

ly get along even to "reel and stagger like a drunken man," nevertheless, it came to an end as we got behind the shelter of Tory island, and the bold rocky coast of Donegal.

Our company was a small one, but very mixed. Two Yankee captains going on a seal fishing venture to Iceland, but first to obtain their ships fitting out in Scottish ports. Good natured, rather intelligent men in their way. As a first officer for one of them, was Manual Silva, a Portuguese, and in one respect the most extraordinary man I ever met. He was swarthy, short, thick-set, pleasant-faced, and almost absolutely silent. He never read, except for two or three minutes once or twice, tho' he could read well enough. He knew the games and tricks of cards, and would sit for hours, watching all that was done, most attentively, but not eagerly; and never once had a card in his hand. He knew the games of chequers and chess, and would sit looking on steady and silent as a statue, but never put his hands to a piece; and so on with Silva, day after day, from breakfast to bed time. He was happy, and had much of it in seeing others trying to find it. One lesson he taught that, when he was not a party to what was going on, he could keep to himself his own thoughts about others, and their doings. After all, he might not be a wise man, but certainly, he acted with great propriety the part of one. Silva the silent, I wish him well. We had a couple of Spanish captains, and a Chilian brunette as the wife of one of them, and none knew a word of English; happy people, willing to make and to be made happy. We had an Israelite to help to make up our tribes and tongues, but of all the doleful, woeful, sea-sick stricken beings I ever beheld, this Son of Abraham was far the worst. He was sick, he was terribly frightened, and he was disconsolate; he got down to half a skeleton, unshaven, unwashed, and looking the very picture of unutterable misery. We had a Frenchman, who, after his sickness was over, brightened up in fine style. I knew not who or what he was, for he appeared to keep himself a profound secret, but he had a head that seemed as if you could see the brain thro' the skull, and a brain, at times, that flashed like lightning. For hours he would sleep, or appear to do it, and at once, unasked and unexpected, he would rise and pour out a stream of the most delightful song; and again he would burst forth in the most magnificent orations, in a voice of compass, pathos and power, that seemed to have command to stir on to grand deeds all the legions of Gaul; or equally, at his will, to move and melt them to be tender as weeping women. We were wont to stare at him in utter wonder and admiration, and then look at each other, as much as to say, "did you ever hear the like of that, did you ever see such an extraordinary man?" and then, to close all, he would wrap his whole features in one beautiful smile, as to say that he had given and gotten pleasure, but also that he had a prond joy in keeping his mystery, which he believed we were eager to solve. We had one Irishman, but he was dull as ditch water, and, very unlike most of the people of Erin, did not seem to claim one of his birthrights, or to use the gift that the Green Isle is believed to lavish on her sons. The inevitable Scot was there, of course—for in what place, or mixed company of travellers will you not find him. Was'nt it to Parry, on setting out in search of the North Pole, some envious Englishman said that, if he got there, he would find a Scotchman before him, sitting on the top of it, claiming the best bit of it and saying: "chap me first."—We had the dapper Scot, who is a compound of conceit, selfishness, keenness, agreeableness, and cleverness; and we had the sawny Scot, minding carefully number one, stiff, lumpish and grumpish; and we had the Scotchman, every inch of him, who had been first rubbed up in