

looking very cold and miserable, descends to the cabin, where, throughout the dinner-hour, he keeps up an animated conversation with the captain—the only person on board, apparently, who takes any interest in his scientific investigations; for we are told that the ladies, one and all, vow the professor is a monster, only doing “all this stuff” in mockery of their sufferings, and the male passengers seem to be too much absorbed in their own private cares to pay the slightest attention to a problem in science.

As night draws in, the wind increases to a hurricane, and the ship quivers and shakes like a frightened child at witnessing the awful battle of the elements. Darkness comes down upon the vexed Atlantic, and the wild battle of the waters is hidden for a while.

Towards morning, after a storm of thirty hours' duration, the weather grows fairer. The professor hastens upon deck. The waves have visibly decreased in height, and again he resumes his old position on the cuddy-roof. The waves have decreased in height, it is true, and yet ten of them in succession, as they surge past the ship, rise above the apparent horizon; that is, they must measure more than twenty-three, and pro-