand Point, Ship Harbour, Pirate's Cove, Plaister Bluff, McNair's Bight, and all the other hiding and smuggling places, one after the other. Just as we got off Indigüe ledges, a fishing-boat bore down on us.

“ ‘ Any fish, Captane ?’

“ ‘ What's your name ?’ said I ; for I always like to answer one question before I answer another.

“ ‘ Nicholas Baban,’ said he.

“ He was a little dried-up wizened Frenchman, that looked more like a baboon than anything else. He had a pair of mocassins on his feet, tanned and dressed, with the hair on the outside ; his homespun trousers didn't come much below the knee, and the calf between that and the little blue sock was bare, and looked the colour of a smoked salmon. His jacket, like his trousers, had shrunk up too, and only came to the pockets of his waistcoat, while the blue cloth it was first made of, was patched all over with another kind, having white stripes, such as the Frenchwomen wear for petticoats. His cap, for hat he had none, had been cobbled up out of old red worsted, and a piece of fox-skin, with the tail hanging down rakishly behind. In the front was stuck two little black pipes. He was

a pictur' to behold, and so was the other critter in the bow of the boat.

“‘Any fish, Captane? Best Roke code-fish jist caught, vary good.’

“‘Well,’ sais I, ‘Mr. Babboon, I don’t care if I do. Throw us up on deck two dozen, for a mess of chowder.’

“Well, they was as pretty a lot of cod as I most ever seed. Them ledges is the best boat-fishing ground I know on, on the whole coast. ‘Now,’ sais I, ‘Mr. Babboon, ‘what’s to pay?’

“‘Anyting you like, Captane.’

“‘Anyting is nothin’,’ sais I. ‘Name your price, for time is money, and we must be a movin’ on agin. Come, what’s the damage?’

“‘Oh, anyting you like, Sare.’

And the deuce a thing else could I get out of him; but ‘anyting you like, Sare,’ which I didn’t like at all; at last I began to get ryled. Thinks I, I’ll teach you to speak out plain next time, I know; so I put my hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and took out something to give him. ‘Here,’ sais I, ‘Mr. Babboon,’ a stretchin’ out my hand to him; and he reached up hisin to receive his pay, and began to thank me gallus polite afore he got it.

“‘Tank you, Sare, vary mach obliege.’

“‘Here’s five calomel powders,’ said I, and I dropt them into his hand. ‘Take one every other night agoin’ to bed, in some sweatenin’ or another, and it will clear your complexion for you, and make you as spry as a four-year-old.’

“Oh! I never saw anything like that mad Frenchman. He fairly yelled, he tore off his old cap and jumped on it, and let out a bald pate of a lighter colour than his face, that made him look something not human. He foamed, and raved, and jabbered, and threw his arms about, and shook his clenched fist at me, and swore all sorts of oaths. French oaths, Gaelic oaths—for there is a large Highland settlement back of Indigue—Indian cusses, and Yankee and English and Irish oaths. They all came out in one great long chain; and I am sartin’ if anybody had taken hold of one eend of it, afore the links broke and stretched ’em out strait, they would have reached across the Gut of Canso.

“Well, arter I thought he had let off steam enough for safety, I took out of my pocket a handful of loose silver, and held it out to him. ‘Come, Mr. Babboon,’ said I, ‘come and take

your pay, I don't want your fish for nothin', and go I must; so come now, like a good feller, and let us part friends.'

"But it only sot him off agin as bad as ever; but this time, it was all abuse of us Yankees. Well, I can stand a glass or two of that, but more gets into my head, and excites me. Thinks I, my boy I'll cool you. I always have a hand-engine on board for wettin' sails; it makes them thicker, heavier, and hold the wind better. We had been usin' ourn that morning' to help us through the Gut, for the currents were bothersome at the time. 'Give me the hose,' said I; 'and let a hand stand ready to work the pump. Are you ready?' sais I.

" 'Yes,' sais the man.

" 'Now,' sais I, 'Mr. Babboon, I'll wash your face for you, afore you go home to see the old lady,' and let go a stream all over him. Some of it actilly went down his mouth and nearly choked him, he and t'other feller pulled off out of reach, hoisted sail, and made tracks for the shore as straight as the crow flies. I felt kinder sorry for him too, for he lost two dozen beautiful cod, and got a duckin' into the bargain; but it was his own

fault, he ought to have kept a civil tongue in his head. Yes, I think Parly voo Frenchman will beat any created critter at getting mad."

"But, Captin," sais I, "our skipper is actilly mad, and no mistake."

"What's his name?" said he.

"Jabish Green."

"What! Jabish Green, of Squantum?" said he, a jumpin' up on eend.

"The same," sais I.

"Mad!" said he. "To be sure he is; as mad as a March hare. That's poor old Jim McGory, as they call him; as good a critter, and as good a seaman, as ever trod shoe-leather. Oh, I guess he is mad. It's all day with him, poor feller! and has been ever since that everlastin' scoundrel, Jim McGory, came out of the South, and got up protracted meetins in our parts, so as to keep the hat passin' round all the time. Gracious knows he was bad enough that feller, but he made himself out a hundred times wus than he was. He lied as fast as a horse could trot. He said he had been a Vixburg gambler, a horse-stealer, a nigger-kidnapper, a wracker, a pirate, and I don't know what he dida't own to. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint, you know. Well, he said he was converted in the middle of

the night, by an evangelical call, 'Jim McGory, come to glory!' Oh, the crowds of foolish women and men that followed arter that man, would astonish you. It appears to me, the more unlikely things are, the more folks believe them. Poor Jabish attended a protracted meetin' of that critter's, down to Squantum, that lasted three days and three nights; and the following night, he was so excited he didn't sleep a wink, and they couldn't get no sense out of him; he couldn't say anything, but that are profane rhyme over and over, and they had to send him to the asylum. Who on airth could have shipped that man? Who are the owners of the 'Black Hawk?'"

"I don't know."

"Have you a tradin' cargo of notions on board?"

"Yes."

"Then, it's the Boston folks. They don't know nothin' about the fishery. They have hired this man 'cause they have got him cheap, and they think they are doin' great things, 'cause they get such a large profit on their goods; but they don't count the time they lose, and it's no better than pedlin' at last; and if there is a created critter I hate and despise, it's a pedlar—the cheatin', lyin', ramblin', lazy villain."

"Except a clock pedlar," sais I, winkin' to him.

"No," sais he, a raisin' of his voice, until he roared amost, (for *when a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always gets angry*). "No, I won't except them. There haint been an honest one here since your time; they is the wust of all; and a wooden clock now is like a wooden nutmeg, or a hickery ham—a standin' joke agin our great nation. Well, what do you want me to do, Mr. Slick?"

"Take this skipper home with you."

After a pause of a moment, he said, "No, I can't do that. I am the best tempered man in the world, but I haint got patience; and if he went for to go for to give me any of his nonsense about Jim McGory, I suppose I should turn to and thrash him, and that would only make him wus. Here's the 'Nantasket,' of Nantucket, alongside here. The Captain is fonder of quack medicines than Babboon, the Frenchman, was, by a long chalk. I'll get him to give him a passage home. So that's settled."

"Well," sais I, "there is another chap that must go home; and I told him all about Enoch Eels tantalizin' the skipper, and settin' him out of his mind; but," sais I, "I am afraid he won't quit the vessel."

“Won’t he?” said he. “Then I’ll make him, that’s all. I’ll soon larn him the difference between Jim McGory and Old Blowhard, I know. He’s jist the chap I want—something to tame: it keeps one in good humour. I had a bear on board onst; I had him for three seasons. He was a great comfort to me, when I had nothin’ to do. I used to let him loose, take a short iron bar in my hand, and give him lessons in manners. It was great fun; but being so well-fed, he grew to be so strong a brute, he became obstropolus and troublesome, and used to drive the men up the riggin’ sometimes. Nobody could manage him but me; for a crack over the nose with the iron-bar always made him civil. A bear’s nose, you know, Mr. Slick, is as tender as a feller’s that’s got a cold in his head. It kept us all in good humour. I used to like to get him near Satan, tail on, give him a whack on the rump, and put my rod behind me as quick as wink, when he’d turn short, lay right hold of the cook’s leg with his claws, and give him a nip. But somehow, I consait, bears don’t like niggers; for he always let go soon, and then sneezed for a minute or so, as if he smelt pyson. Well, one day, cook was called aft, just at the men’s dinner was ready; and in slipt bear, and began to pay

away at it in rail airnest; but he scalded his paws, and skinned his nose with the soup, and the meat was so hot, he had to bolt it. The pain set him ravin' distracted mad; and when he came out of the cabouse, he cleared the deck in less than half no time. He was dangerous, that's a fact. Well, I got the rod, and he gave me a stand-up fight for it; and at last, after he had warded off a good many blows, I hit him a crack on the snout; and he turned, and went into his den, slowly and sulkily, a lockin' over his shoulder as he went, and grinnin' awful wicked. The short, quick way he lifted up his scalded paws off the deck, instead of his usual slouching gait, was the funniest thing you ever saw.

"Next mornin', when I turned out, I seed all the men was on deck, and Bruin's door standin' open. 'Where's the bar?' sais I.

"'He got out afore day,' sais they; 'and as his paws were scalded and sore, we kinder guess he went overboard to cool 'em.'

"I seed how it was: the villains had made him walk the plank. Oh, Solomon! didn't I bile up, ready to run over the lid! for I don't like fellers to make free with me or mine. But I threw a little grain of prudence into it, and it went right down in a minute, jist as a drop of water

puts down bilin' maple-sugar. I have great command over myself—I believe I am the best-tempered man in the world. Sais I to myself, 'It aint right to keep this brute to bother them, and he's got dangerous; and if he was to make mince-meat of any of 'em, it would be heavy on one's conscience, if a feller was on his beam-end.' So sais I, 'Well, it's jist as well he has taken a swim to shore, for he aint safe, is he? and sheep seems more nateral food than humans for him. I should have liked though,' said I, 'if you could a caught him as he went over by the ears, and drawed his skin off, as he sprung out; the hide was worth twenty dollars.'

"Well, they larfed at that joke, but they didn't know me. I always joke when I am aggravated, it's like driving down the wad well, when the gun goes off it makes a louder report. I warn't well pleased, and yet I can't say I was sorry, only I wished they had asked leave, and I turned and went below. *It's better to be cheated than chafed* when you can't help yourself. Presently I heered an awful noise on deck, all the hands shoutin' and cheerin' and callin' out at the top eend of their voice.

"'Hullo!' sais I, 'what in natur' is all this? has States Prison broke loose?'

“‘Look there,’ sais they, ‘look at Bruin the bear.’

“We was about a mile and a half from Louisburg, and it was nearly calm. Two French fishermen had come out in a boat to take up their nets and while their backs was turned, Bruin claws over the bow, and there he was a sittin’ on his haunches a-grinnin’ and a-makin’ faces at ’em, and a-lickin’ of his chops with his great red tongue, as if he had heard of French dishes, and wanted to try one.

“Well, they yelled and roared with fright, but the bear was used to noises, and didn’t onderstand no language but Indgian and English, and held his ground like a man. At last one of the Frenchers got the boat-hook and made a poke at him; but he knocked it out of his hand away up into the air ever so far, and then actilly roared, he was so mad.

“‘Lower the boat,’ sais I ‘my men. Be quick. Mate, you and I must go with our rifles; and Tim Lynch, you are a good shot too, bear a hand we must be quick, or he’ll breakfast off those chaps. Take your knives with you.’

“Well, we pulled off, and got within good shootin’ distance, when I told the Frenchmen to lie flat down in the boat, and we’d shoot the bar.

Well, jist as they throwed themselves down, bar began to make preparations for ondressin' of 'em, when the mate and I fired, and down he fell on one of the seats and smashed it in two. The man at the helm jumped overboard and swam towards us, but the other neither rose nor spoke. The bar had fallen on him, when he gave himself up for lost and fainted. We shipped the bar into our boat, put the helmsman back 'into his'n, and raised t'other feller on his feet, arter which we returned to the 'Eagle.'

"No, I'd like to tame Enoch Eells. There would be fun it, wouldn't there? Cook, keep the dinner back, till further orders. Four hands in the boat there—move quick. Come, let's go on board the 'Black Hawk.'"

"Massa," said Satan, "I know you is de best-natured man in de world, 'cept six, and derefore I retreat you dine fust; it's half-past eleben now, and dinner is pipin' hot, and dat are Jamaiky does smell so oloriferous," and he held back his head and snuffed two or three times, as if he longed to taste of it agin; "and Massa Sam aint well, I is sure he aint, is you, Massa Sam?"

That familiar word, Sam, from a nigger was too much for poor Blowhard.

"Sam! the devil," said he, raisin' his voice to

its utmost pitch, "how dare you, you black imp of darkness, talk before me that way."

And he seized his favourite jigger, but as he raised it in the air, Satan absquotulated. The captin glared at the closing door most savagely; but being disappointed of his prey, he turned to me with a look of fury.

"I agree with you, captin," sais I, quite cool; "I think we might as well be a-movin."

"Come then," said he, suddenly lowerin' his tone, "come then, let us go ahead. Mr. Slick," said he, "I believe they will drive me mad at last; every fellow on board of this vessel takes liberties with me, thinking I'll stand it, because they know *I am the best-natured man in the world.*"

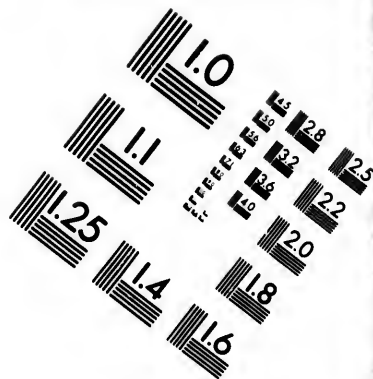
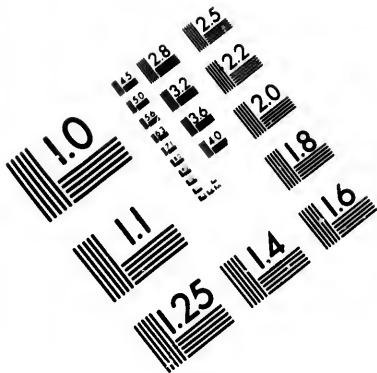
CHAPTER IX.

THE BAIT BOX.

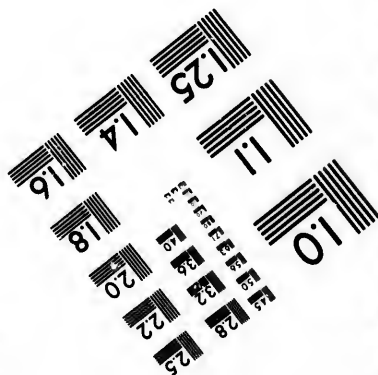
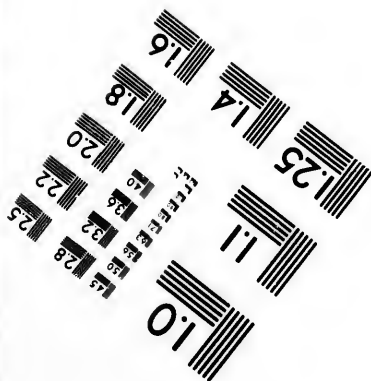
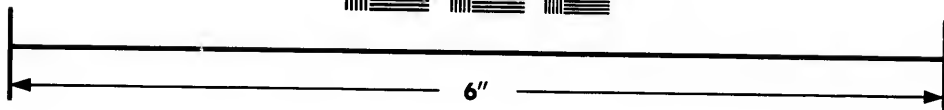
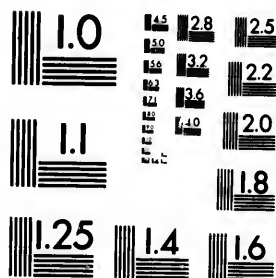
“So he wont leave the vessel, eh?” said Captain Love, “well, a critter that wont move must be made to go, that’s all. There is a *motive* power in all natur’. There is a current or a breeze for a vessel, an ingine for a rail-car, necessity for poverty, love for the femenine gender, and glory for the hero. But for men, I like persuasion; it seems to convene better with a free and enlightened citizen. Now here,” said he, openin’ his closet, and taking out his ‘rope-yarn,’ (the formidable instrument of punishment I have spoken of,) “here is a persuader that nothing can stand. Oh! he wont come, eh? well we’ll see!”

As soon as we went on board the ‘Black Hawk,’





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we descended into the large cabin, and there sat Mr. Enoch Eells apart from the rest, with his head restin' on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, lookin' as if he had lost every friend he had in the world, and was a tryin' to fancy their faces on the floor.

"Mornin' to you, Mr. Eells," said the skipper, "come to invite you on board the 'Bald Eagle,' to take a trip hum to see your friends again."

"Well, I wont go," said he, "so just mind your own business."

"Hold up your head, man, and let me look at you," he replied, and he seized him by the collar, lifted him on his feet, and exposed his face to view. It was a caution, you may depend, swelled, and cut, and bruised and blackened dreadful.

"Hullo!" said the skipper, "what's all this: who has been ill-using the man? It must be inquired into. What's the matter, here?" and he pretended to look all surprised.

"Why," said the second mate, "the matter is just this, Enoch, instead of mindin' his business, aggravated the captin' and set him mad; and instead of mindin' my business, as I had ought to do, I returned the compliment, first aggravated, and then set him mad, and we fit. I must say, I took him in, for I know how to box scientific."

"Workmanlike, you mean," the captain said, "I hate and despise that word 'scientific;' it is a cloak to cover impudence and ignorance. A feller told me as we started last voyage, he fished scientific. 'Then you are just the hand for me,' said I. 'What's the cause of that film on the mackerel's eye in winter?'"

"'What film?' said he.

"'And what's the scientific cause that the cataract drops off of itself without a doctor to couch it with a needle?'"

"'What cataract?' said he.

"'Why you imposter,' said I, 'you said you fished scientific; get up your traps; go ashore and finish your schoolin',' and I put him into the boat and landed him. Finery in talk is as bad as finery in dress; and our great country is overrun with it. Things aint solid and plain now a-days as they used to be; but they are all veneered and varnished. Say workmanlike and I wont nonconcur you, for I must say the business was done thorough."

"Well," sais Bent, "call it what you like, I was taughten the art, and he warnt, or he would have made small bait of me in no time, for he is as brave as he is strong, and I don't believe there is an untaught man of his inches could stand before him."

Eells jumpt right up on eend at that, and caught

him by the hand. "Mr. Bent," said he, "you you have spoke like a man. I feel I was wrong; I am very sorry for it; let us part friends. It is better I should go; the lesson wont be lost on me."

"Exactly," said Blowhard, "the lesson is deeper than you think, your father owns half this here vessel; now a man that is richer than his neighbour, is expected to be liberal of his civility as well as his money; civility is a cheap coin that is manufactured for nothin', and among folks in general goes further than dollars and cents. But con., we must be a movin'. Mr. Eells"—and he marked the word 'Mr.' to show he was pleased—"as soon as you are ready come on board, it will look better than goin' with me, it seems voluntary and free-will like.

"Now, Mr. Slick, let us go on board of the 'Nantasket' and see Capting Oby Furlong, old Sarsiparilly Pills, as I call him. He is a good kind of man in his way, but death on quack medicines, and especially sarsiparilly, for which he is going to take out a patent. Mate, when you see a flag hoisted, come on board with the capting, fetch him without his luggage, and then he will think there is no compulsion, and you can return for that arterwards. Come, boys, shove off."

"Mr. Slick," said the mate, "do you think I'll

be sued? It's a great risk and a heavy responsibility this."

"Stand a one side," said I, "how dare you talk that way to me?"

"Yes, Mr. Slick," said the skipper, "every man has his hobby, and on board ship it is actilly necessary to have some hobby or another, or the bottle is apt to be sent for as a companion. It is a dull life at sea, sometimes, and a sameness in it even in its varieties, and it is a great thing to have some object for the mind to work on, where there are no passengers. Now there is my bait-box and patent-jigger inventions; there is Matey with his books and studies, and here is Oby Furlong with an apothecary's shop on board. The want of these things makes captings of men-of-war tyrants; when they don't study, their hobby is to bother their men, and their whole talk is discipline.

"Commodore Marlin, of the 'Ben Lomond,' a British seventy-four, once hailed me off Fox Island, to ask some questions about the passage thro' the gut of Canso. He was a tight-built, well-made, active, wiry man, and looked every inch a sailor; but the word *tyrant* was writ over all in big print. There was a fightin'

devil, and a bullyin' devil at the same time in his eyes and mouth, and it ain't often they go together, for it's mostly cowards that bully; but that man looked as if he warnt afeard of old Scratch himself. It ain't always necessary to look fierce; I ain't skeered of old Nick nuther; but I am as meek as a lamb. I do believe in my soul I am the best natured man living; but that is neither here nor there.

“When I went aft to him—for he didn't meet me a step, tho' he sent for me himself—he eyed me all over, from head to foot, silent and scorney like, as much as to say, what a queer old thrasher you be? I wonder if you are any relation to the sea-sarpernt, or the hippopotamus, or any of these outlandish animals? He never so much as asked me to sit down, or to go into his cabin, or take a glass to drink with him, or said a word in favour of my beautiful little craft, which sailors always do, when they can with truth.

“It seems to me, all created critters look down on each other. The British and French look down on the Yankees, and colonists look down upon niggers and Indians, while we look down upon them all. It's the way of the world, I do suppose; but the road ain't a pleasant one.

“‘Are you acquainted with the navigation of the straits of Canso?’ said he.

“‘I guess I ought to be,’ sais I.

“‘That’s not the question,’ said he. ‘Are you, or are you not?’

“‘Do you know it?’ sais I. ‘If you do, perhaps you have seen Sand Pint.’

“Sais he, ‘My friend, I asked you a plain, civil question; will you give me a plain, civil answer?’

“Thinks I to myself, Commodore, the question is civil enough, but you ain’t civil, and your manner ain’t civil; but, however, here’s at you. I’ll pay you off at last, see if I don’t, for you sent for me; I didn’t come unaxed, and it was to give, and not ax favors. ‘Yes,’ sais I, ‘as many as you like.’ Well, I told him all about the navigation, and finally advised him not to try to go through without a stiff breeze, with so large a ship, as the currents were strong, and the wind when light, always baffling.

“At last, sais I, ‘This witness-box of yourn, Commodore, has a plaguey hard floor to it; I don’t care if I sit down,’ and I jist squatted down careless, with legs across the breach of a large gun, so big I could hardly straddle it, a most onpardonable sin, as I knowed, on board

of a man-of-war; but I did it a purpose. Then I jist sprinkled over the beautiful white deck a little tobacco-juice, and coolly took out my jack-knife and began to prepare to load my pipe and whittle. I did this all intentional, to vex him, on account of his rudeness—for rudeness is a game two can play at. Oh, Jerusalem! if you had a seen him, how he raved, and stamped, and swore, when he seed I was so juicy! and the more he stormed, the more the officers on the other side of the deck sniggered in their sleeves; for some how another, in big ships or little ones, men like to see the skipper rubbed up agin the grain, when they ain't like to catch it themselves. *Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience.*

“‘Don't you know better than that, Sir?’ said he. ‘Have you no decency about you?’

“‘Do you swaller when you chaw?’ sais I, lookin' innocent. ‘Some folks do, I know; but I never could for the life of me. It goes agin the grain, and I consait hurts the digestion.’ Oh, what a face he made! how he wagged his head, and shut his mouth and his eyes close to! He looked like a landsman jist agoin' to be sea-sick, and he gave a kind of shudder all over his frame.

“ ‘You may go, Sir,’ said he.

“ ‘Thank you,’ said I; ‘I suppose I needn’t ask leave for that. Captin’,’ said I, still keepin’ my seat on the gun, ‘you want a bait-box.’

“ ‘A spittle-box, you mean,’ said he.

“ ‘No I don’t,’ said I. ‘I have been too long afloat not to know the meanin’ of sea-terms. You want a bait-box.’

“He was fairly puzzled. First he looked at the leftenant, and then at me, and then he looked as if he had better drop further talk; but his curiosity got the better of him.

“ ‘A bait-box,’ said he; ‘I don’t understand you.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I invented a bait-box for cuttin’ up bait small and fine, for enticin’ fish,’ and I explained it as short as words could make it, for fear he’d cut stick and leave me alone talkin’ there. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘that invention, beautiful and simple as it is, cost me great thought and much tobacky,’ said I, lookin’ innocent again; ‘but it occupied my mind at leisure hours for two seasons, and that’s a great thing. Now, invent a bait-box, or a new capstan, or an improved windlass, or something or another of that kind; it will keep you busy, and what’s better, good-natured, and you won’t rave when a

gentleman jist spits on a floor that has a thousand men to clean it.

“ ‘Now,’ sais I, a risin’, puttin’ up my knife and tobacky, ‘Captin’, depend upon it, you want a bait-box. And, Commodore, let me tell you, you sent for the right man to get information. I am Commodore of this everlastin’ splendid American fishing-fleet, of more than two hundred fore-and-afters. A fleet the world can’t ditto for beauty, speed, and equipments. They call me Old Blowhard. If you ever do me the honor to visit my flag-ship, I will prove to you an old Commodore knows how to receive a young one. There is a cabin in my vessel, small as she is, and chairs in it, and a bottle of the best wine for the like of you, and old Jamaiky for them that has sense to prefar it, and that’s more than there is in this seventy-four, big as she is, as far as I can see. Oh, invent a bait-box! it will improve your temper, and that will improve your manners, depend upon it. I wish you good mornin’.

“I then went on board, and hoisted a Commodore’s flag, and my men—eighteen in number—saluted it with three cheers as it went up, and every other of our vessels becalmed there, seeing somethin’ was goin’ on above common,

took up the cheer, and returned it with a will that made the shores echo again.

“But here we are almost alongside of the ‘Nantasket.’ I will introduce you to Capting Oby Furlong; he will be a character for you, and if you ever write a book again, don’t forgit *Old Sarsiparilly Pills.*”

CHAPTER X.

THE WATER-GLASS ; OR, A DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

As the men rowed us towards the 'Nantasket,' the Captin and I couldn't very well talk afore 'em on the subjects we wanted to speak of, so we held a sort of Quaker's meetin', and said nothin'. I pulled the peak of my cap over my eyes, for the sun dazzled me, and afore I knowed where I was, I was off into one of my day-dreams, that I sometimes indulge in. I was musin' on what a strange thing life is, what a curious feller man is, and what a phantom we pursue all the time, thinkin' it points the way to happiness, instead of enticin' us into swamps, quagmires, and lagoons. Like most day-dreams it warn't very coherent, for one thought leads to another, and that has an affinity

to something else ; and so at last the thread of it, if it don't get tangled, aint very straight, that's a fact. I shall put it down as if I was a talkin' to you about everythin' in general, and nothin' in particular.

Sais I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there aint but four classes among them : fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind ; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wracked there. All that could float had been picked up, or washed away ; but the heavy things sank to the bottom, and these in a general way were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea every now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

It was near about dinner-time, so I thought I'd just wait, as I had nothin' above particular to do, and see what this thing was ; so when the man came on shore, "Mornin' to you," sais I. "That was an awful wreck that, warn't it?" and I looked as dismal as if I had lost somethin' there

myself. But there was nothin' very awful about it, for everybody was saved; and if there was some bales and boxes lost, why in a general way it's good for trade. But I said awful wrack, for I've obsarved you have to cant a little with the world, if you want even common civil usage.

In fact, in calamities I never knew but one man speak the truth. He lived near a large range of barracks that was burnt, together with all the houses around him, but he escaped; and his house was insured. Well, he mourned dreadful over his standing house, more than others did over their fallen ones. He said, "He was ruined; he lived by the barrack expenditure, and the soldiers were removed, and the barracks were never to be rebuilt; and as he was insured, he'd a been a happy man, if his house had been burnt, and he had recovered the amount of his loss."

Now that man I always respected; he was an honest man. Other folks would have pretended to be thankful for so narrow an escape, but thought in their hearts just as he did, only they wouldn't be manly enough to say so. But to get back to my story.

"Awwful wrack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! sais I to myself, I see how it is, you haint lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Sarching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on t'other tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days?"

"Well," sais he, smiling, "I aint sarching for gold, for it aint so plenty on this coast; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," sais I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," sais he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look down into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"Good!" sais I; "now that's a wrinkle on my horn. I daresay a water-glass is a common thing, but I never heard of it afore. Might it be your invention, for it is an excellent one."

He looked up suspicious like.

"Never heard of a water-glass?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what your name mought be?"

"Sartainly," sais I, "friend; you answered me

my question civilly, and I will answer yours. I'm Sam Slick, sais I, at least what's left of me."

"Sam Slick, the Clockmaker?" sais he.

"The same," said I, "And never heard of a water-glass?"

"Never! Mr. Slick," said he, "I'm not so simple as you take me to be. You can't come over me that way, but you are welcome to that rise, anyhow. I wish you good mornin'."

Now that's human natur' all over. *A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does ; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.* But to return. If instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man I never heard of before that day), if we had a breast-glass to look into the heart, and read what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a great part of the saints—them that don't know music or paintin', and call it a waste of precious time, and can't dance, and call it wicked, and won't go to parties, because they are so stupid no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a great lot of the saints would pass over to the sinners. Well, the sinners must be added to the fools, and it swells their numbers up con-

siderable, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner at all, seein' that the way of the transgressers is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a considerable some must be added to the fools' ranks too, for it aint every pious man that's wise, though he may have sense enough to be good. Arter this deduction, the census of them that's left will show a small table, that's a fact. When the devoted city was to be destroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty righteous men. And then for forty-five, and finally for ten; but arter all, only Lot, his wife, and two daughters was saved, and that was more from marey than their desarts, for they warnt no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast-glass would work wonders, but I don't think it would be overly safe for a man to invent it; he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post, and farther from the ground than was agreeable; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to mankind? That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great schoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem

made a-purpose to feed these hungry onmarciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

Them's the boys that don't know what dyspepsy is. Considerable knowin' in the way of eatin', too, takin' an appetizer of sardines in the mornin' afore breakfastin' on macarei, and havin' lobster sauce with their cod-fish to dinner, and a barrel of anchovies to disgest a little light supper of a boat-load of haddock, halibut, and flat fish. Yes, yes! the bulk of mankind is knaves and fools; religious knaves, political knaves, legal knaves, quack knaves, trading knaves, and sarvent knaves; knaves of all kinds and degre'es, from officers with gold epaulettes on their shoulders, who sometimes condescend to *relieve* (as they call it) a fool of his money at cards, down to thimble-rigging at a fair.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the country, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlastin' tinkerin' injures both. How in natur folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them

two the most dangerous, for both deal in poisonous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin, hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that lockrum every year, and every year the Congress sais, "Tho' there ain't much truth in you, old slippiry-go-easy, at no time, *that's* no lie at any rate." Every young lady sais, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that's coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist, and sais, "That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and arterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zaddoc Seth, of Holmes' Hole, what does he do but buy

a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little grain heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," sais he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as if it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanksgiving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" sais he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," sais I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure."

"Why that's of course," sais he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you did'nt understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," sais I; "happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for joy."

"Yes—yes," sais he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr. Johnson say:"

"He sais it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

“Now,” said he, “at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky; and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me,” said he, and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin’ to lay down the law, “that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which that word is properly used—namely, a state of joyfulness—light-heartedness—merriment, but we won’t stop to inquire into that. It is great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticise Dr. Johnson.”

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and a modest man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin’ first fiddle wherever he was. *Thunderin’ long words aint wisdom, and stoppin’ a critter’s mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin’.*

“You may go to the ball,” said he; “and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it.”

“Thank you, Sir,” said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin’ to renig—

“Sam,” said he, and he held out his hand and

took mine, and looked very seriously at me; "Sam, my son," said he, "now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word."

"I will observe any direction you may give me, Sir," said I.

"Sam," said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comin' next, "Sam," said he, "don't let your heart jump out of its jacket," and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all eend in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both hisn, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

"Minister," sais I, "will you let me just say a word?"

"Yes," sais he.

"Well, according to Dr. Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was '*ready*.'"

"Well, I won't say it warn't," said he; "and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always '*ready*;' take care you aint too sharp."

But to get back, for I go round about some-

times. Tho' Daniel Webster, said I, was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did beat round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and mosel too short an allowance of time to swaller it, is bein' happy then we are so beyond all doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine, where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toilin' from day dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of biology, for the deuce a thing else is that or mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a feller rave at a protracted meetin', for the

twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of woman; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing petticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal? What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's '*In-kneed.*' Well, if this is bein' happy, we are a happy people."

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regelar nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it

is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known; then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa, and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh), a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a-day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot, how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

“Three-quarters of a medical man!” sais I. “I suppose you mean, your friend has not a regular-built education, and don’t deserve the name of a doctor.”

“Oh no! Sir,” said he, “I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this: Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man.”

Good, sais I, to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won’t forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, than I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. Well now, none of our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be, politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can’t be; it aint in natur’, it’s onpossible. If

I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again what is happiness? It aint bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. *Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.* When the harness is off, if the work aint too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. *When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work like an ontstuffed saddle cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it.* Hard work is the best of the two, for that has at all events sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers—one is a misfortune the other is a curse; and money aint happiness that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville once called Dotey Conky, and he sartinly did look dotey like lumber that aint squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a wishing. I used to call

him Wishey Washey Dotey. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldnt call the President my cousin."

"Well," sais I, "I can do that now poor as I be; he is no cousin of mine, and if he was he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; aint it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence, if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotey," sais I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know how you suffer from that."

"Phoo," sais he.

"Well what would you do with it?" sais I.

"I would go and travel," sais he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotey, at your age give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on?"

"Hire it, Sam," sais he, touching his nose with his fore finger.

"And manners," said I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockies, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by rail road instead of a one horse shay."

Well as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It taint cash then that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it then that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the 'Nantasket,' "in with your oars my men. Now, Mr. Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarsiparilly pills*."

CHAPTER XI.

OLD SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

“COME, Mr. Attachy,” said Blowhard, as we mounted the deck of the ‘Nantasket,’ “let’s go down to Apothecary’s Hall;” and he larfed agin in great good humour.

When we entered the cabin, which sartainly looked more like an herb and medicine shop than anythin’ else, we found the Captin’g seated at the table, with a pair of small scales in his hand, carefully adjustin’ the weight of somethin’ that had just been prepared by a boy, who sat in the corner, and was busy with a pestle and mortar.

“How are you, Doctor?” said Blowhard, in his blandest manner. “This is Mr. Slick. We have come to ask you if you will take a patient

on board, who wants to return home, and whom Providence has just sent you in here to relieve?"

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the quack Captin, with the air of a man who had but to hear and to cure.

Love explained briefly the state of the case; and having obtained his consent, asked me to request one of the hands to hoist a flag, as the signal agreed upon for bringing the invalid on board.

"Proud to see you, Mr. Slick," said the quack Captin. "Take a chair, and bring yourself to an anchor. You are welcome on board the 'Nantasket.'"

Instead of an aged man, with a white beard, large spectacles, and an assumed look of great experience, as I expected to have seen, from the nickname of "Old Sarsaparilla Pills," given to him by the skipper, I was surprised to find he was not past five-and-thirty years of age. He was a sort of French graft on a vigorous Yankee stock. His chin and face were covered with long black hair, out of which twinkled a pair of bright, sparkling, restless eyes. His dress and talk was New England, but French negligence covered all, and was as onpleasant and as disorderly as the

deck; for the Yankees are a neat people, in a gineral way, and like to see things snug and tidy. If, in his appearance, he was half French and half Yankee, it was plain he was also half knave and half goney. The only thing I saw to like about him was, that he 'was a man with a theory; and a theory, to my mind, whether in political economy or in medicine, is the most beautiful thing in the world.

They say an empty bag can't stand straight. Well, who the plague cares if it can't, when you have nothin' to put into it? for it would only be in the way, and take up room, if it could. Now, a theory will stand as straight as a bullrush, without a fact at all. Arguments, probabilities and lies, will do just as well. But if folks must have facts, why the only plan is to manufacture 'em. What's the use of the Crystal Palace, and all its discoveries, if statesmen can't invent facts? Sometimes one fact depends on another, and that on a third, and so on. Well, to make anything of them, you must reason. Well, what on airth is the use of reason? Did you ever see a man that could reason? A dog can, but then a dog has some sense. If he comes to a place where four roads meet, he stops and considers, and weighs all the probabilities of the case, *pro* and

con, for each road. At last, he makes up his mind; goes on confident; and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he is right. But place a man there, and what would he do? Why, he'd look like a ravin', distracted fool: he'd scratch his head, and say, "I don't know, I declare; I don't know, I am sure;" the only thing the critter is sure about. And then he'd sit down on a stone, and wait till some one come by to tell him.

Well, after waitin' there till he is een amost tired out, the first man that rides by, he'd jump up so sudden, he'd scare the horse, that shies awfully, and nearly spills the rider; and wouldn't he get more blessings than would last him a whole whalin' voyage? Well, the next man that comes by, drivin' in a gig, he goes more coolly to work to stop; when traveller pulls out a pistol, and sais, "Stand off, you villain! I am armed, and will fire!" Well, the third sets a fierce dog on him, and asks him what he is a doin' of there? And when he inquires the way, he puts his finger to his nose, and says, "That cat won't jump, old boy." Well, the next chap that comes along, is a good-natured feller. He is a whistlin' a tune, or singing an air, as light-hearted as you please; and a hittin' of loose stones with his cane, as he trips along; and when he axes him

the way, he shews it to him as perlite as possible, and says it is the very road he is going, and will walk abit with him to the next turn, where they must part.

This world aint so bad after all, as it looks; there are some good-natured folks in it, that's a fact, that will do a civil thing now and then for nothin' but the pleasure, but they aint quite as thick as blackberries, I can tell you.

Well, at the turn of the road there is an ale-house, and the good-natured stranger pulls out some money, like a good Samaritan, and gives him a drink for nothin'.

"Now," sais he, "friend, suppose you qualify?"

"Qualify?" sais the critter, more puzzled than he was at the four roads. "Qualify! does that mean to stand treat? for if it doeth, I don't care if I doos."

"Come, none of that nonsense, my good feller," sais the other, whose air and manner is changed in a minute, so that he don't look like the same man. "Come, come, you aint so soft as that you are listed. Feel in your waistcoat pocket, and there is her Majesty's shilling."

"Danged if I do," sais this vartuous and reasonable being, "danged if I do, I'll fight till I die fust—" when he is knocked down, hears a whistle,

and three men come in, iron him to another feller that didn't know the road any better than him, and off he is marched to see his officer."

I saw that critter mountin' guard at the Ordnance Gate, at Halifax, last winter at night, mercury sixteen below zero, cold enough amost to freeze the hair off of a dog's back. That's because he couldn't reason. Little doggy we've seen could reason and reason well, and was home half an hour before 'thirteen-pence a-day' was listed, to have a finger, or a toe, or an ear froze off on duty. There is no pension for a toe, unless it's the gout in an old admiral or ginerals' toe.

No, reasonin' is no good. That that is good reasonin' aint marketable, bad reasonin' is like some factory cloth, half cotton, half old clothes, carded over agin' at Manchester, and is low-priced, just fit for fellers that don't know the way, and get listed under a party leader. That's the case too with free-traders, they sing out 'cheap bread;' it don't want reasonin' except cheap reasonin'. Don't cheap bread cost less than dear bread? Why yes, in course it does. Well then, free-trade does that; don't you wish you may be better of it. No, reasoning is no good, and facts are no good; for they are as cheap as words which only cost a

halfpenny a hundred, and two farthings change given back.

I like a theory; it is a grand thing to work a farm by when you have no experience, and govern a nation by when the electors are as wise as that are recruit, that couldn't even follow his nose. Captin Furlong had a theory, and hadn't he as good a right to have one as Peel, or any other practitioner, either in politics, or medicine, or farmin', or anythin' else? Why to be sure he had.

"Mr. Slick," said he, and he put one leg over the other, threw his head back, and gave me a sort of fixed stare, just one of those stares you see a feller now and then put on who shuts to his ears and open his eyes wide, as much as to say "now don't interrupt me, for I mean to have all the talk to myself." Whenever I see a critter do that, I am sure to stop him every minute, for I have no notion of a feller taking me like a lamb, and tying me hand and foot to offer up as a sacrifice to his vanity. "Mr. Slick," said he, "I have a theory."

"'Zactly," said I, "it's just what you ought to have; you can no more get on in medicine without a theory to carry out, than a receipt to work

by. I knowed a chap onct—" but he gave me the dodge, cut in agin', and led off.

"I have a theory that for every disease natur' has provided a remedy, if we could only find it."

"'Zactly," said I, "let natur' alone, and nine times out of ten she will effect a cure; it's my theory that more folks die of the doctor than the disease. I knew a fellow onct—" but he headed me agin'.

"Now this remedy is to be found in simples, herbs, barks, vegetables, and so on. The aborigines of no country ever were sappers and miners, Mr. Slick, many of them were so ignorant as not even to know the use of fire, and therefore the remedy was never intended to be hid, like mercury and zinc, and what not, in the beeowels of the earth."

"'Zactly," said I, "but in the beeowels of the patient."

He lifted up his hairy upper lip at that, and backed it agin his nose, for all the world as you have seed a horse poke out his head, and strip his mouth, that was rather proud of his teeth; but he went on:

"There is a specific and an antidote for everythin' in natur'."

"'Zactly," said I. "Do you know an antidote

for fleas? for I do. It's a plant found in every sizable sarce garden; they hate it like pyson. I never travel without it. When I was in Italy last, I slept in a double-bedded room with the Honourable Erastus Cassina, a senator from Alligator Gully to Congress, and the fleas was awful thick. So I jist took out of the pocket of my dressin'-gown four little bags of this 'flea-antidote;' two I put on the bed, and two under it. Oh! if there warn't a flight in Egypt that night, it's a pity! In a few minutes, Erastus called out:

“‘Slick! Slick!’ said he, ‘are you awake?’

“‘What in natur’ is the matter?’ sais I.

“‘Oh, the fleas! the fleas!’ said he. ‘Clouds on ’em are lightin’ on my bed, and I shall be devoured alive. They are wus than alligators, fo’ *they* do the job for you in two twos; but these imps of darkness nibble you up, and take all night to it. They are so spry, you can’t catch ’em, and so small you can’t shoot ’em. I do believe every flea in the house is coming here.’

“‘That’s the cane-juice that’s in you,’ sais I; ‘you are the sweetest man alive—all sugar; they are no fools, are fleas.’

“‘Do they bother you?’ said he.

“‘No,’ sais I, ‘I hante one.’

“‘Then,’ said he, ‘let me turn in with you, friend Slick, that’s a good feller, for I’m in an awful state.’

“‘That cat won’t jump, Senator,’ sais I, ‘for they will foller you here too, for the sake of the cane-juice. You must drink vinegar and get sour, and smoke tobacky and pyson them.’ Now, Capting,” sais I, “I have an antidote for bugs too—better, simpler, and shorter than any ‘pothecarys’ ointments. I hold them two critters to be the pest of the world. The Nova Scotia Indgians calls fleas *walkum-fasts*, and bugs *walkum-slows*. They say fleas travel so fast, they can’t shake ‘em off.

“Now I have a theory about fleas. I don’t believe one word of history about the Goths, and Vandals, and Huns. I believe it was an irruption of fleas that followed the legions back, and overrun Rome. And my facts are as good as Gibbon’s for a theory any day. I told that story about the fleas to the Pope, who larfed ready to kill himself, but kept a scratchin’ rather ondignified all the time. ‘Mr. Slick,’ said he, ‘I will give you a thousand dollars for that receipt,’ and he smiled very good-natured; ‘for fleas,’ ‘said he, have no respect for the Church.’ But our minister to St. James’s, who was at

Rome at the time on business, told me it would lower our great nation for an Attaché to sell flea-antidotes and bug-extermimators, and his Holiness and I didn't trade.

"But if a man was to travel with that little simple remedy through Portugal, Spain, France and Italy, Switzerland and shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where fleas are as big as horse-flies, he would make the largest fortune ever bagged by any one man in this universal world."

"Will you take what the Pope offered you, now?" said Capting Furlong.

"Oh, oh, old boy!" said I to myself, "you have opened your ears, have you. I thought I'd improve your hearin' for you. Say three," said I, "and the secret and patent is yours."

"Can't come it," said he.

"Then I withdraw the offer, Capting; if you want it, you must pay higher. But go on; you interest me greatly." I thought I should have split when I said that, for I hadn't allowed him to say a word hardly.

"Well," said he, but that story of the fleas nearly upset him, "everything has its specific and its antidote. Now my sarsaparilly pills has made a fortune for old Jacob Worldsend, to whom I was fool enough to sell the secret for three thou-

sand dollars, and it raily is all it's cracked up to be. But, Mr. Slick, I have at last made a discovery that will astonish the world. I have found a certain and sure cure for the dropsy. It is an extract of a plant that is common in the woods, and is applied externally as a lotion, and internally as pills. I have proved it; I have the affidavits of more than fifty people I have cured."

And he smote the table, stroked his beard down, and smiled as pleased as a feller that's found a nugget of gold as big as his head, and looked at me with a self-satisfied air, as much as to say, Mr. Slick, don't you wish you was me?

Now, thinks I, is the time to cut in. Whenever a feller is fool enough to stand up in the stirrups, and you can see daylight atween him and the saddle, that's your chance; give him a lift then onder one foot, and he is over in no time.

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if that was a sartin cure."

"Wonder," said he, "why I know it is."

"Zactly," said I; "I have knowd it this long time—long before you ever see this coast."

"What is it?" said he. "Write the word down, for partitions have ears."

Well, I took the pen, as if I was going to do as he asked, and then suddenly stopped, and said :

“Yes, and give you my secret. Oh, no ! that won't do ; but it has a long stalk.”

“Exactly,” said he.

“And leaves not unlike those of a horse-chesnut.”

“Which gender is it ?” said he, gaspin' for breath, and openin' of his ugly mug, till it looked like a hole made in a bear-skin of a sleigh to pass a strap through.

“Feminine gender,” said I.

“The devil !” said he, and I thought he would have fainted.

“Mr. Slick,” said Blowhard, “I'll back you agin any man I ever see for a knowledge of things in gineral, and men and women in particular. What the deuce don't you know ?”

“Why I'll tell you,” said I, “what I don't know. I don't know how the plague it is a squid can swim either end foremost, like a pinkey steamer, without having eyes in the starn also, or why it hasn't a bone at all, when a shad is chock full of 'em. And I can't tell why it can live five days out of water, when a herring dies slick off at onct.”

"Well—well," said Love, "who'd a-thought you'd have observed such things!"

Furlong was so astonished at my having his dropsy secret, he didn't hear a word of this by-talk; but lookin' up, half-scared, he said:

"That's witchcraft."

"Well, it might be," said I, "for two old women found it out; they actilly didn't look on-like witches. Old Sal Slaughtery, that lives to the Falls, on the south branch of the river at Country Harbour, and keeps a glass of good whiskey for salmon-fishers, fust told me, and old Susan, the Indian squaw, was the one that discovered it."

"That beats the bugs," said the skipper, looking aghast, and drawin' off his chair, as if he thought old Scratch had some hand in it.

"No," said I, "not the bugs, but the dropsy."

"Phoo!" said he; "I didn't mean that."

"Don't be afeard of me," said I; "I scorn a mean action as I do a nigger. I won't blow you; part of the invention is yourn, and that is, reducing it to pills, for the old gal only knew of the decoction, and that is good enough. But you must give Sal fifty dollars when you take out your patent; it is a great sum to her, and will fill her heart, and her whisky-cask too."

“Done,” said he. “Now, Mr. Slick, have you any more medical secrets of natur’?”

“I have,” said I. “I can cure the jaundice in a few days, when doctors can make no fist of it, any how they can fix it; and the remedy is on every farm, only they don’t know it. I can cure in an hour or two that awful ague in the face, that folks, and specially women, are subject to; and can make skin grow when it is broken on the shin-bone, and other awkward places, even in the case of an old man, that doctors only make wus; and effect a hundred other cures. But that’s neither here nor there, and I aint a-goin’ to set up for a doctor; I didn’t come to brag, but to larn. That is a great herbal cure you have got hold of tho’—that’s a fact,” said I. “What are you goin’ to call it?”

“Sure and safe remedy for the dropsy,” said he.

“You won’t sell a bottle,” said I. “Simples will do very well inside (and the simpler they are the safer they be), but not outside of patent medicines. Call it ‘the Vegitable Anasarca Specific,’ an easy, safe, pleasant, and speedy cure for anasarca, or dropsy in the skin; the ascites, or dropsy in the stomach; the hydro-pectoris, or dropsy in the breast; and the hydrocephalus, or dropsy of the brain. Put the first

in gold letters on the labels, the second in green, the third in pink, and the fourth in blue. You must have a fine name to please the ear, a nice-looking bottle to please the eye, and somethin' that is perfumed and smells nice to please the nose. But everything is in a name.

"When I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met an old nigger; which we call a Chesapeak nigger, one of them Admiral, Sir John Warren, was fool enough to give Bluenose to support. I was then about three miles out of the village. 'Well Cato Cooper,' sais I, 'what little church is that standin there?'

"'Dat nigger church, massa,' said he. 'Built a purpose for niggers.'

"'Well I hope you go often?'

"'Dat is jist what I do, massa. College students preach dere, and dere is one ob de most beautifullest preachers 'mong 'em you eber did hear respond a text. Oh! he splains it rail handsome. Nebber was nuffin like it, his sarmon is more nor half Latin and Greek, it are beautiful to hear, there aint a nigger in de settlement don't go to listen to him; its rail dictionary. He convarted me. I is a Christian now, since I know all blacks are to be received into de kitchen ob Heaven.'

“ Now that nigger is a sample of mankind, big words look larned, and please them.

“ Well, I have a theory about that,” said the quack captain. “ Mankind are gullible, that’s a fact, they’ll swaller anything amost, if you only know how to talk ’em into it ; that’s the only secret how to persuade ’em. Mankind lives on promises.”

“ Well,” sais I, “ gullible means taking things down like gulls, and they are awful hungry birds. They go screamin about the mud flat of the river in the basin of Minas, like mad, and swaller a whole herring one after another without winkin’ ; and now and then a clam, shell and all, as fowls do gravel to help digestion, but cover a herring ever with your nasty stuff, and see if they wouldn’t scream loud enough to wake the dead amost. You must treat men as you would children. Tell them to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what you give them, as you do when you play with the little dears, and as long as it is sweet and pleasant they will swaller anythin’. Why the plague do doctors, who live by the sellin’ of medicine, make it so nasty ; no created critter can git it down without makin’ faces that would scare a horse. The balm of Gilead man, Doctor Soloman knew this secret, his balm was

nothin but a dram, and that's the reason all the old ladies praised it. But go on," said I, "I am afeard I have interrupted you; you interest me greatly."

"Well," sais he, "it's very kind of you to say so, but it strikes me," and he scratched his head, "I haven't said much to interest any one."

"Oh, yes," sais I, "that theory of yours, that natur' has a remedy for everythin', is very curious and original; go on, Sir."

Well, the goney was tickled with that touch of the soft sawder brush. Whenever you see a feller who can flatter himself into the opinion that a hairy face is becomin', it aint no difficult thing for anybody to wheedle *him*.

"Well," sais he, "I have a theory, that every-thing that pertains to the secret workings of natur' ought to be invested with mystery. Women especially love mystery. Only tell them there is a secret, and see how their curiosity wakens up, and their eyes twinkle. Disguise is the great thing in medicine. Now the difficulty is, so to disguise this dropsy cure, that botanists and chemists would find it out."

"'Zactly," sais I; for as he sot out detarmined not to hear, I was detarmined he shouldn't talk

long. "'Zactly," sais I; "now that's what I call sense, and a knowledge of human natur'. I see you warn't born yesterday. Now see how you're disguised."

"Me!" said he, looking all adrift.

"Yes," sais I; "you. Who in the world would take you for what you be. You are the master of a mackerel-vessel, with a considerable knowledge of medicine; but you look like a French dragoon officer. If old Buonaparte was to wake up, he would swear you was Marshal Grouchy, for you two look as much alike as two peas."

"Well," said the feller, stroking his beard down, and looking pleased, "my face is in disorder now, Mr. Slick, but when trimmed it aint without its effect on the ladies, I do assure you."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had a peeowerful effect," sais I, "'specially if they was in delicate health, and came sudden on it."

The consaited goney made me so mad, I had a great mind to give him chloriform, and shave him: and I actilly would, too, if I had had a time, hang me if I wouldn't.

"Yes, yes," sais I, "everybody is in disguise. Politicians pretend to be patriots; women cover their designs and their temper with smiles; hypo-

crites look pious to cheat you, or are so frank and manly, look you so friendly in the face straight in the eyes, and shake hands so warmly with you, that I defy you not to be took in. Innkeepers are so glad to see you, it makes you kind of ashamed of your friend's coldness; but the moment you can't pay the bill they kick you right out of the house. Servants bow and smile, and curtsy and scrape before you, and go right down stairs, and say, 'There's no pleasin' that old devil. I'll give him notice he must quit, if he don't behave better;' and then they all larf ready to die at the joke. Then they mimic your voice, and say to each other, 'You really must leave the house if you make such a noise;' and then they larf louder than ever, and take a regular game of romps, and say, 'Who cares?' I tell you the world is all in disguise. But go on, Sir, I like to hear you talk, you interest me greatly. Finish about your theory.

"Mr. Slick," said he "Have marcy, I knock under, I holler. I have talked foolish, I do believe, but I forgot who I was talkin' to, though in a gineral way that sort of laying down the law does answer, that's a fact. But tell me, please, how in the world did you pick up so many medical secrets?"

"Well, I have promised not to blow you, and I

hope you won't be offended with me if I do tell you?"

"Sartainly not," said he.

"Well," said I, "excuse me, if you please, but you like to do all the talkin' yourself, and don't want to listen to others. Now I open my eyes as well as my mouth, hear, see, and learn what I can, as well as talk. *You can't be an autocrat in conversation, any more than you can in politics. Other people have rights, and they must be respected.*"

"Gentlemen," said old Blowhard, who appeared uncommonly amused at the conversation, "I have a theory of my own; will you allow me to put in my oar?"

"Sartainly!" we both said.

"Well, then, my theory is, that it is high time for us to go on board."

Thinks I to myself, I was rather hard on that chap. I intruded on him, and not he on me. I was his guest, and he wasn't mine. He was in his own house, as it were, and had a right to lead the talk. So I thought I owed him a good turn, and as I expected the jobation I gave him would make him ill, I said:

"Captin Furlong, I'll give you my cure for the jaundice. You will make your fortin out of

it, and common as the article is, all the doctors under heaven will never find your secret out." And I wrote it out for him (tho' it was a tough job, for as he leaned over my shoulder, as I was a-doin' of it, his nasty, coarse, stiff, horse-hair sort of beard tickled me so, I thought I should have gone into fits, but I got through it and then shook hands, and bid him good-bye.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE THAT HOPE BUILT.

EARLY the following mornin', every vessel in the fleet got under way with what is called a soldier's wind, that is, it was fair for those goin' both east and west. Captain Love not only consented to his mate takin' charge of the 'Black Hawk' instead of the poor deranged skipper, but pressed him to do so, sayin' :

"I guess I can find where the Cape lies, Matey, without askin' the way of any one. There aint much above comamon for you to do to hum just now ; so go, my son, and enjoy yourself with friend Slick. He aint perhaps quite so good-natured as I be, for I believe I am the best-tempered man in the world, when they let me alone,

and don't rile me ; but he is better informed than me, and will spin you yarns by the hour, about the Queen of England, whose nobles, they tell me, eat off of silver dishes with gold forks ; and the Pope of Rome, where its the fashion to shake hands with his big toe ; and the King of France, where it is the custom to fire at him once a week, and instead of hitting him, kill one of his guards. Great shots them Frenchmen ! I don't doubt but that they could hit a barn door, if it was big enough, at ten yards distance. Slick has been everywhere amost, and as he travels with his eyes open, has seen everythin'. I don't suppose his stories are all just Gospel, but they aint far off the mark for all that ; more like a chalk sketch of a coast made on the deck, perhaps, than a printed chart, not done to measurement, but like enough to steer by. And then, when you are a-shore, if you want to see fun, set him to rig a Bluenose, as he did old Sarseperilly Pills yesterday, till he hollered and called for mercy, and it will make you split. Come, that's settled now, sposen we have a glass of grog at partin'. Mr. Slick, here is your good health, and the same to you, Matey, and a pleasant voyage to you both. You will return, Matey, by the supply vessel, and its captin and you will change places ; and, Mr. Slick," said he,

“I forgot to tell you, friend Cutler can give you all the information you want about the fisheries. He knows the history and habits of the fish, their feedin’ grounds, and the mode of takin’ and curin’ of them.”

When we got in the boat to leave the ‘Bald Eagle,’ the sailors, to testify their regard for their old officer, gave three cheers, a compliment that was returned when we reached our vessel, with a hearty good will. It was a splendid sight to see this fleet of thirty-six sail of fishin’-craft that now got under way, all of them beautiful models, neatly and uniformly painted, well-rigged, and their white cotton canvas sails cut, so as to lay up to the wind like a board, and the whole skimmin’ over the water as light as sea-gulls. When we consider this was only an accidental meetin’ of some scattered outward and homeward bound vessels, and was merely a specimen of what was to be seen from this to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I actilly do think, without any crackin’ or boastin’ on the subject, that we have great reason to be proud of our splendid mackerel fleet.

As the ‘Bald Eagle’ left her anchorage, Cutler said, with a smile :

“Do you hear, my dear old friend, the most good-natured man in the world, how he is storm-

in'? This is one of the exceptions he himself makes—he is riled now. Poor old Blowhard! If you are not the best tempered, as you so often boast, you certainly are the kindest-hearted man in the world, and no one knows it better and appreciates it more highly than I do."

In the meantime, instead of going with either portion of the fleet, we sailed past M'Nutt's Island into the entrance of the magnificent harbour of Shelburn, the largest, the best, the safest, and the most beautiful on the whole American coast, from Labrador to Mexico, where we came to anchor. Takin' two hands in the boat, I steered to the point of land that forms the southern entrance, and crossin' the little promontory, proceeded to search for Mr. Eldad Nickerson, whom I intended to hire as pilot and assistant to the coward mate in his land trade, and as a hand in the place of Mr. Enoch Eels, for I knew him to be a trustworthy, intelligent, excellent man. Near the first house on the way, I met a smart, active-looking boy of about thirteen years of age.

"Whose house is that, boy?"

"Ourn, Sir."

"Who lives there?"

"Feeather, Peter Potter, Sir."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Mr. Eldad Nickerson?"

"Yes."

"Is he at hum?"

"Yes, I saw him just now cross the fields to his house."

"Well, do you run after him as fast as your legs can carry you, and tell him that Mr. Slick is at Squire Peter Potter's a-waitin' for him."

"Feather beant a squire, Sir," said the boy.

"Well, he ought to be then. Tell him Mr. Slick wants to see him down to the squire's."

"I tell you Peter Potter beant a squire, Sir."

"And I tell you he ought to be a squire, then, and I'll just go in and see about it."

"Well, I wish you would, Sir," said the boy, "for some how feather thinks he aint kind of been well used."

"Tell Mr. Nickerson," said I "to come at once; and now run as if old Scratch kicked you on eend, and when you come back I will give you half-a-dollar."

The boy darted off like an arrow from a bow; half-a-dollar certain, and the prospect of a seat in the quarter sessions for his *fee-ather* were great temptations; the critter was chock full of hope. Boys are like men, and men are like boys,

and galls and women are both alike, too ; they live on hope—false hopes—hopes without any airtly foundation in natur but their own foolish consaits. *Hope!* what is hope? expectin' some unsertin thing or another to happen. Well, sposen it dont happen, why then there is a nice little crop of disappointment to disgest, that's all. What's the use of hopen at all then? I never could see any use under the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out of every dictionary. I'll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of hisn. Love is painted like a little angel, with wings, and a bow and arrow, called Cupid—the name of mother's lap-dog. Many's the one I've painted on clocks, little, chubby-checked, onmeanen, fat, lubberly, critters. I suppose it typifies that love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and galls fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they *hope*.

Well, what do they *hope*? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; its such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet

ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. A path is a sweet little thing, for it seems made a purpose for courtin. it is so lonely and retired. Natur teaches its use, he says, for the breeze as it whispers kisses the leaves, and helps the flowering shrubs to bend down and kiss the clear little stream that waits in an eddy for it afore it moves on.

Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and runnin might hurt his lungs, but *fly* to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let *her* will be *his* law; sartainly wont want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter like a heavenly ministreing white he-nigger.

Well, don't they hope they may get all this?

And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking; they have kissed their kiss, and an onion

has spiled it; they have strolled their stroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is ontidy, and he smokes a short black pipe, (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes get on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles; and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast, with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better.

He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The heart—oh! there's nothing wrong there—but she is lately troubled with shockin' bad nervous headaches, and can't think what in the world is the cause. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he aint swearin; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word "dam," that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds

“dam” means the “mother of a colt.” Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day, poor critter! So her hope has ended in her findin’ a mare’s nest at last.

More things than that puzzle her poor little head. What does he see to be for everlastinly a praisin’ that ugly virago of a woman, Mrs. Glass—callin’ her such an excellent housekeeper and capital manager; and when asked if she understands music, sayin’ she knows somethin’ much better than that.

“What, dear?”

“Oh! never mind.”

“But I insist;” (*insist* is the first strong word: take care, you little dear, or it will soon be one of the weakest. Mind your stops, dear; it sends a husband off like a hair-trigger gun); “but I insist.”

“What, *insist*! Well, come, I like that amazingly.”

“I mean I should like to know, dear;” (Ah! that’s right, my sweet friend, for I do love the little critters; for it’s bad trainin’ and bad handlin’ arterwards, by bad masters, that so often spiles them. That’s right; lower your tone, dear; you’ll have occasion to raise it high enough, some of these days, perhaps); “I should like to

know, dear, what she knows better than that? You used to say you was so fond of music, and stand by the piano, and turn over the leaves; and be so angry if anybody talked when I sang, and said I could have made a fortin on the stage. Tell me what she knows better, dear? Is it paintin? You used to be so fond and so proud of my painting. Tell me, dear, what does she know better?"

That little touchin and nateral appeal about the music and paintin saved her that time. She got put off with a kiss, which she didn't hardly hope for, and that made it doubly sweet. *What people hope for, they think at last they have a right to, and when they are disappointed, they actilly think they are ill-used;* but unexpected luck makes the heart dance, and it saved her from hearin' what she did arterwards, for the unfeelin' rascal was agoin to tell her that what Mrs. Glass knew, that was better, was how to make a puddin'. Well, the child hope painted was to be a blessin', not a little angel, that aint good enough; but a cherubim or seraphim at least. Well, it did resemble them in one respect, for "they continually do cry." What a torment it was. Teethin', hoopin'-cough, measles, scarlatina, the hives, the snuffles, the

croup, the influenza, and the Lord-knows what, all came to pay their respects to it. Just 'as fast as one plague of Egypt went, another came.

Well, if the nursery told 'em how foolish it was to hope, the world told 'em in rougher language the same thing at a time when the temper was too sour to bear it. The pretty boys, what are they? Pretty birds! Enough to break their parents' hearts, if they was as hard as flints. And their galls, their sweet galls, that had nursery-governesses, and fashionable boarden-schools, and music masters, and French masters, and *Eyetalian* masters, and German masters (for German is worth both French and *Eyetalian* put together; it will take you from Antwerp to Russia, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic) and every other master, and mistress, and professor, and lecturer worth havin'; and have been brought out into company according to rule—(I never liked that regular-built bringin' out of galls; its too business-like, too much like showin' a filly's paces at a fair, like hangin' a piece of goods out of the window—if you fancy the article, and will give the price, I guess it's likely we'l come to tarms, for she is on hand, and to be disposed of)—well, arter all this hope of dear Minna, and

Brenda, and Ulla, and Nina: what did hope do, the villain? Why he looked into the drawin'-room, where they were all ready to receive company, with mamma (that dear little mamma, that it seems as if she was only married the other day, so slight, so sweet, so fairy-like, and so handsome. I don't wonder "Hubby," as she called her husband, fell in love with her; but now a great, fat, coarse, blowsy, cross woman, that I wouldn't swear didn't paint, and, don't mention it—yes! drink her Cologne water too). Well, hope peeped in at the winder, and looked at those accomplished young ladies, with beautiful foreign and romantic names, and screamed like a loon at the sight of a gun. He vowed, they nearly scared him to death; for they were as ugly as old Satan's eldest daughter, her they call Deadly Nightshade.

Hope is a slippery gentleman, and has cheated more fools than ever love did, for many people pretend to love that don't. Many a feller, while he was a kissen of a gall, and had one arm round her waist, slipped the other into her pockets to feel what was there, and many a woman has inquired (no that aint fair, I swow, I won't say that, I ought to be

kicked if I did); but there is many a gall whose friends inquire, not into a man's character, but into his balance at his bankers, and if that aint good, into his family interest, for "friends are better than money," and fish that won't take a worm, will jump clean stark naked out of the water at red hackle.

But love is neither here nor there; the rael neat article, like rael best Varginy backey, is a scarce thing; it's either very coarse, or a counterfeit, something you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs, or something that is all varnish, venear, and glue. The moment it is heated it warps, and then falls to pieces. Love is a pickpocket—hope is a forger. Love robs a gall and desarts her, and the sooner she is rid of him the better, for she is young, and the world is left to her, at any rate. Hope coaxes her to hoard up for the future, and she listens to the villain, and places her happiness in years to come; and when that long future arrives (a pretty short story arter all, for it so soon comes), and she goes to draw on this accumulated fund, the devil a cent is there; hope has drawd it all out, and gone to California.

Love and hope are both rascals. I don't pity any folks that is cheated by hope, it sarves them

right, for all natur is agin hope. “ *Good and evil seldom come where they are expected.*” We hante no right to rely on anybody but on Providence and ourselves. Middle men, or agents in a general way, are evil spirits, but hope is the devil.

I do pity a feminine tho', that is cheated by love, for by listenin' to the insinivations of the accomplished rascal, she don't know that the voice of natur' is in his favour, tho' he does. But I don't pity a he crittur at all. His strength, vanity, and want of principle, will carry him through anythin'. *The spur won't hurt where the hide is thick.* I don't go agin love, it's only Cupid's love, boy love, calf love, and Cupid ought to be sarved like a calf. With us we veal a calf at four weeks, in England they keep him three months; but Cupid, like the calves, ought to have his throat cut at one age or the other.

Man's love and woman's love is a sensible thing, and a natural thing, and I approbate it, provided it is founded on—but I aint a goin' to preach. Day and night are given to work, to glorify, to jollify, and sleep. What right have we to take this day's happiness, bottle it up, and put it away for ten years, and say, “ We will then

have a splendoriferous spree, uncork it, and get riproarious with delight? Take your daily bread, and be thankful; but don't pray to the Lord to lay up for you the loaves for years to come to make you rich. *Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of his oven.*

Love, like the small-pox, comes in the nateral way, and you can't help it; but hope is different; all experience is agin it; and yet, like sin, every one indulges in it, privately or publicly. Look at that boy, now; he hopes I am goin' to make his father a squire or justice of the peace. I haven't the power, and don't know as I would if I could. But, tarnation! I never said I would. All I did say was, he ought to be. Well, so he ought, if he was worth a farthin'. On that little compliment he has framed, raised, boarded in and shingled up a considerable buildin' of hope. And don't everybody do the same? Why to be sure they do. "When my Uncle Sam dies," sais my nephew, Sam Munroe, "I shall get all his money."

He is quite sure of it; his hope is so strong, and so is his mother's and father's too. They all hope as hard as they can. Well, I intend to

marry soon, and I guess I don't hope, for I ain't such a fool; but I guess I may have a little Sam Slick of my own, and then where is all their hopes? Gone to the four winds and all their pints, includin' *Oilyander* the black cook's favourite one—west and by east, half south. Then new hopes spring up; Uncle Sam will get me a situation under government, for he knows everybody amost. And Uncle Sam guesses he may; but as it don't depend on him altogether, and it is as like as not he might fail, all he sais is he'll try; but in the meantime, don't depend on it; work as if you never thought of it. You can't live on hope, and hope deferred makes the heart sick.

Well, the critter don't look pleased at that answer—that sensible answer—that answer that is accordin' to the natur of things and the workings of Providence, and he is huffy, slams his hat on, sticks his lips out and bangs the door arter him as he struts off, and his father is sulky, and his mother looks down in the mouth. They hoped better things of Uncle Sam. He ain't got no nateral affection; he has travelled about the world so much, he don't care for no one now. Single men get selfish; but still they *hope*, because they

intend to teaze me into it. So they at it again. They *hope* to wheedle me too, if teazin' won't answer.

"Oh, Sam!" sais sister Sall, and raily there is no resistin' of her when she gets at you, she has such winnin' ways about her, and smiles so sweet, and looks to my mind handsomer than when she was a gall. Well, she watches her chance—for hope keeps her wide awake—and when she sees me dressed up for a party, in my best London and Paris dress, she takes hold of my whisker, and gives it a little better curl and set with her finger. "Sam," sais she, "how well you *do* look! I wouldn't go out to this party, only I feel so proud of *you*, and I *do* like to see folks look up to you so. Your last visit to Europe did a great deal for you; it improved you so much."

"Do you think so?" sais I.

"Think!" sais she, a tossin' up of her pretty little head, and a shakin' of her beautiful curls and ringlets, and a kissin' of me. "I don't think about it at all, I know it, and it's generally allowed to be so, it has made you quite a man of the world, it has rubbed off all rusticity, or what Cooper calls provincial look."

"Oh! ho!" sais I to myself, "I see how the cat jumps, there is a gold chain, or a bracelet, or a cameo, or somethin' or another wanted. Well I'll play her off a little while and she shall have it, the dear little critter, and welcome. Oh! Lord, a man of the world! Sally," sais I, "Sally," pretending to look all taken aback, "I'm sorry to hear that."

"Why dear?" sais she.

"Because, Sally, a man of the world has no heart, and I begin to think mine aint so big or so soft as it used to be."

"How can you say so, Sam?" sais she, and then comes another kiss.

"Better so, Sally dear," sais I. "If I was as soft as I onct was, when I was always in love with every gall I romped with, (and I never see one that I didn't make right after), perhaps I'd go strait off, marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Well, that word marry always sot her a swollerin' her breath, as folks do to keep down the hickups. Sally raily does love me, and no mistake; but somehow or somehow else, it strikes me it would takè her a good while to like my wife (though she will have to try some day), for that would knock her hopes all to squash.

“Marry!” sais she; “why I’m sure there aint anyone half good enough for you here, Sam, so you needn’t be afeard of fallin’ in love to-night; but I wasn’t thinkin’ of the galls,” said she, a-colourin’ up out of consciousness. “I was thinkin’ of the men.”

Some how or another, natur don’t seem to approbate anything that aint the clear grit. The moment a lady goes to conceal an artifice, if, instead of hiding it with her petticoats, she covers it with blushes, “Guilty!” sais you at once. “There is the marks of blood in your face.”

“So you warn’t thinkin’ of the galls, eh, Sally? How like a woman that was!”

“Sam,” sais she, a-colourin’ up again most beautiful, “do behave yourself. I thought you was improved, but now I don’t see you are a bit altered. But, as I was a sayin’, the men all look up so to you. They respect you so much, and are kind of proud of you—they’d do anything for you. Now, Amos Kendle is to be there to-night, one of the Secretaries of State. Couldn’t you speak to him about Sam? He’d provide for him in a minute. It’s amost a grand chance; a word from you would do the business at onct—he won’t refuse *you*.”

Well, it aint easy to say no to a woman, especially if that woman is a sister, and you love that sister as I do Sally. But sometimes they must listen to reason (though hope don't know such a tarm as that), and hear sense (though hope says that's heathen Greek) so, I have to let her down easy.

"Sally dear," sais I, a-takin' of her hand, "Amos is a democrat, and I am a Whig, and they mix about as easy as ile and water; and the democrats are at the top of the ladder now; and in this great nation each party takes all the patronage for its own side. It's a thing just onpossible, dear. Wait until the Whigs come in, and then I'll see what I can do. But, Sally, *I don't approbate offices for young men. Let them airn their own grub, and not eat the bread of the State. It aint half so sweet, nor half so much to be depended on.* Poor Sally!" thinks I, "hope will be the death of you yet," for she said, in a faint voice:

"Well, Sam, you know best. I trust all to you; my hope is in you," and she sot down, and looked awful pale, held a smellin'-bottle to her nose, and I thought she would have fainted.

Well, to make a long story short, one fine day

in flies Sally to my room, all life, animation and joy.

“ Oh ! Sam,” sais she, “ I have great news for you.”

“ Has the blood-mare got a colt ?” sais I.

“ Ho !” sais she ; “ how stupid you are !”

“ Has the Berkshire pig arrived from England ?”

I knew in course what was comin', but I just did it to tease her.

“ No, Sam,” said she, a-throwin' her arms round my neck, a-laughin', kissin', and cryin', half-distracted all at the same time, “ no, Sam, the Whigs have carried their man for President. Now's the time for Sam ! you'll get an office for him ; won't you, dear ?”

“ I'll try, dear. Pack up my things, and I'll start for Washington to-night ; but, Sally, dear, some how I don't think I can do much for Sam ; he aint known in politics, and its party men, active men, and influential men that gets places. I might obtain a foreign appointment for mysel, if I wanted it.”

“ Oh ! of course you could if you wanted it,” she replied, “ for you'd try then.”

There is no keepin' off a woman, if coaxin'

won't do ; they give you a sly touch on the raw ; but I takes that poke, and goes on.

“ Because they aint always confined to party ; but as for a boy like Sam, I don't know, but I'll try.”

Well, what, sais President, “ Collector of Customs at New Port, Rhode Island ? Why Mr. Slick, it's worth three thousand dollars a-year.”

“ Exactly ; that's the reason I asked for it.”

“ It's onpossible, Sir.”

“ Well, Cape Cod ? Let me see two thousand five hundred dollars.”

“ Too large, Sir, the party will never consent to it for an unknown boy ; and even you, Mr. Slick though one of us, don't mix in politics ; but stop, I'll see what I can do,” and he turns over a large book of places, names, and salaries ; at last he sais : “ Here's a vacancy that nobody has asked for. I'll make him United States' Consul for Turks Island, in the West Indies ; it's worth three thousand dollars a-year, if he don't object to the yaller-fever,” he said, laughin', “ the ophthalmia, the absence of whites, and the presence of too many blacks, and can do without fresh provisions ; it's a good office, for I defy him to spend his

income, and he may add to it by trade. I am sorry I have nothin' better to offer him; but if you, Mr. Slick, would like a diplomatic station, I shall be happy to nominate you to the Senate for other considerations weigh there as well as party. Washington Irving goes to Spain, which he has illustrated. You are favourably known as *attaché* to our embassy to St. James'; if you would like any part of the Mediterranean, or the north of Europe why—"

"Thank you, Sir," sais I, "I prefer private to public life, and will let you know the young gentleman's determination as soon as I return."

When I came home, Sally didn't cry: oh! of course not, women don't know how, when she saw all her hopes broken to pieces, like a flower-pot that falls off a stand, leaving nothing but dirt, broken crockery, and squashed roses on the carpet. And Sam didn't stalk about the room, and hold up his head straight like a crane that's half choked swallowin' a great bull frog, and talk nonsense, and threaten to kick the President if ever he caught him to Slickville. Oh no! boys never do that; and they didn't coax and persuade me to take a foreign mission, on purpose to have Sam

as *attaché*. Oh no! of course not; that would have looked selfish, and been askin' too much of Uncle. I wonder if there is such a thing as asking too much of an uncle. Thinks I, when the Lord don't send children, the devil sends nephews and nieces. Well, hope, like an alder-bush near a ditch in the dyke, as soon as it is cut down springs right up again, and puts forth five or six stems instead of one. There is a new hope for Sam, who raily is a handsome feller, and if he was a little taller would be most as handsome as his Uncle.

"Well, what is it, Sally?"

"Why, I think he will marry Miss Crowning-shield, the great heiress! Her father made a million of dollars in ile, and left it all to her. Oh! I hope to goodness he will take my advice. She is very fond of him, and meets him more than half way. Wouldn't that be grand, Sam?"

Well, I didnt say a word.

"Sam, why don't you speak? Why Sam, what ails you?"

"Sally dear," sais I, "take care. This fortin' commenced in ile, and will eend in blubber, as sure as the world, see if it don't."

Well, it did; either he didn't go the right way

to work, or she jilted him; but they didn't hitch horses together. Sall took to her bed, and nearly cried her eyes out, and Sam took to a likely young heifer, that had just money enough to pay their passage, and spliced and set off to California. He will do better now he is away from his mother, if he works like a nigger day and night, aint afraid of hot suns and cold rivers, has good luck in diggin', and don't get robbed, burnt out, or murdered.

Hope will be the death of poor Sally yet. She goes it as strong as ever now on Joshua Hopewell Munroe, the second boy; and if they would only let hopin' alone, I make no doubt but he'd do. "No, no!" as I said to my nephew, when he went to the Pacific, "hope ought to be struck out of the dictionary *Do your duty Sam, and trust to Providence; have no hope and no fear; regard the present and not the future, except that future beyond the grave, and for that the word is faith.*"

Squire, what effect do you think that had on him? and this I will say, though I say it that shouldn't say it, it's good advice. Why the hopeful youth just winked to his wife, as much as to say how wise he is, aint he?

“Exactly, uncle,” sais he, “we shall have as happy a life of it as the jolly old pair in the song had, who

“ ‘Nor hoped, nor feared, nor laughed, nor cried,
And so they lived, and so they died.’

Good bye, uncle;” and after they got out into the entry, I could hear them laugh like anything at it. Poor boy! he is the wrack of a house that hope built.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT HOPE.

WHILE the boy was goin' for Eldad Nickerson, I walked into the house of Mr. Peter Potter, the door of which stood invitinly or carelessly open, and went to the fire, where Peter sat smokin' a pipe. He was about as cross-grained, morose, ongainly, forbiddin' a lookin' man as ever I sot eyes on. He was tilted back on his chair, which he balanced with the toes of his boots. He wore his hat, to save the trouble of taking it on or off, and a month's beard, to save the trouble of shavin'. He neither got up, nor looked up, nor spoke, but seemed listening to a green stick of wood, that was what is called, singing or hissing, as the heat of the fire drove out the

sap. Poverty, despair, and dogged bad temper was stamped on his face in big print. I guess he had got out of bed the wrong way that mornin'.

Everything depends on how a man gets up. It's a great secret that. If it is done wrong leg foremost, or wrong eend fust, you are wrong all day, cross as old scratch; and the wisest thing is to give you a wide berth, lest you should fly off the handle. And if the right leg, or the right side, or right eend, as the case may be, comes up as it ought, why then you'll do pretty well that day, like oid Blowhard, if they don't rile you. But t'other way, is like the sun risin', and goin' into a cloud right off; it's a sure sign of a storm, or a juicy day.

Peter had got up wrong, or never turned in right, or didn't know the dodge of gettin' out of bed properly. The apartment in which he sat, was both a kitchen and common sitting-room. It was clean, but scantily and wretchedly furnished. Everythin' betokened great poverty. Much of the glass of the windows was broken, and its place supplied by shingles, and what was left was patched with the fragments of those that had been shattered. The dresser contained but few articles of crockery, and those of the

commonest kind, of different patterns, and of indispensable use. A common deal table, a bench, and three or four ricketty chairs, with two round pieces of birch, apparently sawed from a log of fire-wood, for seats, that stood on each side of the chimney, was all that the room contained.

Unlike other houses of the same kind, belongin' to people of his class, which are generally comfortable, and bear some marks of thrift and good cheer, this exhibited nothin' to feed or work upon. No hams hung temptin' from the rafters. No hanks of yarn kivered the walls, and no spinnin'-wheel showed a partnership with sheep. High up, within the large open fire-place, and on either side of the jams, were two hard-wood rods, that severally supported about a dozen gaspereaux, or alewives, that were undergoin' the process of smokin' ; while in one corner of the room stood a diminutive scoop net, by the aid of which, the eldest boy apparently had provided this scanty supply of food for the family. A heavy, old-fashioned musket was slung between the windows, and was probably the travellin' companion of its owner, for the special benefit of constables and wild-fowl, both of which are naturally shy, in a place so much frequented by sailors.

It was a scene not easily forgotten, especially in a country like Nova Scotia, where common industry supplies in abundance all the ordinary wants of a family. Proceedin' to the fire-place, I addressed the immoveable and silent owner.

"Mornin'," sais I, "friend. By your leave I'll light a cigar by your fire." And suitin' the action to the word, I took up a coal, blowed it, and lit one.

"That's right," said he, "help yourself fust, and then ask leave."

"Peter, aint you ashamed?" said his wife, who stood near the dresser, apparently desirous of escaping observation.

"No, I aint."

"Well then, you ought to be."

"Friend," sais I (for if I blow a coal, I never blow up contention), "friend," sais I, (and I took no notice of what he said, for I was detarmined to make him talk in spite of himself. I never see the man yet, where I had the chance, that I couldn't draw him out, as easy as nail-rod iron), "friend," sais I "will you try a cigar? it's a first chop article."

"No; I don't smoke them," he said; "I can't afford them."

"Well, here is a fig of best Varginny tobacky.

You don't often see the like in these diggins ; take that."

He held his hand out without speakin' a word, half-ashamed to refuse, and half-unwillin' to accept it, and I dropt it in.

"And now," sais I, "friend, I must be a movin'. Good-bye. I am obliged to you for the loan of that are coal, for I left my fire-works behind." And I turned and went to the door, to intercept the boy, so that he mightn't give my name; for I am well known on the Shelburne coast, having set up a clock in every house in the county almost. We met at the threshold.

"Mr. Nickerson," said he, "will be here torectly, Sir."

"All right, my lad. Now, here's the half-dollar you airned. You see how easy money is airned by them that's willin' to work. You're a smart lad, and would make a smart man, if you had a chance. Now, cross over that neck; under the bank is a boat. Tell them that's in it to hold on there for me; and do you wait till I come, and I will give you a quarter-dollar more."

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, all animation, and was going to start off again, when I said:

"And boy!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you know Jabe Lunn?"

"Yes, Sir; he lives close by."

"Well, he used to be the laziest rascal in all Shelburne county. If you will ax him to come and swing on the gate with me for half an hour, and suck sugar-barley, I will give you another quarter-dollar, for I hante got a soul to talk to, and my tongue is getting rusty on the hinge. Now off like a shot."

I followed him an instant with my eye, and then said, loud enough to myself to be heard inside: "A plaguy smart boy that—well-mannered, too—and the gracious knows where he got such nice manners from!" Then I took a step or two forward, and then suddenly returned, and looked in. "Good-bye, old man," sais I, a raisin' of my voice, "I see you are dumb; I hope you aint deaf;" and I sauntered towards the road, for I knew I should be called back. I had sowed the seeds of curiosity — perhaps jealousy — about Nickerson. High words succeeded my departure; and the wife soon followed me, and besought me to wait for Mr. Nickerson. She said her husband was subject to these gloomy fits, and this

one was passin' off. Poor thing! like all wives, she made every excuse but the right one, and that was that he was a nasty cross-grained critter, that wanted a good quiltin' to warm his blood—for warm blood makes a warm heart, that's a fact. Well, back I went. I gained my pint. I wanted to examine the critter, and probe the sore spots, and see what on airth ailed him.

"Come, Sir," sais she, "sit down please." And she took her apron, and wiped the dust off the chair—a common country practice—and took another herself.

"Come to preach, I suppose?" said old Peter, who had found his tongue at last.

"No, my friend, I am not ordained; and them that aint, have got somethin' to larn themselves."

"Come to lectur', perhaps?"

"No," sais I, "I have not come to lectur you."

"I don't mean that," he said, for curiosity, when once started, aint easy kept in; "I mean call a meetin', read a lectur', and pass round the hat."

"No," sais I, "I don't put my money in my hat, but in my pocket. Come here," sais I, "my

beautiful little curly-headed boy, and I'll show you the pocket is better than the hat;" and I took out a silver threepenny bit, and a large copper halfpenny.

"Go to the gentleman," said the mother.

"Now," said I, "which will you have?"

Well, child-like, he took the biggest.

"My friend," said I, "that big fellow promises the most, but can do the least. That small white chap is just worth three of him, tho' he don't look like it. Don't trust professions when you grow up."

"Oh! I see," said Peter, relapsin' into his sulkiness, "I see now, you are a canvasser?"

"No, I aint," said I. "I hate, and despise, and detest politicians of all sorts, sizes, shapes, and names."

"The devil you do!" said he. "So do I."

"Ah, ha!" said I, "that's one o' the places the shoe pinches."

"But maybe," and he still looked dissatisfied, "maybe you are a lawyer chap?"

"Maybe, I aint," said I; "for I don't calculate to live on the follies, the vices, the crimes, and misfortins of others, but to earn my bread like an honest man. Take care of that bit of silver, my

little boy," sais I. "Don't give it to a lawyer when you grow up."

"What mout your name be?" said Potter, turning half round, and takin' a look at me.

"Well," said I, "it mout be Mr. Samuel;" I thought I'd keep back Slick, for I knew he wouldn't talk if he discovered who I was.

"Samuel!" said he. "I knew a man oncet of that name. He was a Jew. He used to come from Meremachi, and traded here in jewel'ry."

"I've heard of him," said I; "Samuel the Jew. But don't you know that a man may have an everlastin' long beard like you, or be called Samuel like me, and yet neither of us be Jews. I never had but four jewels in my life, and them my father gave me. They have made my fortin."

"'Master Samuel,' said he (I came very near lettin' the cat out of the bag by sayin' Sam), 'I have four jewels for you.'

"Well, it made my eyes twinkle.

"'Now,' thinks I, 'won't I make the galls stare. What might they be like, Sir?' said I.

"'Why,' sais he, '*first*, rise early; *secondly*, work hard; *thirdly*, be frugal; *fourthly*, pay as you go.' Heavens and airth! how disappointed I was.

"Aint that a nice story, my little boy?" for he had got interested, and had come close to me.

"Yes, Sir, it is."

"Well, it is almost as pretty as you be. But never forget it, they will make you a man as they have me. 'Do you call them jewels, father?' said I.

"'Yes, I do,' said he; 'and worth more, too, than all the gewgaws of stones, glass beads called brilliants, and gold settin's and fixin's in the world.'

"No, I am no Jew."

"Well, arter all this palaver," said old Stick-in-the-mud, "what are you arter?"

"I am arter another coal of fire," said I, "to light a fresh cigar with. For goodness gracious sake, don't grudge me that. Give me a light; and if you don't, you may go to the devil, and I will go to Texas."

"Peter! Peter!" said his wife, risin' up, "are you a goin' for to drive the gentleman out of the house agin? Oh dear! oh dear! My goodness, it aint often we see the likes of him here, who merely asks to light his pipe, sits down and talks like one of us, and has no pride."

Oh ho ! sais I to myself, there is another place the shoe pinches. I'll find the sore spots by-and-bye.

"Hold your jaw," said he, "will you? You don't know what you are a talkin' about. Who the devil are you?" said old Peter, addressing me. "I don't know, and you don't seem willing to tell me; but I like your talk, and you are welcome to wait here for Eldad. You warn't born yesterday, I know."

"I guess not," said I; "I was born thirty-five years ago. Well," sais I, "there is another thing I want."

"I thought so," said he; "I knew you were arter somethin'. People don't force their talk or their company on others for nothin';" and he sot down and looked as ugly and as cross ever. "What is it you are arter?"

"Why," sais I, "you have given me a little fire, couldn't you give me a drop of water. The Shelburne water is the best in the world. I have got a little mite of brandy in this flask," taking it out of my pocket, "and I should like to take some with you before we part, unless you grudge the water as much as you did the fire; if you do, you may keep it to put it out afore you go to bed."

Come, old fellow," said I, tappin' him on the shoulder, "don't be grumpy, you will never see me agin arter to day; and if you haint no objection, give me the bucket, and I'll go and draw a little fresh water from the well, and we'll liquor."

"Draw water?" said he, risin' up slowly in astonishment. "How the plague do you know where the well is?"

"How the plague do I know that you owe Lock and Key of Ragged Island, and Snow of Shelburne? How do I know that Muir builds for Fairbanks and Allison? That you aint a squire, tho' you ought to be? That Jabe Lunn is lazy, and Eldad Nickerson is a good pilot? Come, give me the bucket, the well is under the willow-tree there to the right, near the road."

"Mother," said he, "did you ever hear the like of that?"

"Never," said she.

"Nor I either," said he; "but needs must when the devil drives, so here goes," and off he went for the water.

"Mister," said his wife, when he was gone, "I see you have been about here afore, and know who we are, tho' we don't know who you be."

"That's a fact," said I.

"My poor husband is dissatisfied and dis-

couraged, talk to him, do Sir, if you please, for you talk different from anybody else. I saw you was detarmined to make him speak to you, and nobody, I do believe, could have done it but yourself, because you don't want nothin' of him, and now he will tell you anythin' you like. Do encourage him if you can, pray do, Sir; he is down-hearted, and down in the world, he says he is past hope. It's dreadful to hear him talk that way!"

"Come, bear a hand," sais I, "my old boy, for I want a drop of somethin' to drink (not that I cared about it, but I guessed *he* did). Try that, it will warm the cockles of your heart, and then let us have a dish of chat, for my time is short, and I must be a movin' soon. How do you like that, eh? It aint bad, is it?"

"Well, it aint," said he, that's a fact.

"Now," sais I, "my friend sit down and talk. I have told you what I aint, now tell me what you aint."

"Well," sais he, "I aint a Papist, I can't abide them, with their masses, holy water, and confessions."

"They have as good a right to be Papists, as you have to be a Protestant," sais I; "and the world is wide and large enough for both of you. Let

them alone, and they will let you be, *if they can*. Perhaps you are a churchman?"

"No, I don't hold to them either, their ministers are too proud; they talk down to you like as if you only understood a little common English, but don't take you up to them, do you comprehend?"

"Exactly," said I, "I take; but help yourself to a little of that are old particular Cogniac, for talking is dry work. Exactly, but *you* don't comprehend. You couldn't understand plain English if you was to die for it. If you was to go to Yorkshire, or Somersetshire, or Cornwall, or any of them counties where plain English is spoken, you couldn't understand one word of it, any more nor if it was French. Plain English aint plain at all; it's like common sense, the most uncommon thing in the world. And if they was to take you up to them, it would be half Latin and Greek, and you couldn't comprehend that; and as for pride, aint there a little mite or morsel of that in your not acknowledgin' a superior?"

"That are a fact," said his wife, "I am a churchwoman myself; and I often tell him it aint the parson that's proud, but him."

"Mother," said he, "will you hold your tongue? because if you won't, you had better leave the

room. You don't know what you are a-talking about."

"Come," said I, "go on; for there is nothin' next to work, I love so much as talk. *By work you get money, by talk you get knowledge.*"

"Well, the methodist preachers are as proud as the church parsons, and better paid," said he.

"So much the better for you," said I, "for they want the less from you."

"Want, is it?" said he. "Why they all want something or another. There was a Latter-Day Saint came here last Sabbath month from the Cape to preach. They say he is a great wracker, helps the poor people's things ashore, and lets the owners swim for it. Well, his horse was as fat as a seal, and shined in the sun so as nearly to put your eyes out.

"'Friend Potter,' said he, 'they all call you friend when the hat is to go round, 'a marcifful man is marcifful to his beast.' Thinks I to myself I wonder if you are marcifful to your wife, for she is as thin as a crow, and if all your wracks are no better than her, the trade wouldn't be worth follerin'.

"Peter, Peter," said his wife, "how loosely you talk."

"I wish your tongue warn't so loose," said he,

what business is it of yours how I talk? 'Mr. Potter,' said the preacher, 'have you are a lock of hay to spare?'

"'No,' sais I, 'I haint. Hay is six pounds a ton here, and mine is fed out long ago. My cattle is most starved, and is now to the liftin'.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'have you are a dog-fish you don't want?'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'plenty. Some I try out for ile, and some I use for manure. What do you want of 'em?'

"'I'll tell,' said he. 'That are horse that is so fat and shiny has eat only a few hundredweight of hay since last fall; two dog-fish a day did all the rest of the feedin', and look at him, aint he a pictur'?'"

"Is that a fact, Mr. Potter," sais I?

"A nateral truth," said he.

"Well, my friend, that is the good of talk, as I told you, you larn something by it. I never heard that afore, and to poor fishermen it's worth more than all the boards of agriculture ever did for them. By-and-bye, I'll tell you somethin' you don't know, for *swapping facts is better than swapping horses any time.*"

"Yes," said Peter, looking wise, "I go to hear all religionists, but hitch on to none."

"*That's natural,*" sais I, "*for a man that knows less than any or more than all of them.* But I didn't mean to ax you what sect you belonged to. Like you, I don't belong to any sect; but like your wife, I belong to the Church; however, I never talk of these things. What I should like to know is—what you are?"

"Oh, now I understand you," said he; "oh! I am neither consarvative nor liberal. I have no hope in either of them. In fact I am desperate, and I have no hope. I don't put my hope in princes, for I never saw one; nor on any son of man, for all men are liars; nor any son of a gun of a governor, for though they don't lie, they don't speak the truth. All they say is I'll see, which means I'll see you out of the house, or I'll inquire, which means I'll inquire for an excuse. I hope I may be hanged—"

"Oh! Peter Potter, how you talk," interrupted his wife.

"Mother, will you hold your tongue now, I tell you;" said her spouse.

"Your wife is right," sais I, "don't hope to be hanged, or you will be disappointed, say wish."

"Well, call it what you like. May I be hanged if ever I hope again."

"Why what on airth's the matter?"

"Matter," said he, "everythin' is the matter. Things is so high you can't live here now."

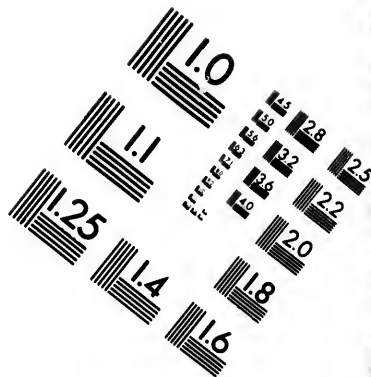
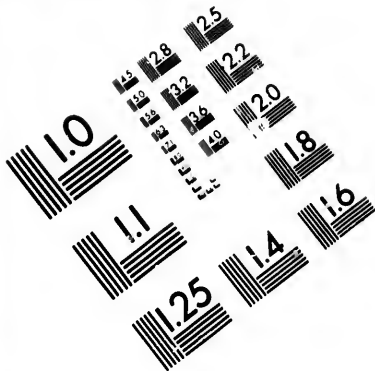
"So much the better for a poor man all over America," sais I, "for if you raise less, the price rises in proportion; all you've got to do is to work harder, and you'll grow rich."

"The fish," he continued, "aint so plenty as they used to be; the rot's in the potatoes; and the weavel in the wheat; and the devil in everythin'."

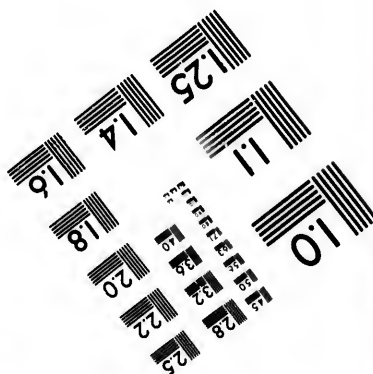
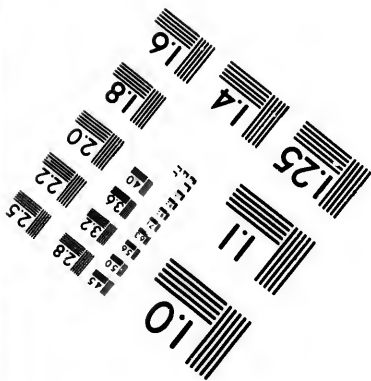
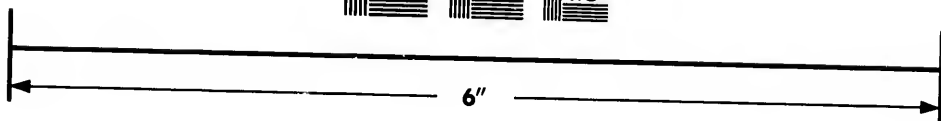
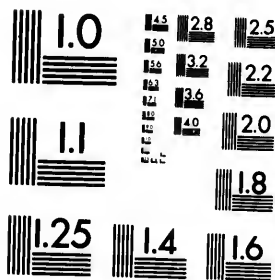
"Why man alive," sais I, "how easy it is to grumble, if it was only as hard as work, all the world would be well to do in a ginerall way I reckon. As for wheat, you never raised any, so you can't complain of the weavel, and as to potatoes, fifty bushels was about your biggest crop, for you like superfine Yankee flour better. And as to luck in the mackerel fishery, do you calculate to be so lucky as for them to come to you, or are you too lazy to go to them. There aint a single vessel gone from this coast yet, folks are so tarnel sleepy; and I saw with my own eyes thirty-six sail of Yankee fishermen, this blessed day, one half returnin' deep loaded, and the other goin' on the second trip. Some folks are too lazy to live."

"That are a nateral fact," said his wife again,





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who, after all, seemed determined to have her own way a little, as well as her husband.

"Woman," said he, imploringly, finding the current against him, "now do hold your tongue, will you?"

"No, I won't hold my tongue," she replied with spirit; "I have as good a right to talk as you have. Oh, wife! oh, husband!" said she, "the gentleman talks sense, and you know it."

To preserve the peace, I said, "I wonder what keeps Eldad Nickerson so long?" and then I took out my watch, and pretended to look puzzled. "If he don't come to me soon," said I, "I must go to him, that's a fact. But what on airth had either Consarvatives or Liberals to do with the weavel, the rot, or the run of fish?"

"Well, not exactly all mixed up that way," said he; "but added up, they are too much to stand. There is no hope for a poor man, but to lie down and die."

"It would be better for their widders," said I, "if one half of 'em did?"

"So say I," said his spouse, who seemed to think there might be some hope then.

"Well, but what have politicians done?"

"Done!" said he; "why, done nothin', or done things brown. Didn't the Consarvatives

appoint that consaited nincumpoop and jackass, Mr. Ryder Kitchum, to lay out the road-money right in front of my door, year after year? Warn't that enough to raise the dander of a Quaker? And then, arter I turned tail, and voted for the Radicals, and fit and got licked awful, they actilly wouldn't appoint me hog-reave."

"I shouldn't account that office no great honor," said I, "nor profit nother."

"Well," said he, with a sigh of regret at this review of the extent of his misery, "the honor, perhaps, was no great loss; but the profit was considerable. Most of the male folks here go a fishing: well, in course, while they are away in the fall, their pigs will get out into the highway; and then a man that does his duty, which I always strive my best to do, nabs them in a minute, advertises them for sale right off; and as there is no one to bid, buys them up for half nothin'. They actilly fed my family all winter."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Potter, "in all my born days! Why, Peter, you have told that fib so often, you actilly believe it now yourself."

"Well, well," sais I to myself, "this chap is a bit of a scounderal at bottom, after all; or else he is so ignorant, he don't know right from wrong. Mr. Potter," said I, "that may be accordin

to Province law, but, depend upon it, it's agin the moral law. I don't wonder them hogs was hard to disgest, and made you feel all the time as if you had nothin' to do, but lie down and sleep till you died. It was your pork, and not your care, that was too heavy. Come, cheer up, man."

After a pause, he said, "You have the eye of a lawyer, and the tongue of a minister; but, after all, what is the use of talking? I am in a regular tormented, etarnal frizzle of a fix. I am tied hand and foot, and I can't help myself nohow I can work it. But it's my own fault; I can't blame nobody but myself. What's done, is done; but sometimes, when I sit down and think over what is past, and what a fool I have been, I nearly go distracted;" and he struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and looked the very pictur of despair; and in the bitterness of his heart, said he wished he was dead. "You can't swim long agin the current, stranger," he continued, "without cuttin' your throat as a pig does; and if that don't happen, you soon get tired out, and the waters carry you down, and you are foundered for ever."

"Try an eddy," said I: "you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one of them; and then you would work up river as if it was

flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water, where you can rest for another struggle."

"Yes," said he, bitterly; "and at the end of life, there's the grave, where the struggle is over. It is too late now: I have no hope."

"Mr. Potter," said I, "poverty is full of privations, vexations, and mortifications, no doubt, and is hard to bear. The heart of man is naturally proud, and poverty humbles it to the dust; but poverty can be endured—honest poverty; and so can misfortin, provided memory don't charge it to our own folly, as it does in your case."

"Oh, Sir!" said he, "when I look back sometimes, I go well nigh mad."

"What has made you mad, ought to make you wise, my friend," I replied. "A good pilot has a good memory: he knows every current, sunk rock, shoal, breaker and sand bar; havin', as like as not, been in a scrape onct or twice on all of them. *Memory is nothin' but experience. The memory of the wrong way keeps us in the right one, and the memory of the right road reminds us of pleasant journeys. To mourn to-day over the wreck of yesterday only increases the loss, and diminishes the value of what little is left to us.* If you are in a fix, back-water, throw the

lead, look out for a channel, and pull into some cove or another."

"Nothin' but Providence can help me!" he said, shaking his head; "and I have no hope of that, for I don't deserve its interference."

"I guess not," said I, "for Providence requires three things of us afore it will help us—a stout heart, a strong arm, and a stiff upper lip. Can you fish?"

"I guess I can! I won't turn my back on no man in these parts, either for the mackerel or cod, the shore or deep sea-fishing."

"Why the plague don't you go to work, then, like a man?"

"Because I can't get the supplies. If I go to Birchtown, they grab all the catch for the outfit, and an old balance; and if I go to Shelburn I hante got no credit. It's no use talkin'. *When you are down, poverty, like snow-shoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising*: a man can't hope agin hope."

"Why not engage as a hand on board another man's craft, then?"

"What! go as a hand, when I have always gone as a skipper? No, no! stranger, that cat won't jump!"

"Lord John Russell has done it," said I, "and a bigger man than him afore his day, and that's John Adams. So my friend," said I, "let's drop the subject, for I don't like talkin' nonsense. It aint your misfortens, nor the memory of the past, nor your poverty, that ails you, but your tarnal pride. I don't pity you one bit; but I do your wife and children. Your panes of glass in your winders are all shingles, as the Patlanders say, and the room is so dark I can't hardly see Mrs. Potter; but your two boys I have seen, and smart little chaps they be too, it's a pity you should bring 'em up to be ashamed of their father. Be a man!—above all, be an honest man! for a poor man that won't work aint honest, that's a fact."

He covered his face with his hands at that poke: *if the hide is thick on the ribs, its thin on the flanks, and there is nothing like trying for tender spots.*

"*Work,*" said I, followin' up that jibe; "*airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work and see how cheerful you will be. Work and see how independent you will be. Work and see how happy your family will be. Work and see how religious you will be, for before you know where you are*

instead of repinin' at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy. Our vessel is just below, on a coastin' voyage down east. Come along with me, and you shall have five pounds cash a month, and be found. And when you return, put your pride in one pocket, and your wages in the other, and see which will weigh heaviest. Come, *hope for the best.*"

For a few minutes he remained silent, when he suddenly sprung up, seized my hand, and said :

"Done; it's a bargain."

"Thank God for that," said Mrs. Potter, and burst into tears.

"Now, Peter," sais I, "we sail to-night if the wind's fair, so look up your traps; but first of all shave, and make yourself look like a Christian. Come, stir your stumps, and *hope for the best.*"

"I do," said he; "it's the first glimpse of hope that has entered this house for many a long day. I'll be ready in no time."

Arter all, I had to use that word hope; and I believe it must actilly be kept a little longer in the dictionary, in spite of all prejudice for such poor devils as Peter Potter. *It is a dark room that has no ray of light in it.* Hope is a slender reed for a stout man to lean on, but it's strong enough,

I do suppose, for them that's infirm of mind and purpose. *The houses hope builds are castles in the air. The houses of the wretched, who are altogether without hope, are too dismal to live in.* A slight infusion of hope may be prescribed in bad cases; but strong doses weaken the mind, loosen the morals, and destroy the happiness of those who indulge in them. The true rule is, perhaps, not to let hope build a house for you, or to live with you in it; but he might come to visit you sometimes, to cheer you up a little, by talking pleasant, and getting you to look on the bright side of things, when you are in a solemncholy mood. *Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he is not the man for your banker.*

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

As Potter retired into one of the bed-rooms, for the purpose of carryin' his good resolutions into effect, I took my hat, and was about to proceed by the path to Mr. Nickerson's house, when Mrs. Potter, hastily puttin' on a bonnet, followed me out. The moment I saw her in the broad day-light, I recognised her as Patty Schneider, the belle of the coast, but now sadly changed by her many and sore trials, and retainin' but little that vouched for her former beauty and vivacity. *A good temper must be kept cool to retain its sweetness.* Even sugar, when fermented, makes vinegar, and sour draughts makes wry faces. Her cheerfulness was destroyed, and her husband's

temper made worse by the poverty into which they had fallen.

Folks talk of nations and colonies being capable of self-government. Shew me one man or woman in either that is able to govern themselves. Pride and consait ruin us all, and we know it, and yet we flatter the pride and consait of the public to rule them. Political self government means the blind leading the blind. A government is an asylum, in which imbeciles imagine themselves kings, queens, and statesmen, and are indulged in their delusions, to preserve the peace of the community.

I wish they would make a statesman of Peter Potter, for the sake of his wife. If he lived on the pork of others, so do Generals and Admirals, and so does the manufacturerers' patriot *on clear sheer*, with his subscription fortin. Confiscatin' his neighbour's pigs, is only an humble imitation of Louis Napoleon's seizure of the Orleans' estates. Peter has been enough at the helm to larn how to back and fill. What more does any Prime Minister know? But I must leave him to shave, and talk to his wife, Patty Schneider. Poor thing! she had known better times, for her father was the richest trader on the coast in his day. *Where*

all are poor, it don't take much to make a rich man.

"Oh, Mr. Samuel!" she said, "how happy you have made me to-day!"

"Happy!" sais I to myself, as I turned and looked at her pale, melancholy, holler, dragged-looking face, her old yaller smoky bonnet, her faded calico gown, lookin' still more so from its contrast with a clean white apron, which, woman-like, she had quietly slipped on while I was conversin' with her husband in the house. She had also thrown on a shawl, to cover the ravages of wear and tear on her dress, and as she spoke, hastily and almost stealthily, adjusted it in its place, and rapidly passin' her hand under her bonnet, confined her still luxuriant and beautiful hair within its narrow limits. Even in this hour of mingled trouble and of joy, the becomin's were not wholly forgotten. Woman is ever true to her nater; and what we are pleased to call vanity, and female folly, is the mere fulfilment of the law of her bein', without obeying which, she would soon cease to fill the station she deservedly enjoys in every civilized nation. "Happy!" sais I to myself. "Dear me! if so little can make you happy, what a brute beast your husband must be

to make you ever unhappy. Patty," said I, "you seem thankful for small favours."

"What?" said she. "What did you say? Did you call me Patty? How did you know my name?"

"Didn't Peter call you Patty?" said I.

"No, no," she said. "It is a name of love that, and I haven't heard it for a long time," and she burst into tears.

"Why, Mrs. Potter," said I, "for I won't call you Patty no more, first because it sets you a-cryin'; and secondly, because, as you say, it is a word of love, Peter may not like it. Why, Mrs. Potter, just now you told me I had made you happy, and here you are a-cryin' away like an April shower, jist to prove it."

"Oh, Sir! that word Patty called up times that's gone so sudden, that it quite upset me."

"I came to thank you with all my heart," she said. "Your kindness—"

"Do tell!" said I. "Now don't talk that way," (for there's nothin' I hate so much as thanks, especially from a woman; it makes a feller feel foolish, and you don't know exactly what to say). So, said I, "don't talk that way; I've done no kindness. We have made a fair trade. I've got a good hand, and your husband has got good

wages. There ain't no obligation in it ary way, so say no more about it."

"Oh, that's not it!" she said; "you didn't want him at all, and you know it. He could have got wages always, but he wouldn't work; he said it was useless. You have made him feel his duty, opened new hopes and new prospects to us all, and made us quite happy. I shall never forget—"

"Yes you will, Pat—Mrs. Potter," sais I.

"Call me Patty," said she; "only friends do that, and you have been the best friend I ever had. But that word beats me; how did you know it?"

"Didn't you hear him say, 'Don't cry, Patty,'" sais I, "when you cried for pleasure seein' him consent to go to work?"

"No," sais she, doubtfully; "I don't recollect," and she looked at me scrutinizin'ly, as if I was tryin' to conceal somethin' from her. Said she "I shall never forget."

"Yes you will, Patty. Sit down here on this windfall of a tree, and I'll tell you what we have both forgot. How are you agoin' to get on without him?" Poor thing! her eyes filled with tears. I know'd what she was thinkin' of; times gone by, when she couldn't have borne the partin';

but she didn't say a word for a space. Sais I, "it's usual to advance some of the wages when men ship that way," and I took out my pocket-book, and opened it, and began to look for province bills. "How much would you like?" sais I.

"I won't take any money, Sir," she said. "Settle that with him, and he will do what's right. He makes himself out worse than he is, and as he is detarmined to throw the blame on the shoulders of others; he paints everything as black as possible. That story of his neighbours' pigs is an embellishment of his own imagination. I would have died before I would have tasted provision so unjustly gotten."

Thinking she might be left to starve in his absence, and that her refusal arose from diffidence, I repeated the offer, and advised her to take it; but she promptly but civilly refused. As I was returnin' the notes to the pocket of the book, she put out her hand, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Samuel! what a beautiful ring that is!" and she bent over it to look at it. It was paste for common use, but a capital imitation, and no great value nother.

"Do you like it?" sais I.

"It's the handsomest one I ever saw," she said.

When I went to take it off, I found she had a portion of my hand in hers, and was not a little surprised to feel her rapidly passing her forefinger lengthways and across the palm; but I thought it was accidental, and talked on. "Look at the workmanship," sais I, handin' it to her. "Oh, woman, women!" sais I to myself, "ain't you a puzzle, that's all! In the midst of hunger and tears, and almost rags, a diamond ring has charms in your eyes." It lowered her in my estimation, that's a fact, more nor her refusal of her husband's wages had raised her. "Will you do me the favour to accept it?" sais I. "I have another, and I guess I have no use for this."

"Nor I nuther, Sir," said she. "That ring would ill become one that wants the common necessaries of life. It would hardly match this gown, would it?" holdin' up a small piece of her faded calico. "No, Sir, thank you, I can't take it; but let me put it on you, please. How soft and white your hand is," she remarked, "in comparison with mine," holdin' the two together side by side, and I felt the same light pressure of her forefinger across the palm of my hand as before.

"Poor thing!" sais I to myself, "I have wronged you both times; I did think you would

have had the precaution to put the advance to your husband, where it ought to go—into your pocket. But your sense of honour was stronger than your sense of hunger or expediency ; and I did think you longed for the ring, and that your vanity was stronger than your judgment. Man like, I have wronged you, and I believe in my soul, it ain't the first time by a long chalk, that I have put a wrong construction on a woman. Poor critter! the higher I thought of her, the more I pitied her. But while I was a tryin' to find out her character, she was busy a tryin' to find out mine. That word "Patty" had created doubts ; takin' the trouble to preach to "stick-in-the-mud" her husband, and to hire him when she thought I didn't want him, offerin' her money, and then a handsome gold ring, all put together, made a considerable case of suspicion agin me. I began to sink in value accordin' to her appraisalment of me. When she put the ring on my finger, she contrived to sit down agin on a stump just opposite to me, and not on the trunk of the same tree.

"Mr. Samuel," said she, "who in the world are you? Is this what they call mesmerism, or what is it? You have bewitched my boys, you

have altered Potter into a new man, and you have made me so happy. I only want to know one thing to make it perfect, and that is, is it all real? I feel scared. You are not what you seem to be."

"What makes you think so, Patty?"

"Oh, there it is agin!—Patty! Oh, that's reading backwards—that's mesmerism. I have seen you when I was a child," she said; "I saw you to Boston, to school there. I know your voice; I played with you in the churchyard. When you first spoke, you startled me; it was like a far-off sound on the ear!"

She was excited; her eyes lighted up brilliant, and she raily did look beautiful. "Don't deceive yourself," I said; "I never was at school at Boston in my life, and our childhood days were spent far apart, as our after days will be."

"Still you are not what you seem to be," she said. "While you thought my aching eyes, that were filled with tears, were admirin' your ring, I was examinin' your hand. Look here, Sir," and she rose, and taking it in hers, turned up the palm.

"You are no sea captin, Sir. Those fingers never handled ropes. There is no tar there, and

hard callous skin—it's softer than a woman's. What does the like of you want of a seaman?"

"Well, I am not a skipper," sais I, "that's a fact."

"In the name of goodness, then," she said, "who and what are you? Did you ever hear of a man having control of a vessel, captin, crew and all; or half a dozen vessels fitted and manned? Is that an oncommon thing?"

"I think, Mrs. Potter, you are gettin' on too fast when you are frightened because a man's hand is not hard that don't work with it; that wears a ring because he can afford it; and hire's a man, either because he wants him, or because he pleases, and then stand off as high cock-spotty as a partridge, and sing out mesmerism. You are welcome to your thoughts," sais I. "I can't stand lower in your estimation than I do in my own. I never pretended to be a great man, or great shakes of any kind. No woman ever took me for either. If she had, she'd a snapped me up long ago as quick as a duck does a June bug. If it pleases you to make fun of me, you'd better be quick then, or Eldad will be here, and that's the last you will ever see of me."

"Oh! I am foolish or light-headed!" she said.

"This unexpected turn of happiness seemed incredible—impossible! I couldn't realise it all at once! I thought I had know'd you in childhood. I see how it is now. I have seen you in a dream—a long-forgotten dream—and now you are fulfillin' it! Yes, that's it. I see it now—it's the hand of Providence! I'll never forget you, my kind, good friend, as long as I live;" and she shook me cordially by the hand.

"Yes you will, Patty; you won't as much as remember my name soon, let alone my face. A word of advice is a small matter, and not worth rememberin', but to foller. As to memory, you don't know, as well as I do. A dear old friend of mine used to say: '*The memory of past favours is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful; but it soon fades away. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains for ever.*'"

"It may be so with men, Sir," she said, "and I believe it is; but it aint so with women. Men are selfish, and take everything as their due; and if their memory is bad, it is because they are too consaited to charge it. But women—have you a woman? If I may be so bold, are you married?"

"No," I replied, "I have no wife, and never

had. I am a bird of passage—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and haven't had leisure to think of marriage."

"Well, it's time you did," she said. "You deserve a good wife, and I hope you will get one. I am sure you would be kind to her."

"The time is past now," said I, mock modestly. "I am too old; and, as an old aunt of mine once said: 'them that I'd have, wouldn't have me, and them that would have me, the devil wouldn't have.' Patty," said I, "the fox that had his tail cut off, wanted to persuade every other fox to try the short dock, too."

As I said that, I saw she took it wrong, for her eyes filled with tears. She thought I meant more than I said. It is strange, but true notwithstanding: the faith and the courage of women is indomitable. A gall makes shipwreck of everything by gettin' married in haste, and repentin' a leisure. No sooner is she a widder, than she ventures to sea again, risks her all in another voyage as full of confidence as ever; and when the storms come, and the ship is dismasted, and she is picked up in the life-boat half-drowned, half-starved, half-naked, and alone in the waste of

waters ; no sooner does she reach land and mix in the gay world agin, before the idea crosses her mind that better luck is still in store for her.

The storms are over—storms don't rage for ever—the sky looks serene, and not a ripple is seen on the ocean. Fair weather sailin' is a pleasant thing, the temptation is too strong, and she is ready to embark again. Why not? Does it follow, because the leeward is all black, wild, and dreary, that the sweet windward sky shall ever again be overcast by the tempest and the thunder-clouds? Not a bit of it. Go it, my little widder, while you are young. The game of life is not played out it one or two hands. Who knows what are on the cards; and diamonds is trumps now if *hearts* aint. I was sorry I alluded to the fox's tail. She thought it was a jibe. *Wounded pride should be touched lightly. The skin is thin and plagy sensative.*

“Patty,” sais I, “you are generous to say you won't forget me, but you feel more grateful on account of your pretty boys than yourself. You see light breakin' ahead already for them—don't be offended. I know you will forget both me and my name too.”

“Never, never,” said she, with great emphasis ;

"never as long as I live. What makes you think so meanly of me? I think you have been a guardian angel sent by Providence."

Well, I repeated them words, "guardian angel," slow.

"The very same," said I. "How strange! were you Patty Schneider?"

"Yes, Sir," she said.

"A guardian angel, sent by Providence," said I. "Exactly! that's the very words he said you used. It's a favourite word of yours; and yet you forgot him."

"Forgot who, Sir? It's a false accusation! Forgot who, Sir? Pray do tell me?"

"Well," said I, "I was in England last year, and there I met a man who told me a capital story about you. He larfed ready to kill himself."

"I am much obleeged to him, I am sure," she said, with a toss of her head; "he is welcome to his good story. Who was he, the impident fellow?"

"He said he was travelling once on the Barington road, the matter of some years ago now, in his waggon, with a fast-trotting horse he had. It was a lonely part of the road, and a woman

mistook him for a doctor, and called to him to stop and advise . . . about her children; one had just died of scarlet-fever, and two others were dangerously ill. Well, while he was talking to the poor woman, one of the most beautiful girls he ever laid eyes on, passed by on foot. A rael clipper—tall, straight, well-built, perhaps overly tall, plump as a partridge, eyes like a snappin' turtle, teeth like ivory, lips like—"

"Well, never mind her lips. Who was she, tell me quick?"

"Stop," sais I, "till I get this plaguey knife open, I can't talk unless I whittle. Her lips were so—"

"Never mind her lips."

"Well, her neck and bust—"

"Well, never mind them; who was that gall? Who did he say? I think I know what he is at now."

"Who is that splendiferous gall?" said he.

"He didn't say no such thing," she replied; "them is embellishments of your own."

"That," sais she, 'is Patty Schneider, the darter of old Capting Schneider, of Roseway, the most sponsible man in these parts.'

"Well, arter he had instructed the poor critter,

the best way he could, what to do about her children—for he was a man that by travelling about everywhere, had picked up a little of everything amost—and encouraged her the best way he could, he proceeded on his journey; and as he was joggin' on, he thought to himself, how in the world did that beautiful young lady get across them places in the swamp, where the water covers the road, without wettin' her shoes and stockings? She must have taken them off, and waded as the snipes do."

"I didn't do no such a thing," she said. "Oh dear! oh dear! To think I should have been talked of in that way by that feller. It's too bad, I declare," and she rested her elbows on her knees, and put her hands to her face. "Go on," she said, "what else did he say?"

"Well," he said, "arter a while he heard the screams of a woman in distress, and he pushed on, and he saw a head and bonnet stickin' out of the bog. And when he came up, the water was across the road; and it appeared the young woman that had passed him some time afore, in tryin' to cross over on a fallen tree that lay there, had slipped off, and was up to her neck in the quag, and would have sunk over

her head, if she hadn't caught hold of the log with both hands, and was screamin' and screechin' for dear life."

"Well, that part is true," she said.

"Well, he said he was puzzled to know what to do next, or how in the world to get her out, for fear her weight would pull him in head first, the ground was so slippery. But bracin' one foot agin the log, and the other agin the road, he stooped his head close down to her. 'Now,' sais he, 'put your arms round my neck, and I will lift you up.'

"'I can't,' said she. 'If I let go my hold, I shall sink out of sight, for I can't touch bottem here, and my strength is een a'most gone.'

"'Try,' said he; 'put one arm round first, and I will hold on to it, and then try the other, and if you can hook on that way, I think I can haul you out.'

"Well, arter a while, she was a huggin' of his neck instead of the log, and he streighted himself up, and after a most desperate pull, fetched up the upper part of her; and a most powerful pull it was too, the bog sucked so hard. But what to do then, he didn't know,

for it was necessary for him to take a fresh hold of her, and there was no restin'-place for her feet to help him.

“‘How much more of you is there left?’ sais he; and he couldn’t help larfin’, now that the worst was over. ‘Take a higher hold of me, and I will take a lower grip of you, and give you another bouss up.’

“Oh dear!” said Mrs. Potter with a groan, “that I should ever hear of this again. It warnt the part of a man to go and tell of such an accident.”

“Well, he gave her another start, and out she came, all covered over with black slime, and without her shoes, for the suction was so great, it was a wonder it hadn’t drawn her feet off too. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘the young lady thanked him kindly, said she never would forget him the longest day she ever lived, he had been sent by Providence as a ‘guardian-angel’ for her (the very words you used to-day to me), and that he replied you was the angel, and not him; and that these two angels stood in the road there for a few seconds all covered with black mud, dirty sluime, and green water, exchangin’ a few kisses of gratitude, and that he never could think of it arterwards without larfin, it was so droll a scene.’”

“ Did he now actilly say all that, or are you making of it ?”

“ Why you know whether it is true, or not ; is that correct ?”

“ Well, it’s none of your affair, whether it is or not. A body at such a time could hardly say what they did.”

“ Well,” said I, “ he wouldn’t be much of a man, with a handsome woman in his arms, and her face rubbin’ agin hisin for so long a time, if he he didn’t manage to let the lips meet ; and I don’t think the young lady would have acted naterally to be angry—at least, that’s my opinion. But the worst is to be told yet. He sais it’s a pity they ever met again.”

“ They never did meet again,” she replied ; “ I never sot eyes, on him from that day to this.”

“ Are you sure ?”

“ As true, Sir, as I am talking to you, I never saw him, and never heard of him since ; and what’s more, never found out his name.”

“ He went to your house some years arterwards. he said, but you didn’t or wouldn’t know him. Whether you was afraid of Mr. Potter hearin’ it, or didn’t wish to recal the obligation to mind, he didn’t know, but you took no more notice of him

than any other stranger. He felt hurt, I assure you. He said he didn't blame you; you might have had your reasons, but he must have been greatly altered, if you had really forgot him that way."

"I tell you, Sir, honestly and fairly, there aint a word of truth in saying, I didn't know him again; for I tell you I never saw him afterwards."

"Oh! yes," said I; "I can tell you time and place; I can bring it to your mind exactly."

"When and where then?" said she.

"This very day," said I, "in your own house, and now here. I am the man; and my name is Sam Slick, the Clockmaker."

CHAPTER XV.

CHAT IN A CALM.

HAVING shipped Mr. Eldad Nickerson as a pilot, and Mr. Peter Potter as a "hand," we set sail for the settlement at Jordan. We were becalmed off the entrance of the river ; and as we lay motionless on the glassy surface of the sea, we found ourselves at no great distance from an Indian encampment on the extreme point of the beach, from which several canoes issued in pursuit of the porposes, which were revelling in a shoal of herring. As these sleek, aldermen-lookin' fellows rose to the surface in their roly-poly sort of way, or leapt from the water to show their pretty figures, (for even fish pride themselves on what

they haint got), they were shot at by the man in the bow of the canoe, and the two in the stern paddled with all their might in chase, while the former exchanged his gun for a spear, and stood ready to strike the crittur, and draw him in over the bows, a slight of hand that nobody but an Indian could perform in so totlish and dangerous a craft as a bark-canoe. The first fish that was pursued, tho' hit by the ball, escaped the spear, dived, and disappeared from view.

"Well done, feminine gender," said Eldad, addressin' himself to the cabin party on the after part of the deck, "well done, feminine gender," alludin' to the porpose; "you gave Tony Cope, the Indjin, the dodge that time any how. You must put on more steam, Tony, if you want to catch them ere sea-going craft; they have high-pressure engines them navvies, and never bust their boilers neither. He had better a gi'en in tho' to you than run thro' the fleet, as she will have to do now. You aint half such a savage, Tony, as her own seed breed and generation is—that's my logic at any rate."

"How can you tell it's a female porpoise?" said the captain.

"Ay," said I, "how can you say so at this distance?"

“What will you bet?” said the mate, “it’s a she porpoise?”

“Five dollars,” said the pilot. “Cover them,” holding out the silver coins in his hand; “cover them,” which was no sooner done than he quietly put them into his pocket.

“Who shall decide,” said the mate.

“I’ll leave it to yourself,” said Eldad, coolly. “I’ll take your own word for it, that’s fair, aint it?”

“Well it is so, that’s a fact.”

“Jump overboard then, and swim off and see if I aint right.” The loud laugh of the men who heard the catch, rewarded the joke. “But here is your money,” he said; “I know it to be fact, and a bet is only fair when there is a chance of losin’ that’s my logic, at any rate.”

“How do you know it then?” said the skipper.

“Because it stands to reason, to natur’ and to logic.”

“Well, come,” said the captain, “let us sit down here and see how you prove the gender of the fish by reason, natur and logic?”

“Well,” said Eldad, “there is natur’ in all things. Among humans there is three kinds, white natur’, nigger natur’, and Indjin natur’;

then there is fish natur', and horse natur', mus-
quito natur', and snakes natur', and he natur', and
she natur', at least that's my logic. Well, it's the
natur' of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded,
that all the other porpoises race right arter her,
and chase her to death. They show her no
marcy. Human natur' is the same as fish natur'
in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman
gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal,
or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keeping
her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course
as she ought to, men, women, and boys, parsons,
and their tea-goin' gossipin' wives, pious galls and
prim old maids, all start off in full cry like a pack
of bloodhounds arter her, and tear her to pieces ;
and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into
a hole fust, they howl and yell round it every
time she shows her nose, like so many imps of
darkness. It's the race of charity, to see which
long-legged, cantin', bilious-lookin' crittur can be
in first at the death. They turn up the whites of
their eyes like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt, it's
so wicked ; but a gall-hunt they love dearly, it's
'servin' the Lord.' "

"But that still don't prove it's a female por-
poise," said Cutler.

"Yes it does," replied Eldad ; "they darn't

serve a man that way ; if they get up a hunt on him ; he don't run, he shows fight ; he turns round and says, ' Come on one at a time, and I'll handle you, or two together, if you like, you cowards, or all in a heap, and I'll fight till I die, but I won't run ;' that's he-natur, you see. Now if the wounded porpoise was a male, wouldn't he turn also, butt with his head and thrash with his tail like a brave fellow ; he'd a seen 'em all shot and speared first afore he'd run. No, the natur' of a wounded gall and a wounded she-porperse is to run for it ; so that fish is feminine-gender, according to my logic. And now, captin," he continued, " I reckon it would be as well to order the boat out, and we will give the ' Black Hawk' a pull a few hundred yards further out. She is driftin' too near that point, and the water shoals rapidly there ; an ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure, at least, that's my logic."

" All right," said Cutler. " Mate, attend to the orders of the pilot."

While this little operation was being performed, the skipper and I paced the deck, and discoursed on the subject of the pilot's analogy between female porpoises and women.

" Is it true, Mr. Slick," said he, " that mankiud show so little charity to a woman, who is so un-

fortunate as to attract observation? I have moved so little in the world, I was not aware of it, altho' I know Scott says :

“‘ And ev'ry fault a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.’ ”

“It is a melancholy truth,” said I; “*it is cowardice in man, and cruelty in woman.* It is the worst trait in human natur', and the most remarkable fact is that women, whose conduct is not altogether free from blame, are the loudest in their outcry. They yelp shriller than if they was hit themselves. It is a bad sign. *A woman who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings; and if she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate.* Her experience is her own, and if that is adverse, it ought at least to impose silence. *Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.* But here is the pilot; he is an odd chap, aint he? and a bit of a humourist, too. That fellow will amuse us when we have nothin' to do.”

When Eldad resumed his place, I took up the conversation where he had left it.

“If the female creation,” said I, “Mr. Nickerson, suffer parsecution sometimes, particularly

women, perhaps it's as like as not they haint been prudent; but sometimes they give it to the males properly, you may depend; and they aint without defence neither. If a woman aint able for a stand-up fight, and her little hand aint no good to box, her tiny fingers can clapper, law, and scratch, like thorns flay a man alive a'most."

"Exactly," said Eldad; "they attend meetin' oftner nor men, and have the ten commandments *at their fingers ends.*"

"Oh! Mr. Nickerson," said Mr. Cutler, "that's very irreverent."

"And then natur' has given her a tongue," sais I, "so loose and iley on its hinge, it's the nearest thing in creation to perpetual motion. Oh! if ever you was in a fish-market to London, you'd hear 'em use it in perfection! Don't the words come easy, and such words too, no livin' soul ever heerd afore, not jaw-breakin' words, such as black gentlemen use to show their knowledge of dictionary, but heart-breakin' words, not heavy, thick, and stinging. Why they call a feller more names in a minit than would sarve half the Spanish grandees, and one of them chap's names cover the whole outside of a letter, and hardly leave room for the place of direction at the eend of it. Pretty names they use too do those fish-

women, only they have a leetle—just a leetle—taint about 'em, and aint quite as sweet as stale fish. There never was a man yet could stand them. Well, if they can't fight, and are above slang, and scorn scoldin', they can tease beautiful, drive a man ravin' distracted mad.

"Did you ever see a horse race and chase? tear and bang, jump and kick, moan and groan, round and round, over and over a paster' with his mouth open, his nostrils spread wide, his eyes starin' his tail up, his body all covered with foam, and he ready to drop down dead? Well, that great big critter aint hurt, he is only teased, touched on the flank, and then in the ear, tickled where the skin is thin, and stung where it is off. Why its nothin' after all that does that but a teasin', tormentin' hornet; you couldn't do it yourself with a whip, if you was to die for it. Well, a woman can sarve a man the same way; a sly little jibe here, another touch there, now on his pride, then on his faults, here on his family, there on his friends, and then a little accidental slip o' the tongue, done on purpose, that reaches the jealous spot; away the poor critter goes at that last sting, he can't stand it no more, he is furious, and throws down his hat and kicks it (he can't kick her, that aint manly), and roars and

bellows like a bull, till he can't utter no more words, and then off he goes to cool his head by drivin' himself into a fever.

"Oh! it's beautiful play that; you may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hooked, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a-racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash, he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and out runs the line, whirr-rr! and then another hour's play afore he gives in.

"Well, it's grand, there's no doubt. It's very excitin'; but what is that sport to seein' a woman play her husband. The wife too is just such another little gaudy-lookin' fly as that which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked with, and got up just as nateral. Oh! how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game. Don't she enjoy it, the little dear, smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright, little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom, or swell her aller-baster neck, but as quiet and as gentle throughout as one of the graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names too, you'd

think she was courtin' amost. But the honey makes the words stick, and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meaning that makes poor hubby jump right on cend, and when he roars with pain and rage, she lays down her pencil or her embroidery, and looks up in surprise, for she was occupied before, and didn't notice nothin'. Oh! what a look of astonishment she puts on.

" 'Why my dearest love,' sais she, 'what is the matter with you, aint you well? How wild you look! Has anything excited you? Is there anything in the world I can do for you?'

" He can't stand it no longer, so he bolts. As soon as he is gone, the little cherub wife lays back her head and smiles.

" 'Succumb is a charming man, Mr. Slick, and one of the kindest and best husbands in the world, only he is a little touchy and hasty-tempered sometimes, don't you think so?'

" And then she goes on as cool as if nothin' had happened, but casts round for a chance to let go and laugh out. So she says—

" 'Pray, Mr. Slick, do tell me what sort of folks the Bluenoses are. Is it true the weather is so cold there, that their noses are blue all winter? Bluenoses! what a funny name!'

“That’s the chance she was looking for, and then she indulges in a laugh so hearty, so clear, so loud and so merry, you’d think her heart was so full of joy, it required that safety-valve to keep it from bustin’.

“Oh! I’d rather see a man played than a salmon anytime, and if women are bad-used sometimes, and can’t help themselves in a general way, I guess they are more than a match for the men in the long run. But I was going to tell you about the seals down Sable Island. They come ashore there every now and agin to dry their jackets, blow off steam, and have a game of romps; and what do you think them roguish, coquettish, tormentin’ imps of she ones do? Why, they just turn to and drive all the old buffers, fathers, husbands, wrinkled bachelors, and guardian uncles, further inland, and there they make them stay by themselves, while they and the young gentlemen, beaux seals ogle, and flirt, and romp about like anything close to the water, where they can give them the dodge if they get obstroperous. It would make you die a larfin, if you was to see how sulky the old fellers look, a-wipin’ their ugly mugs with their paws, shewing their teeth, at least what is left of them, and gruntin’ and growlin’ like politicians kicked out of office. I believe, in

my soul, they put them there a-purpose to get rid of them altogether; for when the hunters come, they rush right in between them young assemblymen and them old senators, and attack the big boys with great heavy-loaded sticks, and tumble them over quick stick, and then the young ones just take a dive for it, and enjoy the joke in safety.

“Perhaps all natur can’t show such a soft, lovely, liquid eye as a young lady seal. It seems as if flirtin’, coquettin’, ogiini’, rompin’, and larkin’, was just what this was made for. Yes, yes, natur balances all things admirably, and has put the sexes and every individual of each on a par. *Them that have more than their share of one thing, commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength, there aint apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a gineral way aint much of a man.* A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows*

* That a pretty man has seldom much to recommend him beyond his good looks, was a favourite maxim of Martial. On one occasion he calls him a stony affair—“*Res petricosa est bellus bellus homo;*” and on another, a weak man—“*Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.*”

rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked-meat pie: the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone. The middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole."

"Well, that are a fact," said the Pilot; "at least, that's my logic."

"Now, Squire, I am going to give you my ideas of the feminine gender in general. I flatter myself I know somethin' about them. As usual, I suppose you will say 'You *do* flatter yourself; it's a bit of your Yankee brag.' Well, I am a modest man, as I always say, when I know what I am a-talkin' about; and if I am wrong, perhaps you will set me right. Now, I *do* say, I know somethin' of women. I aint a scientific man. I warn't brought up to it; and you never heard me talk professor-like; but I have studied the great book of human natur, and have got it at my fingers' ends, as dear old minister had his bible. I can quote chapter and varse for all I say. I read this book continually; it's my delight: and I won't turn my back on any one, when he talks of that. I haint travelled for nothin', I haint listened for nothin', I haint used a magnifyin' glass for nothin', and I haint meditated for nothin'. Now,

females I divide into three classes: first, petticoat angels; second, women; and third, devils. Petticoat angels there are, beyond all doubt, the most exalted, the most pure, the most pious, the most lovin', the most devoted; and these angels are in low degree as well as high; they aint confined to no station—prizes that clockmakers as well as princes may draw. Is that Yankee brag? Well, then, there is women. Well, women commonly are critters of a mixed character, in ginerall more good than bad about 'em, by a long chalk (for men don't do 'em justice in talkin' of 'em), but spoiled like filleys in trainin'. The mouth is hard from being broke with too small a bit, or their temper ruined by being punished when they don't deserve it, or ontrue by being put to work they can't stand, or aint fitted by natur for. *There never was a good husband that warn't a good horseman*, for the natur of the critters is just alike. You must be gentle, kind, and patient, but you must be firm, and when there is a fight for mastery, just shew 'em its better **not** to act foolish. Unless a critter is too old, and too headstrong, it's a man's own fault if he can't manage to make 'em travel the road pleasantly. Is there any Yankee brag in that?

Well, then, there are the devils. Well, some

kick; don't put 'em in harness agin, that's all; they are apt to cut their little pasterns, and hurt your little gig. Some stop, and won't go. Treat 'em as I did a hoss once who wouldn't draw up hill. I set off from Slickville once with a regular devil to put her through her facin's, at three o'clock in the mornin', and took books, and cigars, and my dinner with me, to be ready for *inaction*, as it was fine weather.

“ Well two miles from hum was a high hill, and as usual my hoss stopped short, lay back in the breechin, and wouldn't budge an inch. She thought she was a-goin' to have a regular-built frolic, and I intended she should. She whisked her tail, laid back her ears, and looked wicked, a-thinkin' the more you wallop me, the more I won't go; and I'll upset you, and break a shaft if I can; but she didn't know what was in store for her.

“ ‘ Don't you hope you may get the chance? ’”
sais I.

“ So I threw down the reins, lit my cigar, and began to read, and took no more notice of her than if she was in the stable. When twelve o'clock came, she looked round as much as to say, if you aint a-goin' to fight, will you make friends, old boy? Well, I took no notice, as much as to say, go to the devil; eat my dinner, and I turned

to again, and began to read. Well as the sun was goin' down, she began to get dreadful oneasy and fidgetty, and to put one foot before the other, but I stopped her, and called out, 'whoh!' At last she got very impatient, but I held on till she should take the word from me. Finally, I took up the reins, gave her a lick of the whip, and away she went up the hill, as if she smelt oats at the top of it; and to show her what a fool she was, I drove her twenty miles right straight on eend afore I hauled up. She never baulked at a hill again.

"Well this is more trouble than they are worth amost; another time but we won't foller it up; it's too long a story to illustrate that way. Some want to race off. Well a hoss that has onct run away in harness, will always do it again when it gets a chance—slip the bridle over their head, and let them go to old scratch; they aint worth follering. Is that Yankee brag? Well, perhaps, it is. Give me your Blue-nose brag now. I say, petticoat angels, women, and devils. Now what is your division? You are a College man, and I aint; you are a province man, and I am a man of the world, which, tho' it aint quite as big as Nova Scotia, is big enough for the likes of me. I know your Halifax notions. You will say high and low, genteel or vulgar, rich or poor. You are wrong,

Squire, a woman may be high and vulgar, and there may be a person not quite so common, but far above her, and worth a thousand such cattle, called a 'poor lady.' If she is an angel—and I maintain there are such—do as is writ in the marriage-sarvice, 'with my body I thee worship.' If she is a woman, say, 'with this caveson and halter I thee break.' If she is a devil, lead her to the door, take the bit out of her mouth, and say, 'I'll make a fair division of the house with you; I'll take the inside, and do you take the outside, now cut and run, and be hanged to you.' Now, Squire, as Eldad says, that's my logic at any rate."

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE SABLE ISLAND GHOST.

“TALKING of the Isle of Sable,” said Cutler, “did you ever land there? I should like anazin’ly to visit it. I have seen it in the distance, but never could spare time to go on shore. What an interesting place it must be, from the melancholy accidents that have occurred there.”

“Yes,” said I, “I have been there, and it’s just what you say, filled with solemncoly interest. The cause and occasion of my goin’ there was rather a droll story. Onct when I was to Halifax, the captain of the cutter said to me:

“‘Mr. Slick,’ said he, ‘I’m off to Sable Island. What do you say to takin’ a trip down there?’

We are to have a wild-hoss chase, and that's great sport. Come, what do you say?

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I’m most afeerd to go.’

“ ‘Afeerd!’ said he, ‘I thought you was afeerd of nothin? We always go to the leeward side of the island, and we will whisk you thro’ the surf, without so much as sprinklin’ of your jacket.’

“ ‘Oh,’ sais I ‘it aint that. I am not afeered of surfs or breakers, or anything of that kind. A man like me that has landed at Calcutta needn’t fear anything. I rather guess I could teach you a dodge or two about surf you aint up to, tho’ you do go there so often.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘what are you afeered on then?’ and I saw him give a wink to one of the commissioners, as much as to say, ‘Let us rig him.’

“ ‘Why,’ sais I, ‘captin, our fishermen don’t mind the treaty a bit more than a governor’s proclamation and just fish were they please, and trade in any harbour they like, and now and then you nab one of them for it. Now I wouldn’t like to be on board of you, when you tried to seize a vessel under our Everlastin’ flag. It wouldn’t look pretty, nor sound pretty. I should have to jump on board of our craft, and turn to and capture the cutter, take her up to Bostin’ and get

her condemned, and that wouldn't convene. If you succeeded, and me in your company, I couldn't return home; and if I was to assist my brother Jonathans, I couldn't return here; and, besides, I like to let every feller grind his own axe. If it warn't for that, it's just the thing I do like.'

“ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘don't be skeered, I go straight there and back. I aint on a cruise, and Sable Island don't want cutters to frighten away intruders. Its dangerous enough of itself to keep folks off, who know what's what. I'll tell you what, if ever you saw that are island when the sea was wrathy, and heard the roar of the breakers on the outer bar, one sheet of foam twenty-five miles long, stretching away up into the air like a snow-wreath in a whirlwind, you'd think you seed old Neptune's head o' white hair, and whiskers, and heard him call up all hands on deck to shorten sail. The island, which is a long narrow sand-strip, when it's lashed by the mountain waves trembles agin, as if it had the ague, and you can't help thinkin' the fust time you feel it, that the sand will give to those everlastin' blows, separate, and be swept away to leeward. The fust night I spent there in a gale, I felt a deuced sight more streaked than ever I did on board ship in a hurricane.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said I, fancyin’ he was a tryin’ the temper of my narves, ‘it must have been grand.’

“The fact is, I didn’t jist altogether like the look of his face, when I said I was afeerd to go, nor his sly wink nother, they seemed as if they kinder meant he thought I was cowardly; and then I didn’t like all that bunkum about old Neptune, and the terrors of the storm, and so on, it sounded braggy, so I thought I’d just clap on all steam and go ahead of him, for whoever gets to windward of me had better try it on a river, or a harbour in a sloop-rigged clipper, have his mainsail cut as flat as a board, luff all he can, hold on to all he gets, and mind his weather eye. I don’t calculate in a ginerall way to have the wind taken out of my sails, so,’ sais I (and in them days I was a pretty extravagant feller to talk when I felt dandery, I tell you), ‘So,’ sais I, ‘I hope there will be a ripper there, a regular ring-tailed roarer, the night I land on the island. Then if a feller was to jump bare-backed on his imagination, throw away the reins, dig in the spurs—’

“ ‘You needn’t do that,’ said he; ‘there are three hundred wild hosses there, catch one o’ them in the storm, and race off, if you have a fancy for that sort o’ scuddin’ afore the wind with bare poles?’

“‘Exactly,’ sais I, ‘I’m your man. Raise the wind till it blows a tornado, catch me a hoss, and start me off at midnight, wind howlin’, breakers roarin’, thunder crashin’, lightnin’ flashin’, and me a whoopin’ and yellin’ like an Indgian devil, and if there is any echo, raise sounds like distant voices of unburied thousands that lie hid in those shallows; it would wake the dead, make the wracks start once more from their sandy beds, and sink again with a kerwallup, like crocodiles jumpin’ in the river, or a steamer goin’ down squensh. Here’s at you, old boy; I’m your man. Here’s for a ghost-rider’s gallop over skulls, skeletons, and skippers; a midnight lark to scare the wild hosses, scatter the rabbits and rats, and make the owls stare. I’ll outrun you, outscatch you, and outyell you, for a ten mile heat for five hundred dollars. Come, what do you say to that stump; are you brought to a hack?’

“‘I wouldn’t run a race of a mile,’ said he, ‘at midnight on that, unconsecrated grave-yard, for a thousand pounds. I am a sailor, and I respect the dead.’

“Oh, ho! sais I to myself, I have cooled you, have I? Who is afeerd now?

“‘And let me tell you, too,’ said he, ‘it’s a land of spirits.’

“The fact was, he was superstitious.

“‘I could tell you some ghost stories that I know to be true, that would make your hair stand on end. Did you ever hear of Dr. Copeland’s lady that appeared to the brave Captain Torrens, of the 29th Regiment of the British army, or the Paris gentleman, that appears always to wracked Frenchmen, and complains of Henry the Fourth of France, for takin his wife and banishin’ him there with a lot of convicts, so long ago as 1598? or the old regicide that used it as a hidin’-place, and lived and died there? and on the 29th of May, when Charles the First was beheaded, marches about with a broad-brimmed hat on, carries a drawn sword, and sings psalms through his nose so loud you can hear him above the storm?’

“‘No,’ sais I, ‘I should like to see that man amazin’ly. Our country was settled by Puritans, and I would give anything to know what sort of critters they were arter all, and ask some questions to clear up history. Oh! time it so as to be there on the 29th. If I could only see that sainted sinner, talk to him, get his name, see his dress, and hear his lingo, I’d make a fortin’ out of the critter.’

“‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘come with me, and I will tell you all these stories to pass time.’

“‘Done!’ sais I, ‘I’m your man. I’d rather raise that old regicide than raise a treasure ship. Hurrah for Sable Island!’ Thinks I: Old boy, who is afeerd now? I warn’t born in the woods to be scared by an owl.”

“Exactly,” said Mr. Eldad, “who is afeerd? A man has but one life, and that he must lose some day or another, any way he can fix it, and he dont know how soon. He is a fool to be a coward, therefore, because the time will come when he can’t help himself. Die he must. Now if a feller had nine lives like a cat, they would be worth takin’ care of, because, in a general way, he’d have a good stock left, and gracious knows how long he might live. He could afford to be timid like then, and it would be worth his while, too, to take care of his lives. At least, that’s my logic.”

“I can’t say much for the logic,” sais I; “but your first idea of dyin’ game aint a bad one, and I won’t nonconcur you.”

“Well off we went, and a rael pleasant time we had of it, too. Oh! what fun we had a chasin’ of them wild hosses! There was a herd of three hundred of them, and we caught a lot of them for the Halifax market, for they overstock the island now and then, and have to be

thinned off. You have no idea what nice eatin' wild hoss-meat is. It was the first time I ever tasted any. I felt kinder skittish at fust, but I soon got used to it. It is somethin' between veal and beef. As for wild fowl, there is no eend to them there."

"Did you see a storm there?" said Cutler.

"I guess I did," sais I; "and that's the reason I staid there so long, for the captin had to get on board quick stick, up anchor, and off till it was over. It was splendid, you may depend—awful, perhaps, is the proper word. You fancy you hear drowning men's voices in it, while the screams of birds skuddin' home for shelter aint onlike those of human beins."

"What sort of a lookin' place is it?" said he.

"As desolate, wild, and lonely a place," sais I, "as ever you see. Its sand, just the colour of the water, and can't be seen at no great distance on that account. In the hollows scooped out by the wind are whortleberry and cranberry bushes, in shallower places is bent grass, and on the shores wild peas; but there aint a tree or a shrub on the whole island. The sand drifts in a gale like snow, and blows up into high cones. These dance about sometimes, and change places; and when

they do, they uncover dead bodies of poor critters that have been overtaken there, the Lord knows when or how. There is a large lake in it fifteen miles long."

"Why what is the extent of the island?" said Cutler.

"About thirty miles," said I; "and from one and a half to two wide. It has the shape of a bow, and tapers off at both ends. After the storm, the superintendent and I rode all round it. When we come to the north end of the lake, we got off, and fastened our nags to a sort of pound, made of ship timber and drift stuff, that they drive wild hosses into when they want to catch them.

"'Now,' said he, 'sit down here, Mr. Slick, and I'll tell you one of the strangest stories you ever heard. In the year 1802, the ship Princess Amelia was wracked off here, having the furniture of the Queen's father, Prince Edward, on board, and a number of recruits, sodger officers and their wives, and women sarvants. There were two hundred souls of them altogether, and they all perished. About that period, some piratical vagabonds used to frequent there, for there was no regular establishment kept on the island then; and it's generally supposed some of the poor

people of that misfortunate ship reached the shore in safety, and were murdered by the wrackers for their property. Well, the Prince sends down Captin Torrens—of the 29th regiment, I think it was—from Halifax, to inquire after the missin' ship; and, as luck would have it, he was wracked too, and pretty nearly lost his life in trying to drag others through the surf, for he was a man that didn't know what danger or fear either was, except by name. There was but few that could be rescued before the vessel went to pieces. Well, he stationed them that survived at one eend of the island, and off he goes to the other so as to extend his look-out for aid as far as he could, but first they had to bury the dead that floated from the troop-ship, and gather up such parts of the Prince's effects as came ashore, and were worth saving. It was an awful task, and took them a long time, for the grave was as large as a cellar amost. There they are, just where that long bent grass grows. Having done this, and findin' fire-arms in the Government shelter-hut, off he goes alone to the other eend of the island. One day, having made the circuit of the lower half here, he returned about dusk to where we now are.

“Where you see that little hillock, there was

a small hut in those days, that had fireworks in it, and some food, and chairs, and tables, that had been saved out of wracks, which were placed there for distressed people; and there were printed instructions in French and English, telling them what to do to keep themselves alive till they could be taken off. Well, he made up a fire, hauld down some hay out of the loft, and made up a bed in one corner, and went out to take a walk along by the side of the lake, afore he turned in. As he returned, he was surprised to see his dog standin' at the door, lookin' awfully skeered, growlin', barkin', and yelpin' like mad. The first thing he saw inside was a lady sittin' on one side of the fire, with long drippin' hair hangin' over her shoulders, her face as pale as death, and havin' nothin' on but a loose soiled white dress, that was as wet as if she had just come out of the sea, and had sand stickin' to it, as if she had been rolled over and over on the breakers. Good Heavens, Madam, said he, who are you, and where did you come from?

“But she didn't speak to him, and only held up her hand before her, and he saw one of the fore-fingers was cut off, and was still bleedin'. Well, he turned round, and opened a case that

he had picked up in the mornin' from the drift ship, in which was materials for bandagin' the wound, and was goin' to offer her some assistance, when she rose up sudden, slipped past him, and went out of the door and walked off. Well, he followed and called to her, and begged her to stop; but on she went, and thinkin' she was out of her mind, he ran after her, and the faster he went, the swifter she raced, till she came to the lake, and dove right into it head foremost.

“Well, he stood some time there considerin', and ponderin' over what had happened, and at last he strolled back, and sat down by the fire a good deal puzzled. Arter studyin' it out for some time, sais he: There can't be no mistake here. That is not a ghost, nor a demented person, but a murdered woman. If I catch a wracker here, while I am on the island, I'll ask no questions, but I'll shoot him as I would a wolf. Poor thing, she wants me to tell her friends I have seen her, and that she is actilly dead; but who is she, and who are her folks? But the finger, said' he, that is very odd. I suppose in putting up her hand to save her life, it was cut off. Confound the villain, I wish I could once get my eyes on him, and he

looked at the primin' of his gun, and went out and kneeled down, and takin' off his hat held his head close to the ground, to see if anybody was a movin' between him and the horizon ; and and findin' there warnt, and feelin' tired, for he had been on his feet all day, he returned to the hut again, and who should be there but the self-same lady, in the self-same place.

“ ‘ Now, said he to himself, don't go too near her, it's evidently onpleasant to her ; but she has some communication to make. Well, what do you think, it's a positive fact, she held up the mutilated hand again. He paused some time afore he spoke, and took a good look at her, to be sure there was no mistake, and to be able to identify her afterwards, if necessary.

“ ‘ Why, sais he, after scrutenizin' of her (for he was a man was the brave Captain Torrens, that the devil himself couldn't daunt), why, sais he, it aint possible ! Why, Mrs. Copeland, is that you ? for he knew her as well as I know you. She was the wife of Dr. Copeland, of the 7th regiment, and was well known at Halifax, and beloved by all who knowed her. She just bowed her head, and then held up her hand, and showed the bloody stump of her finger.

“‘I have it, sais he, murdered for the sake of your ring,—she bowed her head. Well, sais he, I’ll track the villain out, till he is shot or hanged. Well, she looked sad, and made no sign. Well, sais he, I’ll leave no stone unturned to recover that ring, and restore it to your family.

“‘Well, she smiled, bowed her head, and rose up and waved her hand to him to stand out of the way, and he did, and she slipped by him, and then turned and held up both hands, as if she was pushin’ some one back, and retreated that way, makin’ the same motion; and he took the hint, shut too the door, and sot down to digest this curious scene.

“‘Now, that story is a positive fact,’ sais the superintendent. ‘Them is the real names. My father heard Torrens tell it word for word, as I tell it to you; and there is people now living to Halifax, who knew him well, for he was a great favourite with everybody. Just after that, there was an awful storm, and another wrack, and he was mainly the means of saving the people at the risk of his own life. His name is on the chart as the ‘brave Captain Torrens,’ the House of Assembly voted him a large sum of money, and the Prince thought everything of him. I dare say

the Duchess of Kent has often heard the story, and if she haint—'

" 'But about the ring?' sais I.

" 'Oh, yes!' said he, 'that is the curiosest part of it. Captain Torrens got hold of the names of three of the most noted wrackers, and sot out to track 'em to their hidin' places. One of them lived to Salmon River, just about as solitary and lonely a place as he could have found to escape observation. When the Captain got there, the feller had gone away to Labrador. Well Torrens soon knocked up an acquaintance with the family by stayin' at the house, and makin' it his head-quarters while he was fowlin' and fishin' in the neighbourhood. One evenin' he put on a splendid ring, which he brought down for the purpose, so as to draw the talk to the subject he wanted. The eldest gall admired it greatly; and he took it off, and it was handed round, and commented on. At last one of the darters said she didn't think it was half so pretty as the one daddy got off the lady's finger at Sable Island.

" 'No, my dear, said the mother, who got behind his chair to telegraph, he got it from a Frenchman, who picked it up at the sand there.

“ ‘Oh! I believe it was, said the girl, colourin’ up, and lookin’ a little confused.

“ ‘Well at last the ring was handed back, and he put it on his finger again; and when he was kinder pretendin’ to be admiring it, sais he, carelessly :

“ ‘Show me your ring ; if it is as handsome as this I’ll buy it of you, for I am a great ring fancier ; but I don’t suppose it would go on my great coarse finger—would it ? Where is it ?

“ ‘It’s at Halifax, Sir, said she. The last time daddy was there, he left it with a watchmaker to sell. He gave him twenty shillings on it, and told him if it fetched more he should have it.

“ ‘Oh,’ said he, quite unconcerned, ‘it’s no matter.’

“ ‘Oh, yes! it is, Sir, said she, for it’s a most beautiful one ; you had better buy it, and she described it most minutely.

“ ‘He was quite satisfied ; and arter breakfast the next mornin’ he started for Halifax as fast as he could. Well the town warn’t then what it is now. Two watchmakers was all that was in it, so a search couldn’t last very long any how ; but in the window of the first shop he went to was the identical ring. Sais he to the shopman :

“ ‘ Friend, sais he, give me the history of that ring, as far as you know about it.

“ Well the account was just what he had heard himself, omittin’ of course all mention of the finger. Sais he :

“ ‘ Give it to me ; here are the twenty shillings advanced ; and if the owner wants more, tell him to bring the finger that was cut off to get at it, and then come to me.

“ ‘ Well it was identified at once by the ladies of the regiment, and some of the doctor’s brother officers ; and the moment the Prince saw it, he knew it, for it was a curious old family ring, and the Captain sent it to England to Mrs. Copeland’s friends. Torrens was ordered home soon after that, and there the matter dropt.’

“ That’s a strange story,” said the skipper ; “ what do you think of it, Mr. Slick ?”

“ Why,” sais I, “ it seems to come very straight, and looks as if it was true ; and nothin’ ought to be considered impossible because it is oncommon. The main thing is how a story is vouched, and whether the man who tells it is credible. All depends on that. . When a feller sais he saw an apparition he may be deceived ; his eyes, or the state of his stomach, operatin’ on his vision, or his fancy, or perhaps his fears, mav make him think

he saw it when he didn't. But if an apparition appears to him, not in bed, when he may mistake a dream for a reality, but when he is wide awake and in good health, and gives him information, and he acts on it, and the information turns out correct, why then I think you may believe him."

"Well," says Eldad, "that story is as true as Gospel, for I've heard it from Mr. Collingwood's father, who was with the Prince at the time, and saw the ring himself; and more than that, I could tell you the name of the wracker, but I won't, for some of his descendants are still living, and are decent people. I have seen the old coon several times, and the devil himself with all his arts and insinuations never could coax him out of the house arter dark."

"Exactly," says I, "Eldad, that's conscience; and, in my opinion, conscience is the devil. His court is hardly a fair one, for he fills three offices at onct. He is witness, judge, and executioner. Conscience is a witness, and testifies agin a feller; it is a judge too, and knows the evidence is true, and it is an executioner, and has no marcy. It don't punish a feller right off, and ha' done with it, but it keeps torturin' poor sinners all the time. Depend upon it, many and many a night it woke

up that old wracker out of a sound sleep with a dig on his ribs, and said : ' I say, old feller, how are you off for rings ? You hainte got are a spare finger to part with, have you ? for I want one to point at a murderer with, and mine's tired out.' Well then it kinder relents, lets the poor misfortunate crittur go to sleep agin ; and when he begins to snore, gives a dyin' screech in his ear that fetches him up on his feet in a moment, and he rubs his eyes half stupid with fright and drowsiness, and sais : ' I wish to Heavens I was out of this cussed island,' and he lights his candle, turns in again, and goes to sleep once more ; for ghosts don't come in where there is light in a general way. Well he dreams (for conscience is a dab at makin' fellers act tragedies over in their dreams), and he dreams he is awful hungry, and come home just in time for dinner, and there is a beautiful meat-pie on the table that smells so nice, he actilly feels his mouth water, and he cuts the crust, puts the spoon in it, and out comes a long white finger with a beautiful ring on it. Eldad, that is wus than being hung—ain't it ? Depend on it, Pilot, as I said before, conscience is the devil."

" Yes," said he, " it's wus than the gallus, if you are quite sure the same thing hante to be gone

over again on dead man's land. But Mr. Slick," said he, "you describe that so *pee*owful, you must have suffered yourself, I guess, from conscience."

"Well, I have," said I. "I wont deny it, for I should tell a lie if I did. You know, 'if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' I do actilly dream sometimes of an onsound horse I have put off afore now on a feller, or a critter that would run away, or a clock that wouldn't go; and I won't deny the memory of these things does trouble me now and agin in my dreams, and I wake up almost chokin' with laughin' at the thought of it."

"Mr. Slick," said the pilot, "you are a droll man. Nothin' seems to make an impression on you."

"Don't it," said I; and I turned to Cutler, for I knew Eldad couldn't take my meanin'. "My mind is like nater'," said I. "The dark shaders and deep lines are in the right place, but the strong lights and bright sky are also where they ought to be, I hope. But come, Mr. Nickerson," said I, "I have told you my ghost story, now do you spin us a yarn if you have a rael dependable one; if not, we will talk of something else."

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you one that I knowed myself, for I was on board the vessel at the time. I was mate onet of a brig of Colonel Freeman's, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, that was commanded by Captain James Taylor, for I'll give you the real names of the parties—and we had just come back from the West Indies. On our return, we arrived off the entrance of the harbour a considerable piece arter daylight-down, when the wind failed us, and we dropt anchor there. It was a most beautiful moonlight night. I guess you knew Captin James Taylor, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I, "I knew him; and a better shipmaster, or a better man, never trod in shoe leather."

"Well," he said, "he would go ashore and walk up to the town, which was about two miles off; and he left me in charge, with orders to get under weigh as soon as the night breeze sprung up, and two hands got into the boat, and set him ashore. Well, he crossed over into the main road, and made for home. As he neared Liverpool, he came opposite to old Mr. Parker's farm, where a man of the name of Trots lived as a tenant. The furst person he saw was old Trots himself, who was lame, standing out in front of the door.

“‘How are you, Trots?’ said he. ‘Give me a drink of water, that’s a good fellow.’

“Well, the old chap didn’t answer, so he repeated it louder; but the critter wouldn’t speak.

“‘What in natur’ ails you?’ said he; and he went close up to him, and called out agin, at the tip eend of his voice: ‘Give me a glass of water, old feller, will you?’

“Trots stared him in the face, and never said a word, or offered to move. Now, as the Captain was in a hurry, and it was gettin’ late, he turns out into the road quick, just leaving a parting tough word for the old man to digest, and thought no more about it. In the mornin’, he goes to Colonel Freeman to report the vessel, and tell him about the sale of his lumber and fish, and so on, in the West Indies.

“Says the Colonel, ‘Jemmy,’ sais he” (for he was a great hand for patronisin’ smart young men, and a putting of them forward in the world), ‘did you see anything of my servant on the road last night.’

“‘No!’ said he, ‘the only man I saw was old Trots; and he—’

“‘Pooh!’ said he, ‘Trots! why Trots has been dead and buried these three weeks.’

“ ‘Why how you talk!’ said the captin; and he jumps up and tells him the whole story.

“ ‘Just then, who should come into the countin’-house but Captin Dewal, of Liverpool, and said he:

“ ‘Colonel, did you hear about Trots?’

“ ‘What’s that?’ said Taylor, in astonishment, for he knew he had told no one the story.

“ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘Trots was at his old house last night, and appeared to Murphy.’

“ ‘Murphy was another tenant who had moved into the house after Trot’s death, and he woke him up.

“ ‘Murphy,’ sais he, ‘in three days you will be where I am.’

“ ‘The poor critter was as well at the time as I am now, but sure enough, in three days, he was as dead as a herrin’. What do you think of that, Mr. Slick? Can you account for it?’

“ ‘Yes,’ sais I, “as easy as kiss my hand. It was a moonlight night. Now, as the captin knew Trots lived there when he went to the West Indies, it’s nateral he should take a shadow of a gate, post, or somethin’ or another for him, and think he actilly saw him. That will account for that part of it. Now suppose Murphy had taken a glass of grog extra that night, or a

pound of pork more than common, got the nightmare, and fancied old Trots was a sittin' atop of him, got scared at the dream, and died out of fright. That will account for t'other part of it."

"You may imagine anything," said Cutler; "but accordin' to that way of reasonin', all human testimony would be an illusion, and no one could ever be convicted. I believe that story firmly."

"So do I believe it firmly, too," said I; "but he didn't ask me if I believed it, he asked me if I could account for it; and I never allow myself to be stumped, so I just give him reasons he didn't think of. Yes, I believe it too, for Captain Taylor is as brave a man as ever Captain Torrens was, as little likely to be deceived, and a man of undoubted veracity. Yes, I believe it."*

* These two stories are given with the real names. The first is well known to an officer of the 7th, still living, who was intimately acquainted with the parties; and all those persons named in the second, were well known to myself.--*Author.*

END OF VOL. I.

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