

Armed with these interesting facts, the professor descended from the larboard paddle-box of the *Hibernia*. But he had also made some observations on the forms of waves. When the wind blows steadily from one point, they are generally regular; when it is high, and comes in "fitful gusts," and shifts from point to point, the sea is broken up, and the waves assume a more conical shape, and are covered with foamy fantastical crests. While the sea ran high, the professor observed now and then a ridge of waves stretching from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, and forming, as it were, a dark-green liquid rampart. Sometimes this ridge was straight, and sometimes bent like a crescent, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and, not unfrequently, with two or three semi-elliptical mounds in diminishing series on either side of the culminating peak.

"When the wind had subsided," says our authority, "a few of the bolder passengers crawled upon deck in the oddest imaginable costumes. They had not much to encounter, for about a third part of the greater undulations averaged only twenty-four feet, from crest to hollow, in