

these crested walls, and an abyss, dark and terrible as the famous Mælstrom, yawned to receive her.

Violent as were the waves, and incessant the rolling of the ship, there was, however, a monster—"a monster in British form"—actually on deck. It was said of him that he was not braving the storm, but rather tempting it—tempting it, that is, to sweep him headlong into eternity. The cook hesitated not to express a strong opinion against the saneness of a man who, though he might, if he chose, be securely ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, *would* and *did* remain upon deck in momentary danger of being blown overboard. "The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the cuddy-roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box,—*that* was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sank into the trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was held in the cuddy, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the amateur of wind and water