

on, steadily increasing its might from moment to moment ! At first it tore the tops of the waves into ragged lines, then rent the whole surface into fragments of every conceivable form, which rose, appeared and vanished, with the rapidity of thought, dancing like sprites among the lurid moving caverns of the sea ! A struggling vastness ! constantly broken by the flail of the tempest, and as often reunited, to be cleft still farther by a redoubled blast.

The darkness thickened as the storm increased ; and when the lanthorn was lighted in the binnaele, and the night-watch set, the captain and passengers went below to their wine and anecdotes. Our company consisted of four persons. One was a singing-master, from Connecticut, Texas, New Orleans, and St. Louis. He was such an animal as one would wish to find if he were making up a human menagerie ; so positive was he of step, so lofty in the neck, and dignified in the absurd blunders wherewith he perpetually corrected the opinions and assertions of others.

Another was a Mr. Simpson, a young Scotchman, of respectable family, a clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. This was a fine fellow, twenty-five years of age, full of energy and good feeling, well-informed on general topics, and like most other British subjects abroad, troubled with an irrepressible anxiety at the growing power of the States, and an overwhelming loyalty toward the mother country and its Sovereign skirts. The other personages were the commander, Duncan, and the author.

The Captain was an old British tar, with a heart full of generosity for his friends, and a fist full of bones for his enemies. A glass of cheer with a messmate, and a rope's end for a disobedient sailor, were with him impromptu productions, for which he had capacity and judgment ; a hearty five foot nine inch, burly, stout-chested Englishman, whom it was always pleasant to see and hear.

This little company gathered around the cabin table, and all as one listened a moment to the beatings of the tempest.