

the perspiration that trickled from his brow, which was surmounted by a thicket of short, wiry black hair, standing on end; his lustreless brown eyes I cannot better describe than by borrowing a Yankee illustration: they were "like two glass balls lighted by weak rush lights;" — his lips were thick, straight, and colorless; his complexion, (when unveiled) was a grimy yellow; — and the expression of his wide flat face, idiotic. He wore a red flannel shirt, and loose blue pilot trowsers; but neither shoes, nor stockings; his movements were slow, except at meals, when he seemed to regain his suspended animation; and it was a goodly sight to see him gulping coffee, bolting dodges of fat pork, and crunching hard biscuit, as ravenously as a hungry bear.

No two specimens of human nature could possibly present more striking contrasts than Simon and his fellow-apprentice Jack. The latter was about 15 years of age, remarkably small and active. Squirrel never climbed tree more nimbly than Jack could go aloft; and in the accomplishments of chewing and smoking he might compete with the oldest man aboard; his fair skin was set off by rosy cheeks; and his sparkling blue eyes beamed with — devilment. He was a favorite of every one except the mistress, with whom his pranks did not pass, being therefore exempt from the menial offices of cabin boy, which devolved upon Simon; his principal amusement consisted in persecuting that genius.

The mate was a very little man, not more than five feet high; but in excellent condition, as seamen generally are; he was lame in one leg; which deformity he took great pains to hide; causing a constrained limp that was ex-