

The Raftsmen's Journal.

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Select Poetry.

OUR LITTLE ONE.

There's a fresh little mound 'neath the willow,
Whereat evening I wander and weep;
There's a dear vacant spot on my pillow,
Where a sweet little face used to sleep;
There were pretty blue eyes, but they slumber
In silence beneath the dark mould;
And the little pet lamb of my number
Has gone to the heavenly fold.

When in sleep I dream I behold her,
With a beauty so fresh and divine,
And so close in my arms I enfold her,
I can feel her soft cheek upon mine,
Oh, so loving those gentle eyes glitten,
That my vision is lost in my tears,
And I bewilder, enraptured, I listen
To a voice from the spirit's bright spheres.

There's a silence in parlor and chamber,
There's a sadness in every room;
We know that the Father has claimed her,
Yet all things seem burdened with gloom,
For I'll not be a comfortless mourner,
No longer brood over my pain,
For I know where the angels have borne her,
And soon I shall see her again.

BUYING A WEDDING CAKE.

"Letters, sir, from de post' office."
"Very well, Sambo; put 'em down and
take yourself off."

I had just finished my breakfast, and the
tiny silver clock, with the bachelor
series of transparent china, still stood on
the damask draped round table. It was a
bright little room, with its white and gold
paper, and high-heaped grate, on the gray
light of this little December morning, when
the air was thick with noiseless falling snow
flakes, and this contrast between the bitter
atmosphere without and the tropical warmth
of my own special nook, gave me an additional
consciousness of satisfaction, as I leaned
back in my chair and proceeded to examine
my correspondence.

Lee Worcester wants to know if I can
come there to tea this evening. Of course
I can. Lee's wife is a perfect little posy,
and one, besides, who don't believe in cash-
ing up all her husband's friends. And then
I remember like that brown-eyed sister in law
of his. Yes, I'll go, certainly. Hello—here's
a letter from my brother in Glenfield. I
unfaded the document eagerly, scarcely able,
at first, to credit the tidings it revealed.

"Well, here's a pretty state of things.
Gone to be married, eh? My congratulations,
Mary? Is in great tribulation about the
wedding cake, affair to come off on Wed-
nesday, and no cake to be had for love or
money! Will I be the best fellow in the
world, and send one from D'Artier's?"

I glanced at the date of the letter. It had
been dated for several days on the road,
and there was not a minute to be lost. I
took mechanically, not on my hat and clock,
going more heedful gaze at the various di-
rections about being, weight and decoration,
which accompanied Tom's closely written
note, before I sallied forth loquaciously to
the street on my errand.

It was just about one o'clock, the snow
had ceased falling, and the sun shone bright
hardly. D'Artier's was full, of course,
there were at least a dozen ladies that I
knew sitting at the tiny marble tables. I
went to assume an air of easy impudence,
as if I had only come in for a pound of
chocolate almonds, but it was no use; I
could not disguise the latent sheepishness of
my aspect as I sauntered up to the counter.

"How can I serve you, sir?" demanded the
trim female who presided over the sac-
charine treasures.

I muttered something under my moustache,
being a hot blooded fellow, my whole coun-
tenance. Why should not the inquisitive
woman attend to their too concerns?

"Cake, sir? Certainly. For a party, sir?
Pound cake, lemon and almond—"

"No, no," I bawled out; "I want a wed-
ding cake."

"Oh, I see your pardon, sir," muttered the
woman, who was, in reality, or so I felt,
a very young lady, who was echoed among
the bachelors and fops beyond? How
could that night have been, the mere appre-
hension was sufficient to throw me into a cold
sweat.

The next moment, however, the counter
was heaped with various temples of glis-
tering white sugar, some wreathed with
sugar roses, some surmounted with candy
flowers, others with pure white masses of
cream. I surveyed them in a state of hope-
less bewilderment.

"Perhaps, sir, it would be better if the
lady could see with you to select," hazard-
ed a young fellow the counter.

"Could you be so kind as to select for me,
sir?" I asked, with a little more of the
boldness which peeped up a tiny alba-
tronic cupid.

"I will take this—that is the price?"
I asked, sir.

I laid down the money, and never experi-
enced so delicious a sensation of relief as
at the moment when I thrust the cup-
board in a round wooden box under my
arm and rushed out of the establishment.

How gladly I delivered it to the express
man, who tossed it to one side as carelessly
as the transmission of wedding cakes was
a matter of every day occurrence.

"How does de Goldie; when is it to come
off?"

"When is what to come off?" queried I,
puzzled at my friend Atherton's address.

"Your wedding, to be sure. Ah, you are
so shy to keep us all in the dark so long."

"You can't have been much more in the
dark than I am at this moment, Atherton.
What on earth do you mean?"

But Atherton only wagged his head know-
ingly, and rushed off in pursuit of a stage,

saying something of which I only caught
the disconnected fragments "my wife" and
"D'Artier's."

"Hang that wedding cake!" was my in-
ternal ejaculation.

As I pursued my speculative way, a tiny
gloved hand was held out from a passing car-
riage.

"Ah, Mrs. Everleigh, excuse me for not
seeing you before."

"We all know that love is blind," said
the lady, smiling. "Now I know why you
haven't been to see me in such an age. My
niece was at D'Artier's this morning and
saw how particular you were in the selection
of a certain article there."

Before I could explain this piece of cir-
cumstantial evidence, there was a movement
in the 'look' of carriage which had caused
the temporary detention of my fair friend,
and her equipage rolled away, with a wave
of the pretty hand and the archest of smiles.

I stood looking after her, with an odd
sort of impression that I should wake up
presently to find myself married to some-
body, whether or not; indeed was not altogeth-
er certain whether Mrs. Goldie was not wait-
ing for me at home.

How brilliantly the freighting and gaslight
illuminated that cozy little room at Lee Wor-
cester's with pink tinted walls, and crimson-
carpet, sprinkled with small white buds.
The piano was open, strewn with sheets
of music, just as it had been left, its pearl keys
glittering softly in the subdued radiance
of one of light that glowed through a
frosted shade above. The tea table was all
set—I had often dreamed of a home of my
own that would be something like Lee Wor-
cester's in its snug evening comfort, and
somehow that tea table always formed part
of the phantasm. There was something so
bright and cheerful in the snowy damask,
and the sparkling glass and glittering china.
Old bachelor as I was, the golden blocks of
cake and tiny white muffs, breaking into
crisp flakes that melted in one's mouth, and
amber-jellies, quivering like gigantic jewels
through their crystal prism walls, producing
a wonderfully agreeable effect in my epicu-
rean sight. And I could imagine no pret-
tier vision to crown it all than Mary Wor-
cester, in her crimson merino dress edged
around the throat with delicate lace, presid-
ing at the silver tea urn. Except, perhaps—
but that is neither here nor there.

I was a little disappointed on entering, not
to see Lee's sister-in-law, a trim little beauty,
with brown hair and velvet eyes, somewhere
between hazel and black; but I did not like
to ask any questions, and consequently re-
mained in ignorance until Mary casually re-
marked:

"Nettie is very well spirited this evening,
perhaps she will come down stairs by and
by."

How I longed to ask what the matter was.
Perhaps she had received ill news, perhaps
she was not well. I would have given my
two ears to know but I didn't dare to inquire.

"So you're going to be married, eh, Tra-
cy, my boy," said Lee, as we sat in front of
the bright fire. "Well, you can't do better.
A bachelor, at best, is a mere fraction of so-
ciety."

I started up, amazed, beyond all endur-
ance.

"For mercy's sake, Lee, do tell me where
you picked up that ridiculous report?"

"Ridiculous report! That's pretty cool,
upon my honor," said Lee.

"Now, Mr. Goldie," said Mary, laughing,
"don't deny the soft impeachment; I am
sure you would enjoy a quiet home of your
own better than that noisy hotel. There is
no charm for a sad heart like domestic bliss."

There was a radiant softness in her own
tender eyes as she spoke, that penetrated
me with a sudden conviction that I had been
exceedingly foolish to remain single all these
years.

"Do confess," she added, guilely.

"But I have nothing on earth to confess,"
"Nonsense," said Mary, holding up a
pretty, warning finger. "What were you
talking at D'Artier's this very morning?"

I turned scarlet; here was that evalua-
ble wedding cake again.

Fortunately my inquisition was terminated
for a moment by the entrance of Lee's sis-
ter-in-law, looking lovelier than I had ever
seen her before, a little pale, perhaps, and
her silky eyes, as heavy with what I could
almost have fancied recent tears, were it not
that she seemed in extravagantly gay spir-
its. The soft flushes of color came and went
like pink shadows across her cheek, and her
eyes were dimpled with the brightest of
smiles, yet all the time I could not divert
myself of the odd impression that she was
ready to melt into an April shower of tears
at any moment. She lightly tendered me
her congratulations upon the approaching
"happy event," holding out a small snowy
hand loaded with sparkling rings, as she
did so.

"You speak in riddles, Miss Nettie,"
"Don't pretend that you have not the key
to them," she said, a little tremulously.

"I cannot comprehend what you mean,"
I answered.

She said no more, but sat quietly down
shading her eyes with her hand, as though
she had been dazzled with them. Mrs. Worcester,
however, still pursued the obnoxious topic.

"Then how do you explain the wedding-
cake at D'Artier's?"

"Is that the testimony upon which I am
tried and convicted of a wilful intention
of matrimony?"

"That is all; we are ready to hear your
defense."

"Well, that unlucky mass of white sugar
and dyspepsia was for my brother's wedding
ceremonies, a hundred miles away. I assure
you it had not the least connection with my
matrimonial fortunes."

A client once burst into tears after he
heard the statement of his counsel, exclaim-
ing, "I did not think I suffered half as
much till I heard you this day."

The only way for a man to escape being
found out is to pass for what he is.

Nettie looked up with a rare brilliance
under her long lashes, and an almost invol-
untary smile wreathing her lips. I took
heart of hope and went bravely on, cheered
by a sudden inspiration.

"But I will purchase a bride's cake, twice
as large, for my own wedding, if Nettie will
consent to be the bride!"

There—I had done it, and in less than
five minutes was an accepted lover, looking
boldly into the wondrous liquid depths of
those brown, beautiful eyes. A new sensa-
tion—but quite agreeable.

"And now, Tracy," said Mary, mischiev-
ously, "I'll tell you a secret; the reason
Nettie cried half the afternoon, and became
so low spirited this evening, was that—"

"Mary!" remonstrated Nettie, with
cheeks ablaze.

"That she feared you were buying a wed-
ding cake," pursued Mary, putting away the
white fingers with which Nettie vainly strove
to fether her tell tale lips.

"I'll order another one to-morrow," said
I, meditatively. "Ah, I shouldn't have
repined so much at brother Tom's commis-
sion had I known what a sweet little wife it
would bring me."

"Don't, Tracy," said Nettie, hiding her
face on my shoulder.

And then Tom wrote to know why on
earth I didn't come to his hyemeral cere-
monies. I wrote back that I was obliged to
stay to attend a wedding of my own.

And such a wedding cake as graced the
center of our banqueting board! It's no
use trying to describe its frosted splendors;
but if any of my readers seriously con-
template getting married I'll send them the
recipe.

PERSONAL.—Counselor R., one of the
foremost advocates of the Bar of Central
New York, was himself a collegian, and was
naturally anxious that his oldest son should
reap the honors of his own Alma Mater.

The counselor had been quite wild in his
early years, and his son inherited a super-
bundance of what Josh Billings calls "pure
cussedness." During his first year at college,
the boy was suspended for some breach of
discipline, and arriving at home, he proceed-
ed to report the occurrence to his father.

"Suspended, hey?" said the old lawyer,
looking reprovingly over his spectacles. "A
pretty beginning you have made of it, I de-
clare!" The culprit put his hands in his
pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir,"

continued the parent, becoming angry at the
boy's perfect nonchalance, "what have you
to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." "Noth-
ing, indeed! What did the President tell
you when he suspended you?" "He said I
was the worst young man the college had
ever had—except one exception."

"Ah, did he say that was?" "Yes, sir."

"Ah! A slight pause. 'And who was it?'"
"My father, sir." As may be supposed,
the last reply settled the old gentleman's
anger effectually.

THAT'S THE KIND.—A spirited Minne-
sota girl dismissed her lover on learning that
he gave her father a drink of whisky.

"That's the kind. If all the girls in the
land would go and do likewise our country
would be cursed with fewer young men, who,
by their drinking habits, have ruined them-
selves, and been the means of breaking man-
ny fond and loving hearts. It is within
the power of every woman, particularly ev-
ery young and unmarried one, to wield a
mighty influence on the side of the right,
and against the demoralizing, degrading,
usages of society if she only so wills it; and
she is not true to her own and the best
interests of her sex and race if she does
not wield that influence. It is a question
involving the happiness of millions, and no
half way measures will meet the case.

Prompt, decided, action is called for. We
commend the action of the Minnesota girl.
Girls, if your lovers love whisky so well that
they will not give it up for the love of you,
then love yourselves so well that you won't
love those who love whisky."

USE OF BOTH HANDS.—It would be a
good thing for men and women were they
taught in childhood to use their left hand
equally with their right. The use of the
right hand only for certain actions—such as
writing and using mechanical tools—is en-
tirely conventional, and there does not ap-
pear to be any reason why people should be
ambidexter in every kind of manual la-
bor. Persons who have lost their right
hand by accident frequently acquire great fa-
cility with the left after some practice, but
grown up persons have not always patience
to betake themselves to the necessary prac-
tice. By the children the thing would be
acquired usefully, if means were taken to
lead them to the practice of it. Children
living in houses where two languages are
spoken, acquire both with great facility, and
what is true of tongues would be equally so
of hands.

A subscriber to a western paper having
gotten in arrears for subscription, was finally
sued by the publisher. He had paid no at-
tention to repeated duns, but when served
with the summons he came into the office
apparently in a towering rage, and throwing
down money enough to liquidate the account
and pay two years in advance, said, "Why
didn't you sue me before? Never pay till
I'm sued. Be more prompt in future, or
you will be ruined." And the old gentle-
man walked off full of virtuous indignation.

A client once burst into tears after he
heard the statement of his counsel, exclaim-
ing, "I did not think I suffered half as
much till I heard you this day."

The only way for a man to escape being
found out is to pass for what he is.

A LADY'S FOOT.

There's a magic in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it.
Indeed, she who has a pretty one
is very sure to show it.

Attimes, we too are startled by
The nicest little ankle,
That darts like fire right thro' our eyes,
Within our hearts to rankle.

'Tis when it trips along the street,
Through wind and mud and vapors,
By sheerest accident we see
How beautiful it tapers.

And as she trips along the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Our rough friends look up and say
"I wonder if she's single!"

THE NOBLE FISHERMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

On the 15th of April, 1823, a shallow
boat was drifting in the North Sea, at the mercy
of the wind and waves, which threatened
every moment to overwhelm it. A woman,
two children and a sailor, were alone on the
waters in this frail craft. The woman, wrapped
in a large cloak under the shelter of which
she hugged her children to her heart,
alternately wept and prayed. The sailor,
having for a long time struggled against the
tempest, and endeavored in vain to urge for-
ward the shallow in his charge, had closed
his arms on his breast, and waited in sullen
silence the death which seemed inevitable.

Through the thick mist his practiced eye at
length saw hope. "Land! Land!" he shout-
ed, and retaking his oars, plied them with
new vigor.

Vain! His exhausted strength could ar-
mount no further, even with apparent safety
in his reach. His struggles to gain the
shore seemed but to lengthen the distance
between the boat and the strand. At length
he again abandoned his hopeless struggle.

The quick eye of the mother detected his
purpose, as he relieved his person of his
heavier garments. "You will not abandon
my children to perish!" she cried.

The sailor looked wearily at the unhap-
py sufferers. He measured the distance to
the shore with his eye, and looked over the
boat's side, to the waters, which, here par-
tially sheltered, seemed to boil like yeast in
a caldron, the receding tide combating the
furious gale. To save one of those helpless
souls was impossible. He ventured on no
word of advice or consolation, let his mer-
cy should master his judgment, but while
the mother yet hoped—while she leaned
forward with lips apart, and eyes pressing
from their sockets to catch a word, a sigh,
a breath in answer, he cut all short by plun-
ging suddenly into the sea.

The boat recoiled and shivered under the
momentum given it by the sailors plunge,
but he who holds the waters in the hollow
of his hand, watched over the forsaken
mother, and raised her little ones closer to
her breast, and raised her eyes to heaven in
an agony of prayer too earnest to wait for
words. Her face spoke an appeal from
which Aladdin's self could not have turned
compassionless. The wave she feared
was just about to overwhelm her, was broken
in the crest by the strange weight it bore—and
as its waters rounded her—a sudden—un-
earthly sound broke on her quick ear, and
the spray which flew across her face came
bloodstained. The dead body of the sailor
who had deserted her, bumped an instant
against the boat's side, and then drifted
away from the sight of mortal man forever!

He had struck upon the sharp points of
rocks beneath the surface, and escaped the
lingering death to which he thought he had
left his companions, by a sudden and awful
plunge into the presence of his Maker.

In another instant the deserted woman
felt a strange sound beneath her feet. The
boat was grating on the sand. Another
bound before the wave and it was fast. She
sounded the water with her arm, and to her
inexpressible joy found solid earth. In an
instant she stepped from the shallow, caught
her infants in her arms, and aimed for the
beach, which seemed a little distance. The
water deepened as she proceeded—to her
waist—in her throat—she staggered—and
the stifling "babbling cry" of her children
nerved her with new strength. An almost
superhuman spring, and she was safe again,
—and anon she recoiled, as the earth seem-
ed to sink under her feet, and another foot-
step would have plunged her into an abyss,
in the very sight of safety. The agony of
fear—the strength of despair—the light-
ning of hope—each seized her by turns, till
at length in a delirium of joy, she left the
sea behind her, having escaped its last en-
gulfing wave—and falling on her face in
the damp sand, she poured out her soul in
gratitude to the God who had delivered her
and her little ones.

She rose, shuddering with cold now that
the struggle was over. Her children quiv-
ering with terror, and sobbing in discomfort
clung to her knees. The wind, as if heaven
had held it back, until her escape, increased
in fury. Rain fell in torrents, and the waves
drowned the shore far above the point at
which she had first felt safety. Her eyes
wandered in vain for help, the cold sky,
the lashing wave, the barren sand, mocked the
hopes of the mother for comfort or safety.

A reaction of feeling had taken place—her
heart was sinking within her.

A voice! Again! and nearer. A man
upon the rocks earnestly beckoning, as if
some new and imminent danger beset the
fugitives from death. She saw no more, but
sank insensible upon the sand; and her
children sent up a piercing wail beside her.
Unerring instinct! They did not shrink thus
when she sank down to pray!

Another moment, and the man who shout-
ed the warning is beside the shipwrecked
mother.

His hardy wife attends him. She has

caught the children, each by the shoulder,
with more strength than gentleness, though
with gentle purpose, and is scrambling up
the rocks. He hears the still insensible
form of the mother, and as he ascends, his
hat has fallen behind him and is dancing in
an eddy of water over the very spot from
which, an instant before, he had caught his
unconscious burden. The tide now at the
flood, has swept like an avalanche over the
nook among the rocks, and the fragments of
the deserted boat are fretting among the
craggy points of that inhospitable shore.

In the cabin of the fisherman, the mother
is soon restored to life. Her first thought
is for her children, whom she embraces
again and again in a passion of joy. She
unclasps a rich necklace from the bosom of
her little daughter: "Take this gage of my
gratitude," she exclaims—"accept it as an
earnest, you to whom I owe the life of my
children!"

The fisherman shook his head. "I could
not make use of such riches," said he.

"The products of my labor suffice me. To
you this gold and these jewels will be much
more useful than to me. Retain them for
your own use."

She took the hand of her preserver.
Young and beautiful even in the humble
vestments which the fisher's wife had sub-
stituted for her rich but drabbed clothing
her air was full of majesty. "Thank you!"
she cried. "Thank you! You are right! The
service you rendered cannot be repaid with
gold, and God, I trust, will put it in my
power to testify my gratitude in a manner
worthy of you."

"Your safety will be our recompense, and
we desire no other," said the fisher, and
the honest face of his wife, lighted with
pleased joy, bore testimony that she joined in
the sentiment.

"Tell me, my friends," the lady asked,
after a pause, "on what coast has this mis-
fortune thrown us?"

"On that of Denmark,"

The mother wrung her hands in despair.
"Denmark? then are my children still lost,
though they have survived the perils of the
ocean?"

"While Finn and his wife live," said
the fisherman, in an effort to console the
unfortunate guest, "you have nothing to
fear, madam, for yourself or your chil-
dren."

"But you know not my friends, that a
price is on my head and those of my chil-
dren. We were flying from the soil of Den-
mark, when the storm forced us back upon
it. I am—"

"Keep your secret—do not tell it to me!"
cried the fisherman, abruptly checking the
revelation she was about to make. "All I
have need to know is, that you came here
in distress, and that you are in worse dis-
tress while you remain. The storm will soon
abate—the coast of the Low Countries is not
far distant—tomorrow, perhaps this very
evening, I will conduct you in safety from
this kingdom, to a place where the persecu-
tion of your enemies, wherever they are,
shall not reach you. Snatch some repose,
meanwhile, and confide in my hospitality."

The good but humble couple hastened to
prepare near the hearth, a pallet of straw,
upon which the beautiful unknown did not
hesitate an instant to place herself with her
children. With an arm around each, she
was in a moment wrapped in sleep.

The good man Finn stood breathlessly atten-
tive, when his guest clasped her children con-
sistently a moment—and struggled, almost
from the bed to the floor. Then "a change
came o'er the spirit of her dream"—an elo-
quent expression of joy passed over her pale
features—her lips moved in earnest thank-
sgiving, and her countenance settled into
peace and smiling repose; betokening the
consciousness of safety. The fisher and his
wife conversed with quick and intelligent
glances over their sleeping guest. They
both knew that she had passed through her
perils in that vision; they both felt happy
and thankful for the calm slumber which
spoke so well the sense of safety.

In this calm rest she passed many hours.
At length her slumber was disturbed by
coarse voices outside the hut—they were
roughly interrogating the fisher. The ques-
tions she needed not to hear distinctly to
understand—the answer of Finn she did catch,
for it was spoken for her ears as well for the
soldiers who had visited the cabin—

"A hundred pieces of gold!" cried the
fisher—"truly, captain, a sum like that
would be worth striving for. Be assured I
will take good care of the runaways if they
fall into my hands. A hundred pieces of
gold! Not a soul shall escape shipwreck
from this forth for a twelvemonth. I will
not bring to your quarters. A hundred
pieces of gold! "But, captain," added Finn,
with the characteristic coolness of a Danish
peasant—"But, captain, will you not enter
my humble cottage a moment, for repose
and refreshment?"

The mother shuddered, lest the invitation
given in bravado, might be accepted in earnest,
and then—she was a mother, and the
lives of the children were at stake—for an in-
stant she trembled at the possibility that
her host might intend to betray her. The
voice of the captain as he declined the proffered
civility, and renewed his promise to
the fisherman, reassured her, as its tones
died away in the distance. In a moment
more Finn entered the cabin.

"Lose not a moment, madame!" he said.
"The storm has abated—the waves are
more worthy of trust than man, and we
must embark on the instant!"

All the strength of the mother returned,
at this new exigence, and hushing her chil-
dren into a silence by a sign, she followed
Finn, as he took a circuitous path among
the rocks known only to himself, and in a

few moments without the exchange of a
word, they were embarked in the fisherman's
skiff—the fasts were cast off, the honest
peasant worked at his oars with a will; and
in ten hours, the dawning light showed him
the coasts of the Low Countries. Through
the night he had been guided by his familiar
pilots, the stars; and the labor was so much
his habitual custom in his hardy calling—he
had so often endured it as a matter of course
and of habit, that with such a stake in suc-
cess, he did not once think of fatigue. Sud-
denly a new danger caught his eye. Two
armed boats were pursuing him; and not-
withstanding they were crowded with sol-
diers, awkward afloat as clowns on stilts,
they rapidly gained upon him. It was evi-
dent that they had been lying in wait near
the coast, to intercept the very precious bar-
then which he carried. He uttered no cry
of surprise.

"Down, madame," he said, without any
appearance of being disconcerted—"down
in the bottom of the boat, for it needs bal-
last."

The mother, unconscious of the danger
yet between his boat and the shore; and he
saw it was impossible to reach it before his
pursuers would overtake him. He formed
a sudden and desperate resolution—he ceas-
ed to fly. He even turned his boat's head
toward his pursuers, and making a trumpet
of his hands, shouted—"Boats ahoy! What
do you wish?"

"You are not alone!" answered his pur-
suers.

"True," replied the fisherman as the
boats were now so near each other that they
could converse with less effort, "true—I
have a good cargo of fish for my companions.
You can provision yourself with them if you
wish—there was no need to fire upon me
for that."

"Ay! ay!" cried Finn, gaily, yet tremu-
lously. It was proper and natural that the
poor fisherman should be awkward and
alarmed, before two boat loads of soldiers.
The coarse brutes enjoy what they thought
was the trepidation and energy of fear, and
as they stood up, their boats recoiled under
their shouts of laughter, as the fisherman's
skill, urged by his nervous arm, shot to
wards them.

A scream from the lubbers! A splash!
The awkward fisher's clumsy boat has struck
their bows, with its whole momentum, and
backward soldiers fall over the gunwale all
around into the sea. Nor is there less con-
fusion among the other skillful loads of soldiers.
Their boat dipped water first