

boat by a wharf. Up near Clark's Point was the berth where old Sippy Jones kept his dingy moored among others, always, of course, beyond low-water mark, the oars being taken out, but the poodle fastened in it, particularly if he meant to go out early trapping or fishing. The creature was there that night, every now and then yelping for no reason; whereupon King would lift his head, prick his ears, and settle again in disgust. How long I had slept I could not say, when a growl from the dog awoke me. He jumped up, stood listening, and fairly roused me by his manner, though all was still as before, and he gave tongue no further. I thought I had dreamt that Sippy's poodle broke out into a perfect yatter of barking; but the town could not have been quieter than it was. By the hang of the stars, it was little past midnight, if at all; the steward, who was a heavy sleeper, had not once stirred; so I took a few turns on deck, meaning to go inside again, when a circumstance occurred which on any other night I would scarce have noticed at all. Sippy was evidently bent on getting the full advantage of the morning tide for his sport; he had the dingy well out already, heading more up than usual, toward the inner end of Yerba Buena island, so as to pass at some distance. At first I inclined to hang back, and kept the dog quiet; but on second thoughts it occurred to me to hail him, which I did. I could see him turn his head, hanging on his oars a little, with the poodle sitting astern under the boat's hood, beside the various tackle. The current drifted him fast ahead, and he made some answer or other, taking to his oars again. A man-o'-war guard-boat was coming down outside, and exchanged

hails with him likewise; after which the dingy went round the island, and that was the last I saw of it.

Business had not long commenced next morning, when a sensation arose along the wharf in regard to Sippy. A customer of his wife's, who had recently left his watch on pledge at their store, saw it ticketed for sale in a Jew's window; on which more of such articles were found, there and elsewhere. The first idea was that Sippy had run off; till in the course of the day a similar discovery was made as to his own favourite gold snuff-box, in which his free-papers used to be kept. Suspicion was excited among the coloured people, which soon led to the truth. That afternoon the body of the unfortunate old black was found, sunk to the boat's mooring-tackle. Little doubt remained as to who was the likeliest man in the State to have done the deed; in fact there were numbers of people as certain of its being Sam Whitaker as if they had seen him. The evidence seemed rather to the contrary, so far as respected the Jews and others involved, who either swore they did not know Whitaker by sight, or declared the things were bought from a perfect stranger, no way answering his description; and this weighed greatly with the city authorities. On the part of the latter, inquiry appeared to show that Whitaker could not have been concerned, as he was among the passengers by the first steamer for the Sacramento that very morning, some said the morning previous, at all events no question remained but he had gone off. At the same time a good deal of talk passed as to poor Sippy being but a nigger after all, not to say a fool for keeping valuables in his boat, still more for having slept aboard of it.

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