

attentively fixed on their captain as he read the burial service; and the missionaries were grouped together on the other, also reverently listening. The dead man, sewn up in his hammock, with cannon balls attached to his feet, was stretched upon a long board, one end of which rested upon the taffrail, and the other was elevated on a stanchion. The service of the dead was read with much solemnity, to the words "we therefore commit his body to the deep," when three or four men applied their shoulders to the plank, and launched the corpse of their brother to its last resting place, till "the sea shall give up its dead."

They saw several species of whale while in the south Atlantic and Pacific. One day, about 118° west longitude, one not less than ninety feet in length was playing around the vessel, when one of the officers proposed trying an experiment, and accordingly, much against the will of the passengers, lest something serious might happen, the contents of a gun were fired into him. For a moment he did not notice the salute, and continued his unwieldy gambols, apparently uninjured, when he started convulsively, as though suddenly shocked, and, after an instant's pause, sped away with such rapidity, that he was soon lost to the sight. Upon this, as was his custom on all suitable occasions, Mr. Wilson embraced the opportunity of spinning a yarn which deeply interested his auditors. It was in relation to the loss of the ship *Essex*, which took place somewhere in this vicinity. He had sailed one voyage under the orders of Capt. Pollard, its commander, and had often listened to the tale from his own lips. They were one day on the look out for sperms, and had struck two, which the boats were following to secure. While they were thus engaged, a young one came up near one of the boats, when, either in fright or