

there was ample opportunity for observing the state of his affairs. He was attacked by three threshers, formidable-looking fellows, about eight feet long, and had evidently much the worst of it, though he flourished his tail tremendously, flogging his track into a bloody foam. His enemies were most systematic in their attack; each in his turn threw himself out of the water, falling with full weight on the whale's head, thus, while it was above the surface, keeping up a continual hammering. It is said, but I am not pledged to the fact, that a sword-fish is always in league with these pursuers, poking the whale underneath with his sword, when sinking to avoid them; so that the poor victim is much in the situation of a member of the Church of England of the present day, as he swims in the sea of controversy—a blow from the Evangelical pulpit strikes him down, and a thrust from the "Tracts for the Times" drives him up again; the only difference is, that there is no bond of union amongst his assailants.

It is said that, in a chase of this kind, the quarry never escapes; the fish in question were far too busy to attend to us; they soon left us behind, and, may be worrying each other still, for all I know to the contrary.