

the slightly ruffled water. And then came fresher winds as they advanced into the deepening ocean, while with the increased roll of the vessel our heroine became sensible of that deadly oppression of the heart and languor of the brain experienced in sea-sickness, and which renders us insensible to fear or danger, or outward discomfort, or any other feeling beyond the consciousness of a loathsome life—part death and part life, like a nightmare, which we can neither shake from us nor lull into unconsciousness.

A week of high winds wafted them a thousand miles from land, and one day the solicitations of Mr. and Mrs. Barker brought Susan on deck. The weather was fine though cloudy, and a vessel in sight, the first they had seen since leaving port; and the Captain expected her to pass them in half an hour. Everybody was excited in this monotonous dreary mid-ocean, to meet with something of their kind, a living careering thing, freighted with hope and passion like themselves!

"Her signal is flying!" cried one of the officers, "she is going to speak us!" Up with the ensign!—Hurrah!—and as the blood-red flag of our nation fluttered above them, each felt all a Briton's pride, on considering that that approaching ship, from whatever far end of the earth she was wafted, must greet them with reverence for its sake. The vessel bearing down towards them in full complement of canvass presented a splendid appearance. They could not see her colours, for they were flying on the farther side of her sails.

"Is she French? Too neat a build; or an Englishman from the St. Lawrence, ice-bound since the fall, and returning home in ballast? Yes! see how light she is!" But then as she swept near them, the Stripes and the Stars of Columbia showed out bravely in the breeze. "A Yankee, by Jove!" shouted the mate, "with cotton for Liverpool; yes! a Yankee. He's not ashamed of his colours!" A speaking trumpet was brought.

"What ship?"

"Fish Hawk, Caleb White," was returned like an echo from Neptune's hollow halls.

"Where do you belong?"

"Buxton!"

"Whither bound?"

"The Mersey," and then as they looked through their mutual telescopes at the vessel's positions, white figures on a black board,—latitude  $43^{\circ}28'$ ,—Longitude  $30^{\circ}0'2''$ —"agreed to a second"—"all right;" and the vessels passed—their ensigns were hauled down as they swept away on oppo-

site paths, no more to encounter each other in this ocean wilderness, as their dwellers, with as little probability, in the wilderness of this world.

The weather now suddenly assumed a threatening aspect, but the ladies, well shawled and wrapped, felt so much invigorated in the free air, that they had no inclination to go below. A dull neutral tint pervaded the air, while yellow masses of cloud came slowly climbing up the western horizon. The Captain, as he paced the deck sent keen glances towards the sky, and to his ropes and spars; and anon despatched his second officer to report upon the state of the barometer.

"Fallen two degrees, Sir, since eleven o'clock."

"Ha! I thought so; we shall have some dirty work to night."

At the same time an enormous shoal of porpoises floated round the ship. The water was darkened with their black rolling bodies for nearly half a mile; and they approached so close to the vessel on either side of her bow and stern, that the sailors wounded several of them, as they tossed their unwieldy somersets in the water. On passed the swarms, blowing, tumbling and rolling, with the whole ocean for their pathway, on towards the northern pole.

"They are going north," said one of the officers, "towards the Greenland seas; but they never show their ugly backs on the surface for nothing, and mark if we don't have enough of wind and sea to-night, and more than we want; and, by Jove!" said he, "it's time some of this canvass was in, for that black cloud labouring up yonder, is likely to treat us to such a blast as may tear us to ribbons ere a man of us can set foot on a ratline."

"Here away, fellows!" roared he; "clew up the royals, down with the mizzen-top-sail, and put the stay-sail on her."

Here, Mr. Barker, at such noisy preparations, would have the ladies to go below. They went, and found the captain at dinner, and were prevailed upon to join him. But before they had accomplished their first mouthful, there was a most unusual stir on deck; the vessel began to lie over frightfully, and the captain, seizing his hat, rushed up the companion. Then were heard the loud voices of the officers, and the roaring of the coming gale, and the rush of hurrying feet, and a cry of "all hands on deck to reef topsails." Susan Anstey, entering into the excitement of the scene, mounted the companion, and standing in the doorway with Mr. Barker, had the first opportunity of witnessing a storm at sea. The black clouds careered over the face of the sky with frightful rapidity. Every thing was in motion, as if the whole firmament were rolling to