

n the hold, and it was placed by the dying man's miserable birth;—the prayers were less audible, and foreboding pauses were made—at length an awful whisper went round—"he's dead"—"poor Cummins is dead," was the expected tidings.—Nature imperious in its demands had hushed the broken hearted widow, and her orphans—she sat exhausted and almost speechless until the approaching day.—But when they prepared for his burial—when the real and the final separation from her partner was about taking place, a maniac's strength seemed imparted, and the wildest cries, and screams, and most rending expressions, were audible on the upper deck, as the melancholy listener paused over the gang way of the hold.

A silent group had collected on the quarter deck—the sailors laid a plank on the bulwarks, and seemed by their unusually low speaking, to feel that involuntary respect which great sorrow demands—a person holding a prayer book, and looking with a melancholy, unobtrusive officiousness on the preparations, was conspicuous amid the increasing group;—louder screams issued from the hold, and a body wrapped in canvas was borne up. The shrieks now took the form of language, and the Captain was conjured not to throw the body into the sea—"the shore was in sight—bring her husband to get christian burial"—was the widow's cry, and herself and her children seemed forgotten, as her poor partner's remains were forcibly taken away, to be committed to the unholy deep. To prevent her access to the deck, the ladder connecting from below was withdrawn—and as her ravings became more indignant, she was hurried into a distant part, that the melancholy obsequies might not be interrupted.—The dead man in his coarse winding sheet was laid on the plank—prayer commenced, and every head was uncovered. Under the opposite bulwark a pitying female was crouched, and at each side she held a terrified looking, weeping child. They were the little ones of poor Cummins—indefinite horrors surrounded the innocents—the bitter wailing of her whose bosom was so lately their life, resounded in their ears—he whose knee they already knew, was silent, and pale, and cold, and was going they knew not where—their little hearts too soon tasted of real grief;—they wept bitterly—and strangers rough and careless