

southwestern sky. The captain stood upon the companion-way, looking at the barometer. In a little time officers and passengers gathered in a knot on the larboard-quarter.

"I ken there's a storm comin' up frae the soo'est," said the Scotch mate.

"The clouds loom fast, sir, in that quarter," said Mr. Newell, the American second-mate. "I reckon it will be upon us soon."

Captain Duncan needed no information in regard to the weather on these shores. He was everywhere an accomplished seaman. On the quarter-deck—with his quadrant—on the spars—and at the halyards; but especially in that prophetic knowledge of the weather, which gives the sons of Neptune their control over the elements, he had no superiors.

"Take in the studding-sails and make all fast on deck," is the order, issued with quietness and obeyed with alacrity. Water casks, long-boat, and caboose are lashed, ropes coiled up and hung on the pins in the bulwarks, and the hatches put down in storm rig. The wind before which we were running abated, and the horizon along the line of departing light began to lift a rough undulating edge.

"Take in the mainsail!" "Go aloft and take a reef in the maintop!" "In with the fore-main, and let the trysail run!" followed each other in haste, as the sailors moved to the cheering music of their songs in the work of preparing the ship to wrestle with a southwester. Everything being made snug, we waited its coming.

The rough water which appeared a mere speck when the wind came upon the circle of vision, had widened till its extreme points lay over the bows. On it came, widening and elevating itself more and more! The billows had previously been smooth, or at least ruffled sufficient only to give their gently heaving sides a furzy aspect, while the tops occasionally rose in transparent combs, which immediately crumbled by their own weight into foam down their leeward acclivities. But now a stronger spirit had laid his arm on these ocean