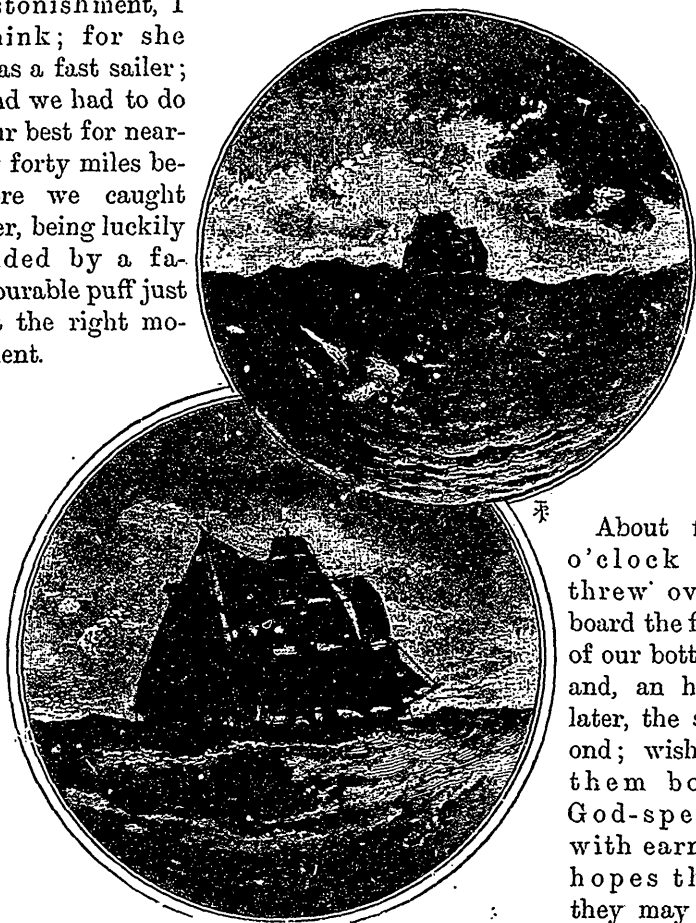


passed a large tug steamer, showing three red lights and a mast-head light, thus indicating that the vessel was engaged in laying a telegraph-cable.

A Spanish brigantine, in full sail, with all her studding-sails set, looked very beautiful as we raced past her—rather to her astonishment, I think; for she was a fast sailer; and we had to do our best for nearly forty miles before we caught her, being luckily aided by a favourable puff just at the right moment.



RACING THE BRIGANTINE.

永 About five o'clock we threw overboard the first of our bottles; and, an hour later, the second; wishing them both God-speed, with earnest hopes that they may be favoured with a prosperous

voyage, and falling into kind hands on some distant shore, may ultimately reach us again, ocean-stained and wave-worn. Perhaps they may even be the humble instruments of throwing a tiny additional ray of light on the mysterious course of this most marvellous and beneficent Gulf Stream. I shall look forward anxiously to hearing of our "messages from the sea" once